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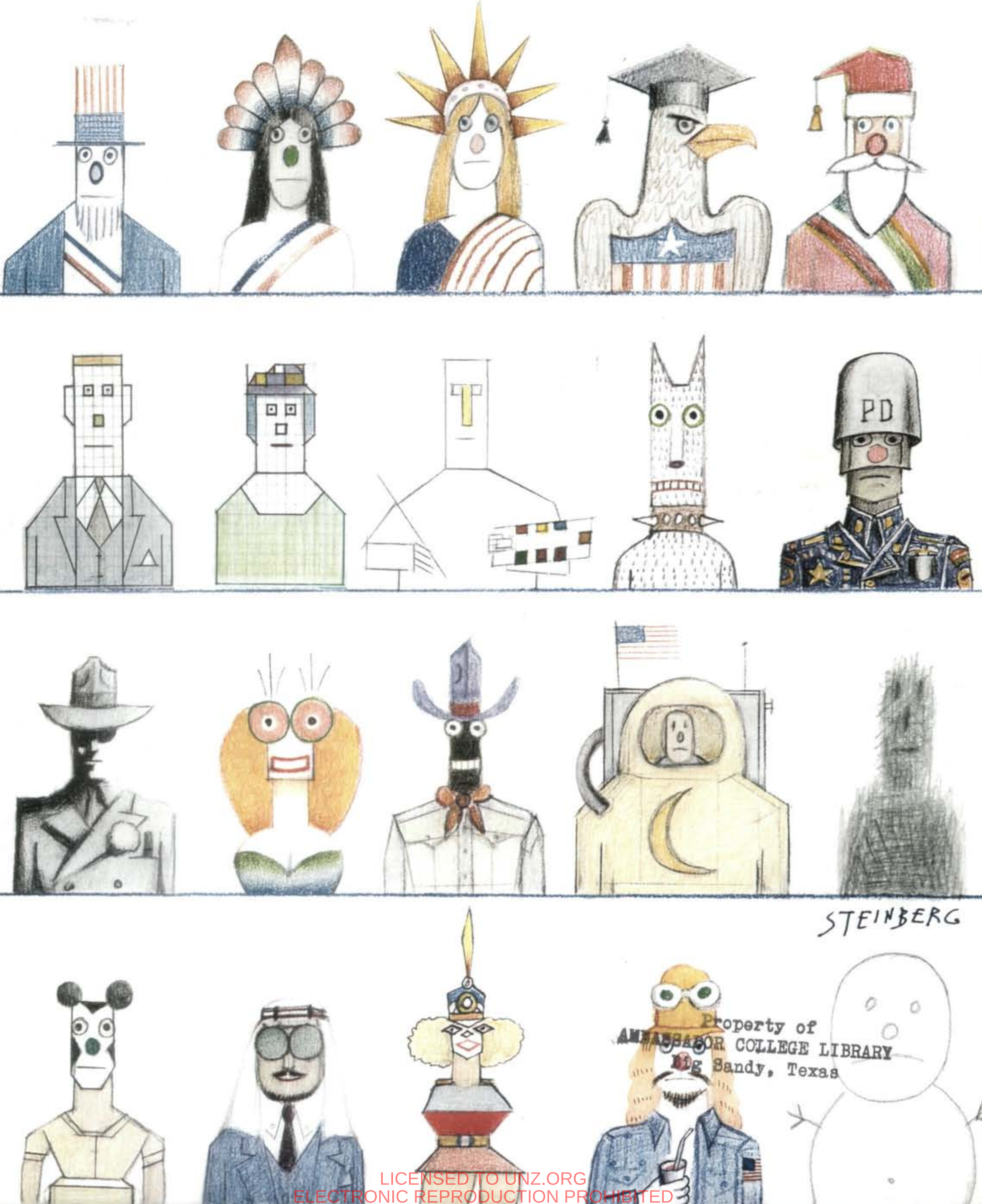
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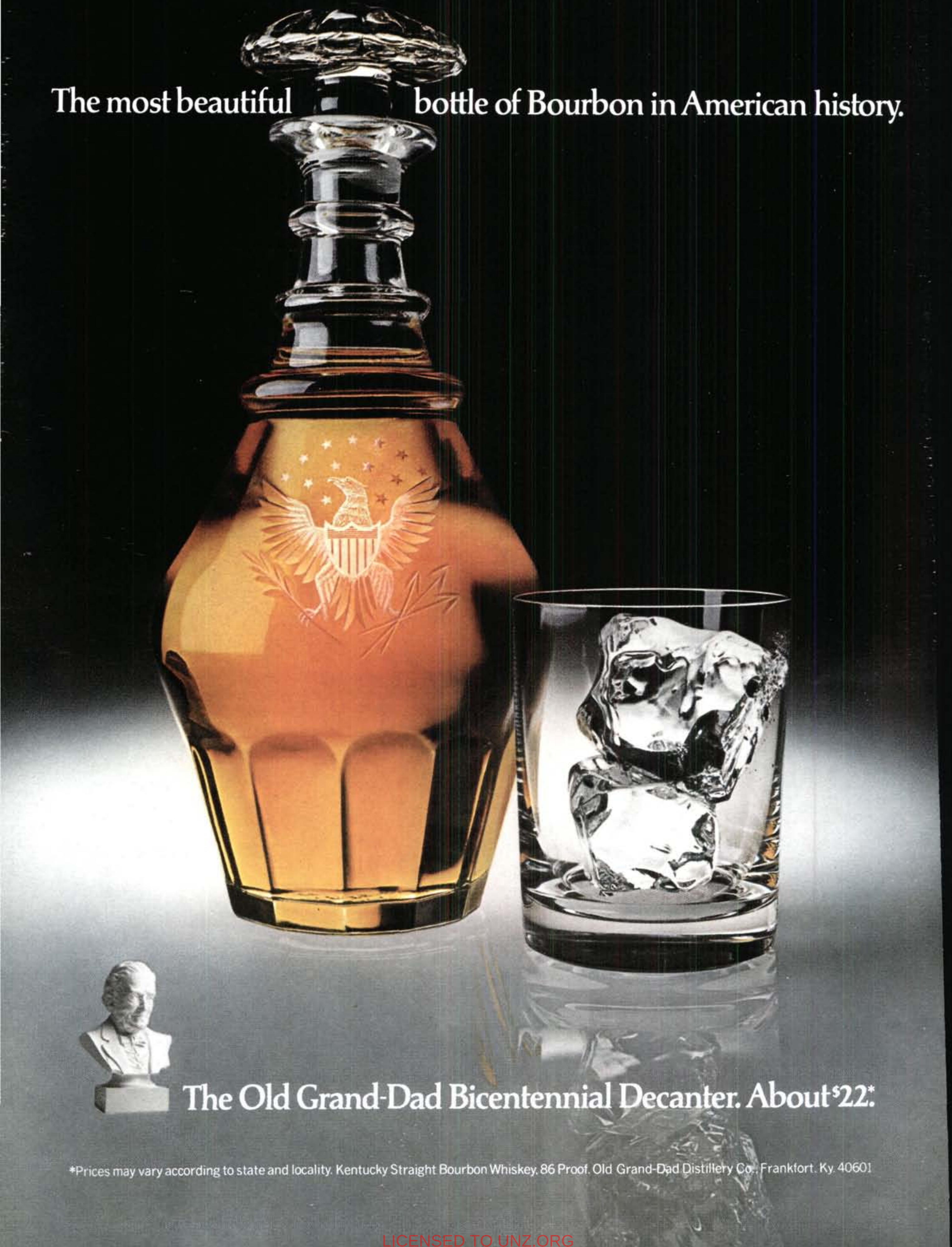
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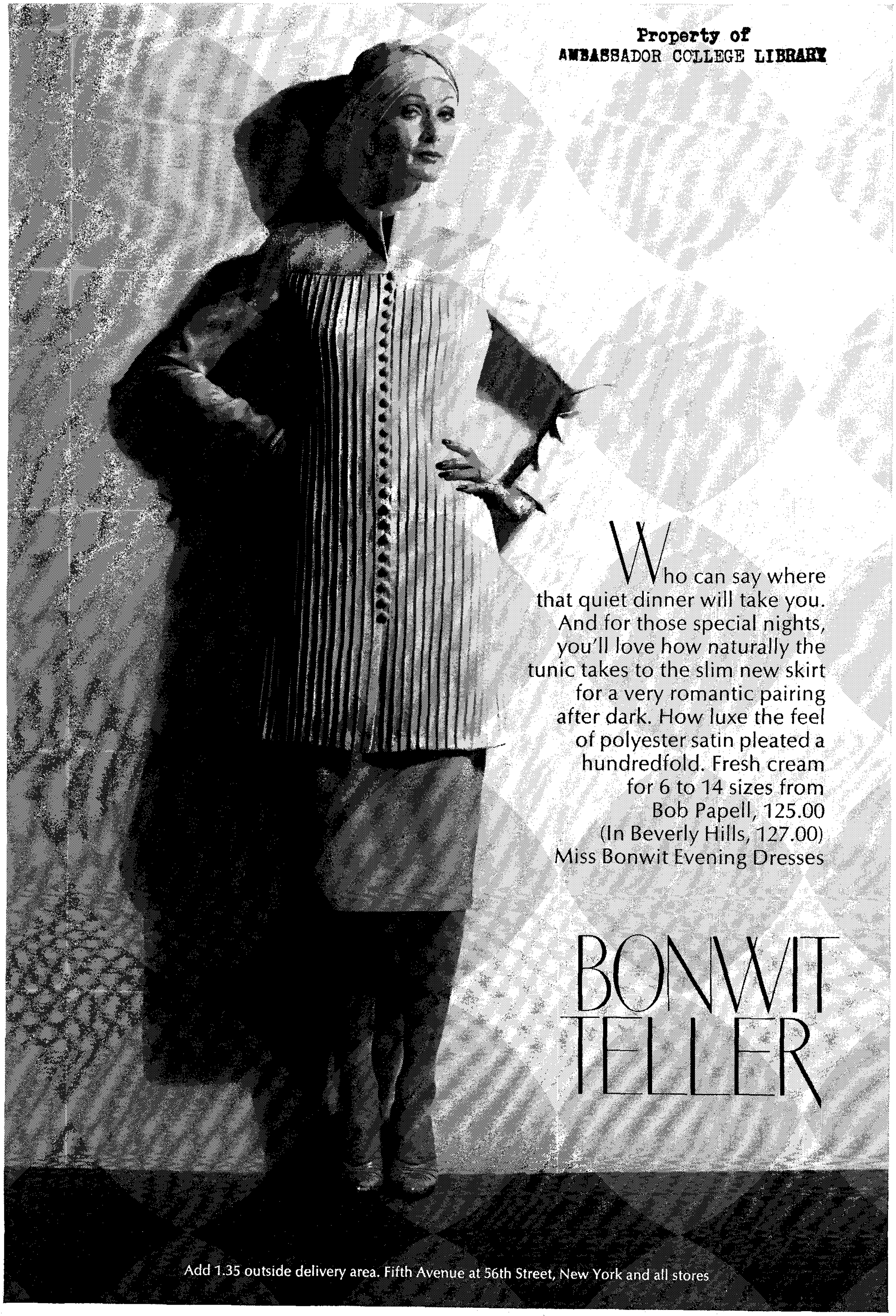

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A five-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group (formerly called the City Center Acting Company) that will end Saturday, Nov. 8. **THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**, a musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman, and directed by Gerald Freedman), will play through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Marlowe's play **EDWARD II**, directed by Ellis Rabb, opens Tuesday, Oct. 21 (preview Monday, Oct. 20), and will run through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ah, Wilderness!—A well-nigh perfect revival of the O'Neill comedy, by the Long Wharf Theatre company, of New Haven. With William Swetland, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Teresa Wright, and John Braden, and directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Christy—A musical based on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with book and lyrics by Bernie Spiro and music by Lawrence J. Blank. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 221-9143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Armina Marshall and Lawrence Langner's play **THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Lamppost Reunion—A play by Louis LaRusso II, with Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. Tom Signorelli directed. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 16. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Leaf People—A play by Dennis J. Reardon, with a cast of thirty, directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. Starting Monday, Oct. 20, Joyce Van Patten and Conrad Janis will replace Miss Burstyn and Mr. Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Section D—A play by Reginald Vel Johnson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19. Free.)

Summer and Smoke—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Treemonisha—The Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. Currently previewing; tentatively scheduled to open next week. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trelawny of the 'Wells'—The Arthur Wing

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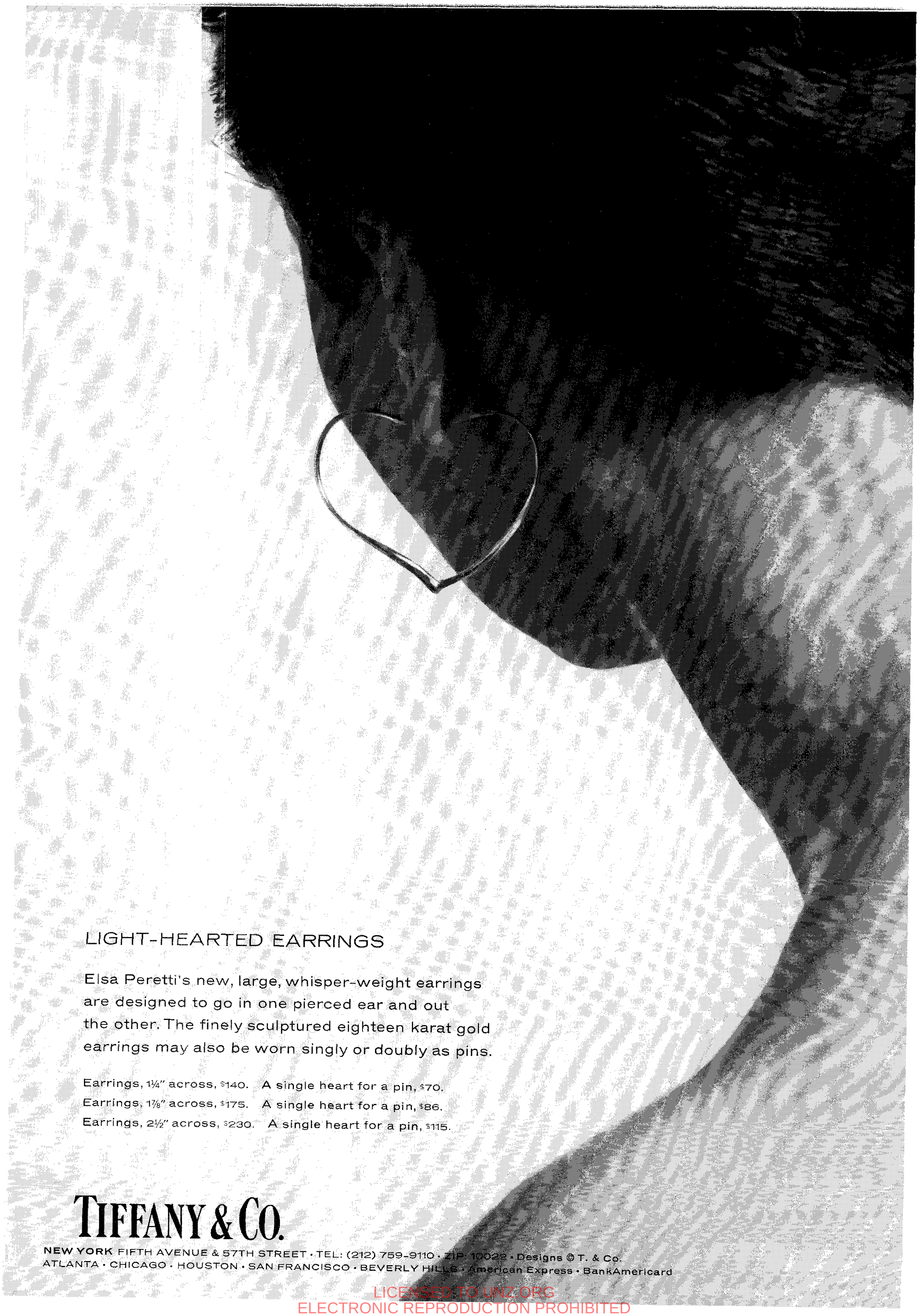

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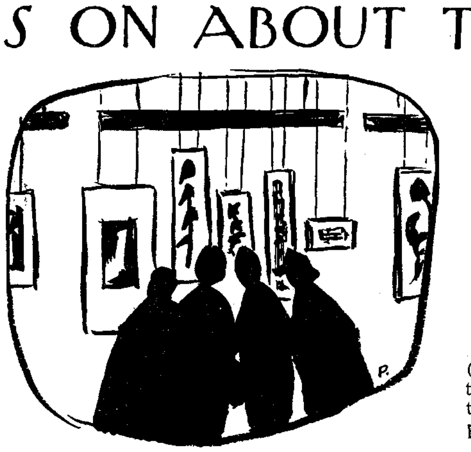

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Pinero comedy. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Marybeth Hurt plays the title role, and A. J. Antoon is the director. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Yentl—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy" by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer, and seen last season at the Chelsea Theatre Center, in Brooklyn. Tovah Feldshuh, John V. Shea, and Lynn Ann Leveridge head the cast, directed by Robert Kalfin. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 15, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,441 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE RITZ:** Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. With Stubby Kaye, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Robert Stephens is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Moves," "Five Dances" (première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," "Opus I," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Trinity," "Pas des Déesses," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Five Dances," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Interplay," "Five Dances," "As Time Goes By," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Moves," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Parade," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Five Dances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Confetti," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "Remembrances," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Five Dances," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "The Consort," "Excursions" (preview), "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Harbinger," "Tzaddik," "At Midnight," and "Excursions" (preview). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "The Consort," "Excursions" (première), "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 19: "Tzaddik," "Excursions," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 19: "Mazurka," "The Real McCoy," and "Early Songs." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 21: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Early Songs." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Harbinger," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Excursions," "Mazurka," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Excursions," "Tzaddik," "Intermezzo," and "The Consort." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Mainstream alto player Charles McPherson leads a quintet here through Saturday, Oct. 18. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two pianists—**BILL EVANS** and Jan Hammer—dominate the proceedings as they perform with their respective sidemen Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 16-19. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 20-22, **MOSE ALLISON**, whose hair is now gray and frizzled and whose hairline has begun its retreat, will work with a trio that is nearly as intense as Evans'. Allison can let loose an exuberant and altogether decent piano solo, which is usually rammed up against a placid, floating vocal sung in his unchanged youthful, nasal voice. Joan Armatrading, a singer of Jamaican extraction and British folk-rock persuasion, opens the show for Allison. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, David Essex, an established British teeny-bopper-rock star, will run through some of his songs with his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—This agreeable but occasionally hectic little bar presents pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and a bassist Mondays through Saturdays. Barry Harris has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

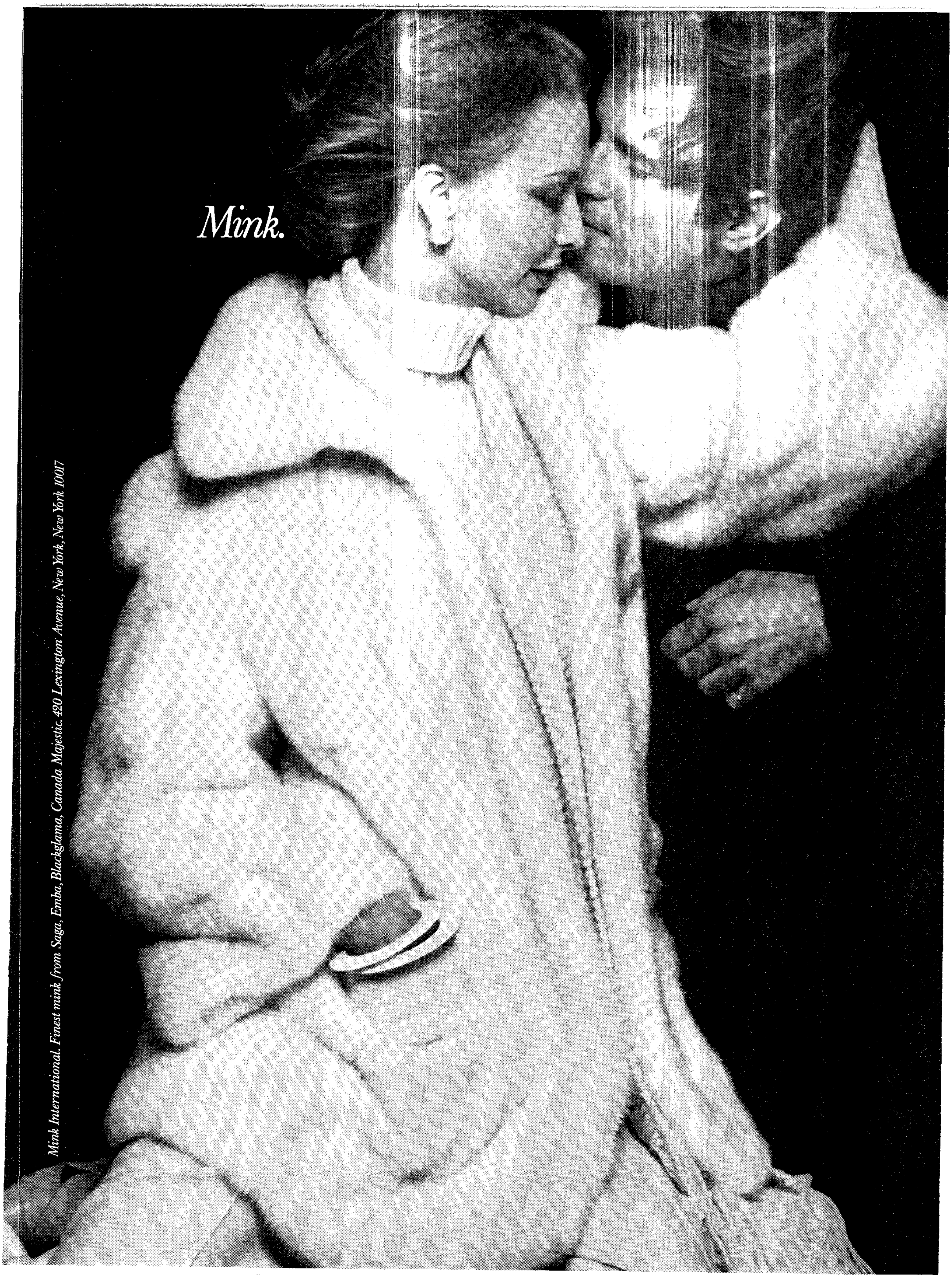
Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—A week of West Coast jokes and jazz presided over by Steve Allen and Terry Gibbs ends on Saturday, Oct. 18. **STAN KENTON'S** orchestra, still a heavily Latin-accented and brass-jabbing organization, arrives on Monday, Oct. 20, for a six-night stand opposite the stylish vocal duo, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**, and their combo. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. On Sundays, pianist **DICK HYMAN** goes through his paces. Music from eight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, Jimmy Giuffre will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano nightly from five-thirty to three-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. Reedman **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER** and their quintet, Soprano Summit, will spend Sunday, Oct. 19, here, starting at eight. Snacks.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third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Ave. (730-9270)—Drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** and his densely percussive ensemble—Paul Metzke, a Coryellian guitarist; Omar Clay on marimba; Ray Mantilla on congas; pianist John Hicks; and bassist Walter Booker—finish up on Sunday, Oct. 19. Saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will bring in another fine contemporary quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 21. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER,** who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swap ideas with pianist Hal Galper. On Sundays, pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **SAM BROWN,** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** get together to play some fresh, exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers from five-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—While Roy Eldridge tours Europe, the resident traditional sextet features (through Wednesday, Oct. 22) **RUBY BRAFF;** Max Kaminsky assumes the brass duties on Thursday, Oct. 23. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY,** a highly theatrical singer whose every inflection and gesture has been thought through, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, easygoing rhythm and blues is offered up by bassist **GORDON EDWARDS'** polished quintet, which usually includes guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, and Chris Parker on drums. Nearly every number in their repertoire—from bossa-nova standards to "Season of the Witch" to "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"—becomes an expertly played R. & B. riff, satisfyingly repetitive and done at a steady, buckboard-bouncing clip; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 20-23. Both weekends—Fridays through Sundays—will see vibraharpist Roy Ayers and his disco-jazz crew on the canopied bandstand. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The tables and chairs of these revamped quarters are infinitely more comfortable than the benches and pews of the old Bitter End, especially if one must sit through a long, boring opening act—or, for that matter (though fortunately more rarely), a long, boring headline act. Singers Jon Lucien and Steve Satten trade sets through Sunday, Oct. 19. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 20-22, comic Chris Rush works opposite folkie David Blue, and beginning Thursday, Oct. 23, two folk-type groups—Gunhill Road and Aztec Two-Step—will share the stage. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**JONAH JONES** has put together a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, an exceptional guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a masterly drummer (Cozy Cole). Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Novella Nelson, a striking, confident young woman with a substantial following, performs a program of heavily stylized, dramatically drawn-out vocals through Saturday, Oct. 18. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, Sally Kellerman, a movie star, a graduate of Hollywood High, and an ex-jazz singer for Verve Records, begins her second annual New York night-club appearance. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, one or another of the various performers on the local cult-engendering café circuit goes on at eight-thirty and eleven. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents early-evening concert-style sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

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Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: **CHET BAKER** guides a youthful combo on Mondays and Tuesdays, and **LEE KONITZ** heads a stirring, free-bop, nine-piece stand-up (the only way they'll all fit in the room) band on Wednesdays. Thursdays through Saturdays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** leads a trio, and on Sundays, Puma and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE,** exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A popular restaurant so heavily patronized that it is no longer the airy, uncluttered haven it was a year ago, when it opened. The acoustically perfect music corner is occupied by bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **KENNY BARRON** through Sunday, Oct. 19. On Wednesday, Oct. 22, guitarist **JACK WILKINS** begins playing duets with **EDDIE GOMEZ,** the bass-playing whiz of the Bill Evans trio. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Wednesday, Oct. 15, a stomping, three-part-harmony R. & B. quintet called **CAKEWALK** takes on the musical chores. Thursdays and Sundays, baritone saxophonist and tuba virtuoso **HOWARD JOHNSON** leads his quintet. On Fridays and Saturdays, alto saxophonist Richy Cole fronts a quartet that plays mostly pieces by such contemporary reedmen as Joe Henderson and Wayne Shorter. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to attract sizable audiences, who come to hear some of the best jazzmen in the world. Drummer Roy Brooks and his quintet wind up their week here on Sunday, Oct. 19. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, **BETTY CARTER,** one of the very few truly improvisational singers, comes in with her backup trio. Mondays, **BILL WATROUS** executes some gliding trombone work with his youthful, jazz-rock-riffing, seventeen-man outfit. Music from ten.

ENTR
BAR & GRILL
318

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—**PEGGY LEE** begins singing at dinner and supper in the Empire Room on Thursday, Oct. 16. Dancing to the Bill Harrington orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos which hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—drummer Jackie Williams, trumpeter Taft Jordan, and pianist Dill Jones—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Buddy Tate, Sammy Price, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Formerly a branch of the be-sausaged deli-restaurant chain known as the Smokehouse, and still under the same corporate ownership, this startlingly sleek new jazz haunt is outfitted with shag carpeting, wood panelling on the ceiling, and a large, kitschily abstract, brownish piece of stained glass that might have been executed by the Disney studios. The music, which is presented Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty, is a bit warmer and more reassuring, and it encompasses just about every style—from ragtime to cool school. The musicians are valve trombonist **MARSHALL BROWN,** very much the leader; pianist Hod O'Brian; tenor saxophonist Frank Vicari; drummer Jimmy Lovelace; and bassist Knobby Totah. Brown looks every inch the music educator he is: he wears a suit and tie and horn-rimmed glasses, and he keeps things moving right along as he compulsively hovers over the soloists to make sure there are no unnecessarily long, tangential solos. Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 19-21, flutist Jeremy Steig will be here with his latest quartet. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 5:45: **CECIL TAYLOR UNIT.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 5:45: **KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE.**

David Amram, Elvin Jones Quartet, George Mgrdichian, and **Tashi**—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Marvin Gaye—With the Dramatics and Sister Sledge. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Little Richard, Chubby Checker, Bo Diddley, and **the Shirelles**—With others. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.)

Jimmy Cliff and **Taj Mahal**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8 and 11.

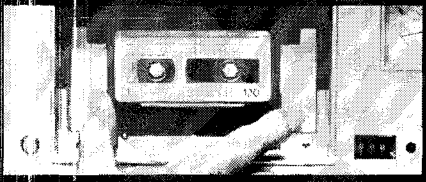
Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann—With Cissy Houston & the Hijackers and David Newman & Pat Rebillot. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

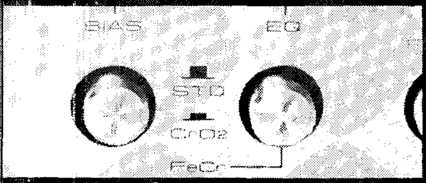
Gato Barbieri, Freddie Hubbard and **Bobbi Hum-**

Pioneer's new 9191...the best cassette deck under $450† that money can buy.

Here is a magnificent cassette deck with specifications that are beyond what our industry had been aware were possible; specs that surpass anything that a deck of this price, performance and quality has ever been able to come up to before. Unbelievably low wow and flutter; solenoid controls that operate at a touch with almost magical precision, and a unique, truly-visible horizontal front loading system by which the cassette is effortlessly set into place with two fingers, are only a few highlights.

Pioneer's new 9191 incorporates a cascade of features and innovations: automatic CrO₂ tape detector and indicator light; an illuminated panel scale that lets you see at a glance the amount of tape remaining on a cassette; and an advanced memory rewind circuit that permits quick and easy location of (and automatic re-start from) any point on a cassette tape. It also has two independent drive motors, including an electronically-controlled DC unit for recording and playback.


Unique, effortless front-loading system.



Selectable equalization and bias switches.

Our engineers took into consideration the many types of tapes available and included superior bias and equalization circuitry and switching (in addition to the the automatic CrO₂ detection system) so that the 9191's recording capability is optimized for any kind of cassettes you want to use. And, of course, there's built-in Dolby B* to bring the 9191's S/N ratio up to 62 dB, even with standard tapes. We've also included separate mic/line mixing, and an extra pair of input and output jacks.

By now you realize that here is a cassette deck rivalling the performance of decks costing hundreds of dollars more; a deck whose controls make it respond faster than many reel-to-reel machines, and which offers greatly-extended frequency response and dynamic range. And it's the only front-loading, front-control, stackable deck to have all the features we've mentioned.

But of all the ingredients that make up the 9191: performance, reliability, style and features, the most important of all is its value. We set out to build a cassette deck that was better, but less costly, than any deck built previously. We know we have succeeded. We know that you'll agree when you see and handle the Pioneer CT-F9191 at your Pioneer dealer.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz ±3dB); CrO₂ tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz ±3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52 dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes) More than 66.5 dB over 5,000 Hz with CrO₂ tape

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (OdB)

Wow and Flutter: No more thas 0.07% (WRMS)

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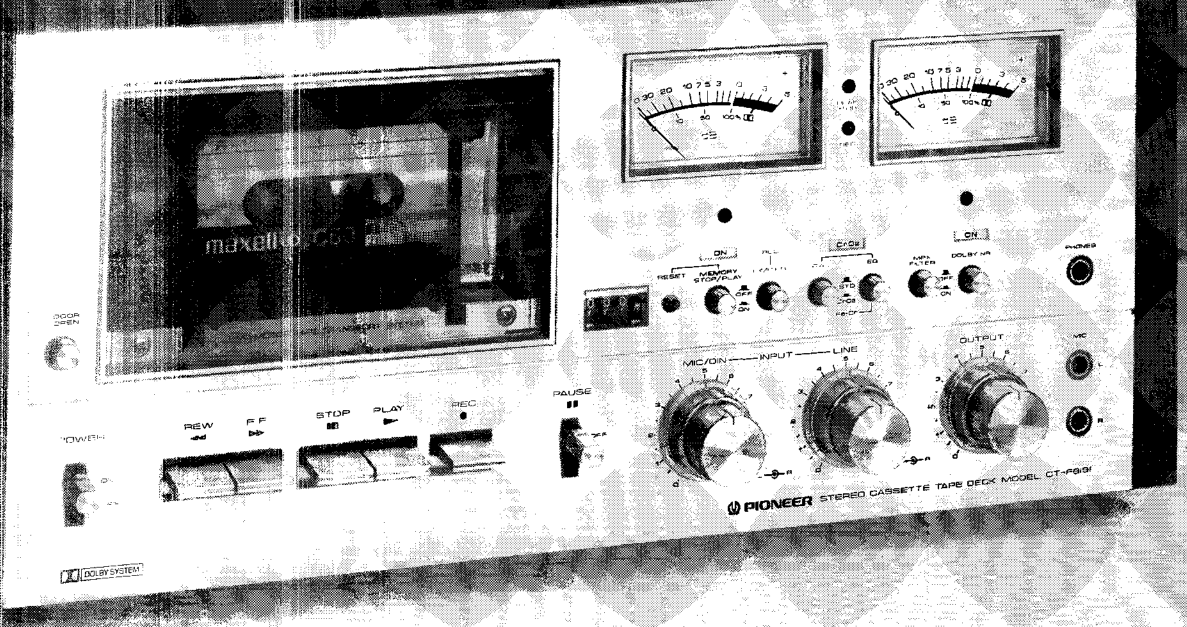

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* Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. †The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes a cabinet with walnut grained vinyl top and side panels. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

PHREY—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.

Deadly Nightshade—A benefit concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-3757.)

Procol Harum—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and **the Roger McGuinn Band**—Beacon Theatre, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Lily Tomlin—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Jefferson Starship—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.

Charlie Daniels Band and **Jerry Jeff Walker and the Lost Gonzo Band**—Beacon Theatre, Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

10CC and **Heartsfield**—Beacon Theatre, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma / Joan Brams—Landscape and figure paintings in soft, fluid colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. / Textural paintings, some of which have the eerie appeal of fossils. Through Nov. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Samuel Bak—The pear is given the surrealist works in these paintings, in which it is presented as a crumbling mountain, a carpentered structure, a pile of masonry, a bursting skin spilling forth smaller pears, and as harboring a man in its heart, like a worm. Through Nov. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Simeon Braguin—Recent abstract paintings remotely associated with sailing. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David Bruzga—Lacy fripperies and figures of women can be discerned in these abstract oils; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Alexander Calder—Fifteen new hanging mobiles in his characteristically bright colors (except for one surprise, in solid white), plus a series of gouaches on circus themes. Through Nov. 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Xavier Corberó—Abstract marble sculptures, many of them table pieces. Through Nov. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Appealing assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Nov. 1. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

John Dobbs—New paintings and drawings by this capable descendant of the social realists. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings and works on paper from the forties and fifties. Through Oct. 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)... ¶ Recent paintings and *découpes* (canvases mounted on stiff boards), plus a model of the artist's sculpture at Chase Plaza. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lin Emery—Large bronze and stainless-steel abstract sculptures that are kept in motion by electric magnets concealed in the base. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Small sculptures cast in lead, as well as drawings and photographs of both existing and projected environmental works. Through Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Morocco and thereabouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jiří Kolář—Exquisitely contrived collages and other works in a show running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Rodger Mack—Bronzes by a sculptor who casts his pieces in a foundry he designed for Syracuse University. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Newman—Sleek abstract bronze sculptures that incorporate elements of both man and machine, and schematic drawings for them; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Richard Piccolo—Oils and gouaches that have been influenced by seventeenth-century Italian painters; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Rosenquist—A dozen big new drawings turned out with his customary freehand dash and sometimes involving collage—a slash in the surface folded back to provide a peekaboo glimpse of the Stars and Stripes, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Phillip Schreibman—Palette-knife applications of paint on canvas. Through Oct. 31. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Joan Semmel—Large paintings of nudes, warts and all. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Hedda Sterne—A double exhibit: Portraits (of Harold Rosenberg and Saul Steinberg, for instance) and drawings. Through Nov. 8. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)... ¶ Drawings of flowers. Through Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

R. Taylor (1902-70)—Cartoons. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Paintings and gouaches by an artist marking her seventy-fifth year. Through Oct. 31. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Robert White—Sculptures, mainly terra-cotta pieces, some of them modelled after his family and friends. Through Nov. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Chloe Zerwick—Assemblages, called "towers," that are constructed of wood, metal, plastic, leather, and textile fragments. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Cordy, 324 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—An impeccably arranged benefit exhibit that includes thirty Western European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Fifty pieces of pottery from Mexico and New Mexico made by Mimbres Indians (a prehistoric sect of the Pueblo tribe). Through Oct. 29.... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A lively show of works on paper (figures, portraits, and landscapes) by Joseph Floch, Jules Pascin, and Raphael Soyer. (It is interesting to see that the usually sedate Soyer has just as sure an eye for the erotic as did the notorious voluptuary Pascin.) Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: "Rhéteur au Mur," a 1945 painting by Dubuffet on loan from the Baltimore Museum of Art, plus works by nine other artists. Through Nov. 1.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Marisol, Mark Tobey, and Christo are contributors to a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings the gallery has acquired during the last five years. Through Nov. 1.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: To usher in its ninetieth season, this gallery is exhibiting drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century artists, many of whom showed here during their lifetime. The artists include Sloan, Glackens, Prendergast, and Marguerite Zorach. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: One work apiece by all the gallery artists, including Carl-Henning Pedersen and Serge Poliakoff. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. ... **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: A painting each by Francis Bacon, Philip Guston, and Franz Kline, plus sculptures by David Smith and Naum Gabo. Through Oct. 31.... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Eight artists (Ilya Bolotowsky and Ad Reinhardt among them) in a showing of influential American abstract art from the early forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Dusti Bongé—Abstractions painted in rich, resinous colors on translucent fibre-glass panels and lighted from behind give the effect of mystical stained-glass windows. Also, other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolors and drawings covering his entire career. Through Nov. 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Rural-industrial landscapes of upstate New York and Maine. Through Oct. 30. (Kornblee, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—California themes—Pacific sunshine and eucalyptus groves, for instance—by an Abstract Expressionist who taught out there during the mid-fifties. Through Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Günter Haese / Avigdor Arikha—Abstract geometric wire sculptures. / Realist paintings of interiors and commonplace objects found in them (worn shoes, umbrellas, bread and cheese). Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hugh Kepets—Bright-colored realist paintings of New York building façades—most of them focussed on fire escapes. Through Nov. 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—An architectural compactness and order pervade these collages, which are made of paperboard, cloth, and wood that has been cut, torn, stapled or glued down, and painted. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

František Kupka (1871-1957)—Drawings and gouaches, mostly, in an exhibit running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Nov. 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

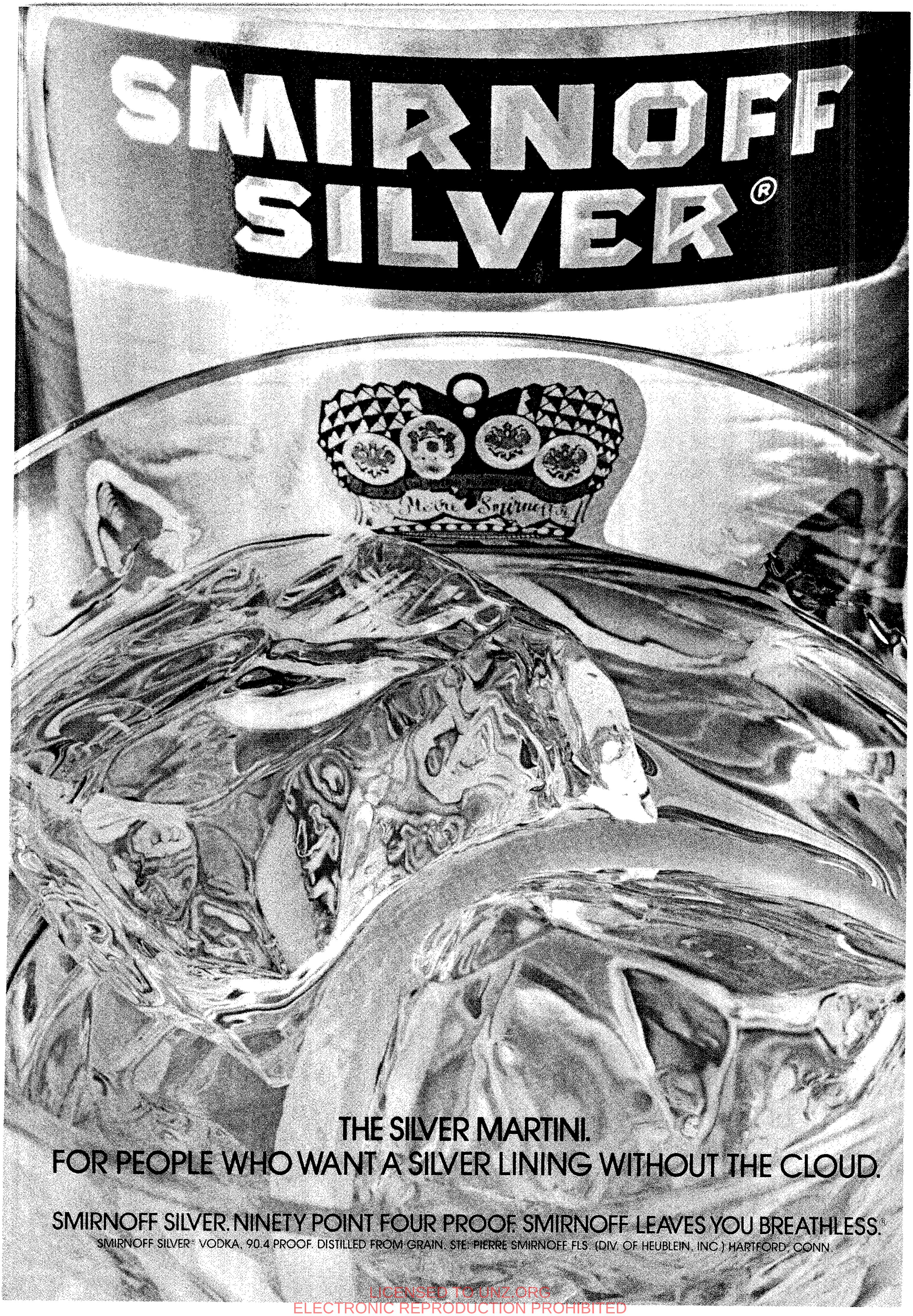
Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Jaunty small-scale figure sculptures of the thirties and forties in a show that coincides with one at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings of sunlit, airy interiors that reflect both good draftsmanship and good housekeeping. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Mural-size travesties of "George Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Guernica," "Custer's Last Stand," and "The Night Watch" (unslashed), done in Mickey Mouse style and colors. Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Frumkin, in a new, branch location, at 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Michael Steiner—Geometric abstract steel sculptures. Through Nov. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Marisol, Saul Steinberg, David Parrish, George Segal, Tom Wesselmann, and Oyvind Fahlström are participants in a show of paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Open Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Interpretations of Maine by gallery painters who live there. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.... **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Mathematical planning is the common denominator of these drawings, by Ruth Vollmer,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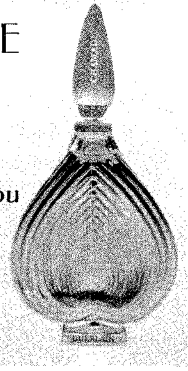

CHAMADE
by Guerlain

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Patrick Ireland, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Forty-six copper plates, each fifty centimetres square, laid flat on the floor in eight T-shaped formations that the artist calls Triodes. Through Nov. 1. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Anips / Lucille Stillman—A mural-size painting in mixed mediums protesting the Kent State shootings, plus smaller works. / Figures in landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Frances Barth—One heroic-sized abstract painting in which large geometric forms, mostly triangular, are played against one another in deep, pure colors; and several smaller paintings in the same vein. Through Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Louis de Niverville—Large paintings by a Canadian Surrealist, in most of which something furtive and nightmarish is going on that the viewer can't quite make out; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Jan Dibbets / Frank Owen—In each of these series, a blown-up color photograph of leaves is cut up into pieces, reorganized, and mounted on paperboard. / Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Rafael Ferrer—Kayak-like constructions, watercolor drawings on navigational charts, and one room given over to an environment dimly lit by neon lights. Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Eric Hoffmann/Norman B. Colp—Small watercolors and pencil drawings of building façades, in which the brickwork is done in incredibly minuscule detail. / Two dozen doorstops, filched from art galleries from here to Los Angeles and displayed in frames behind glass; most of them are crude wooden wedges, but there are two classy ones, of rubber, stolen from the Frumkin and Finch College galleries. Through Nov. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Mashiko Kimura—Carved-stone sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Joseph Konopka—Metropolitan scenes, mostly, in which the Photo-Realism is veiled, as if seen through a mist—but the detail is all there. Through Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jerry Ott—Big Photo-Realist nudes, presented with a sort of billboard straightforwardness. Through Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Lucio Pozzi—Conceptual work (paintings, pastels, constructions) done during the past three years. Through Oct. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—Sculptures in cast iron, bronze, and plaster. Also, large charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Harriet Shorr—Still-lifes and interiors, in many of which a breeze is stirring the curtains. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Arlene Sklar-Weinstein / Robbie Ehrlich—Semi-abstract paintings. / Acrylic paintings based on a grid. Through Oct. 30. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—Deadpan humor, some of it on the black side, depicted in straightforward, sober-sided oil paintings—a blind man carrying a lantern, for instance, or a six-legged dachshund; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Solway, a new gallery at 139 Spring St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Oils and pastels, remotely inspired by city vistas. Through Friday, Oct. 17. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—About thirty drawings and one immense scroll by the irrepressible John Fawcett, whose whole life is in the public domain, thanks to his non-stop comic-strip diary; small paintings by Leonard Dufresne; textural works by Dan Davidson; and shaped canvases by Patrick Kelly. Through Nov. 1. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Cecil C. Bell (1906-70)—Gouaches, pastels, and oils depicting street, dock, and harbor scenes of New York City, by an artist who was a student of John Sloan. Through Nov. 1. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.)

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Robert Rauschenberg—Nearly forty prints, with examples from his entire career. Through Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Shibata—Large, geometric abstract paintings in white on not-so-white, shown in a multi-split-level gallery that doubles as an architect's office. Through Nov. 17. (Berman, 9 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Three Buildings—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Nov. 5. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **African-American Institute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibition of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Roko**, 90 E. 10th St.: Drawings by Dotty Attie, Massimo Pierucci, May Stevens, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **Union Carbide Building**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A thirty-fifth anniversary exhibit of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, consisting of members' works from the last ten years. Through Monday, Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.) . . . **Westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: A variety of works by members of this coöperative. Through Oct. 26. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marcia Keegan / Stella Snead—Photographs of people who were once vaudeville performers. / Black-and-white prints of beach subjects, mostly. Through Nov. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people, some of which appeared in his show at the Museum of Modern Art last spring. Also, new work. Through Nov. 1. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

August Sander (1876-1964)—Portraits and a few landscapes by a German master photographer. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—An exhibition of a hundred and twenty-five Surrealistic multiple-image prints by a leading practitioner of this kind of "trick photography." Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of the photographs of Gordon Parks. . . . ¶ A survey of Polaroid color photography including examples by Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, and Lucas Samaras. Both exhibitions through Nov. 11. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Starts Thursday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Ten galleries housing a new and permanent installation of Islamic art that covers an area stretching from Spain to India and includes an eighteenth-century reception room, originally built in Damascus (it has a colored-marble floor, a mosaic fountain, stained-glass windows, and carved and gilded walls and ceiling), carpets (the "Simonetti" carpet, for instance), ceramics, paintings, manuscripts, and religious and secular furnishings. The examples range from the seventh century to the nineteenth, and are arranged chronologically. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, which were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations, by Milton Glaser. Through Tuesday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. A complementary show is at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty women artists are each represented by a single work on paper in a show that offers a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Art Treasures from the Imperial Collections," a selection of traditional Japanese art from the thirteenth century to the present, including eleven works by emperors and empresses. Through Oct. 29. (Daily, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Starts Thursday, Oct. 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A letter to a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young boy written by Beatrix Potter and embellished with drawings of her pet rabbit Peter and the only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts—a writing desk, lock of hair, glasses, and so forth—as well as first editions, autograph letters, and *manuscripts. Both exhibitions through* Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of bags: embroidered bags from Asia, a sporran from Scotland, shopping bags designed by Lichtenstein and Warhol, Oldenburg's kinetic "Ice Bag," and so on. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics by deceased members of the academy in an exhibit arranged to mark the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the institution's founding. Through Nov. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibition of drawings by John Trumbull (1756-1843), made up of portrait sketches and studies for some of his historical paintings, and including memorabilia. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Nicolai Gedda, and Louis Quilico; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 18: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Fedora Barbieri, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 20: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 21: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Fedora Barbieri, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Nicolai Gedda, and Louis Quilico; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Cynthia Munzer, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Fedora Barbieri, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 1:30.)

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New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Eleanor Bergquist, Melvyn Poll, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Diane Curry, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Kathleen Hegierski, Melvyn Poll, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Glenys Fowles, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 1: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, William Neill, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Adib Fazah; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Glenys Fowles, Robert Hale, and Richard Fredricks; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Judith DeRosa, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and John Alexander; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Diana Soviero, David Griffith, Thomas Jamerson, and Charles Roe; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Marianna Christos, Kenneth Collins, and Willard White; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30 (with Walter Cronkite, narrator). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Friday, Oct. 17, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 18, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30 (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Mozart program and acting as piano soloist on Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 24, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny and Carlos Moseley, pianos).

Hague Philharmonic—Jean Martinon conducting, with Myung-Whun Chung, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Leon Bates, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of three concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of English works. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Jorge Mester directing, with Lorna Haywood, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

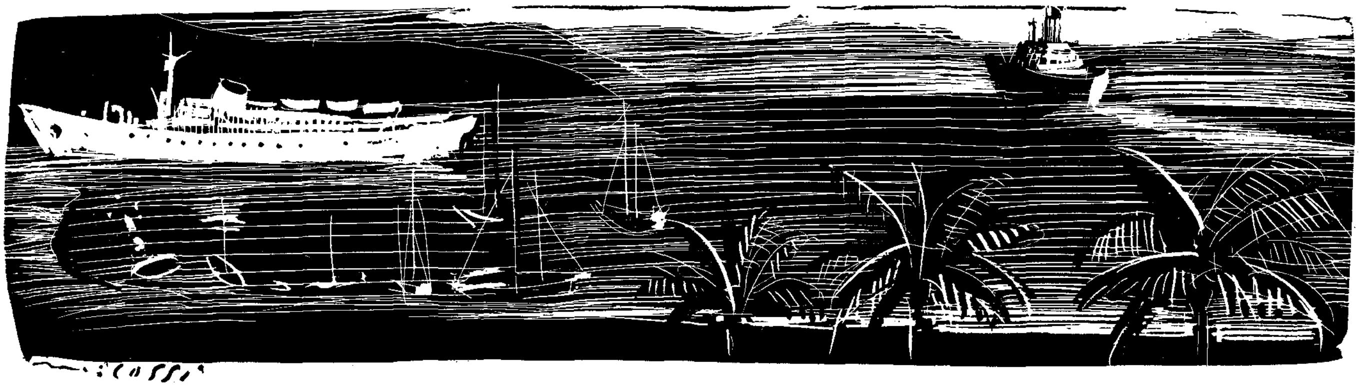
Manolo Sanlucar—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Joel Shapiro—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Karen Shaw—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A performance of



"Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century French secular play, with the Ensemble singing, and playing medieval instruments. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Coffee Concerts—The Tokyo String Quartet will play the first in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at noon.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and Alan Curtis—Baroque flute/recorder and harpsichord, in two all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 18, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Ginetta La Bianca—Soprano, with the Mendelssohn Club Chorale directed by J. Lawrence Coulter. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Freiburg Baroque Soloists—A program of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach and his sons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8, with Nancy Dalley, flute. For tickets, call 586-4680.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8, the first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Meyer Kupferman—Music on tape, supplemented by Samuel Baron, flute; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and other soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Pavel Kogan—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

Beatrice Rippy and Carroll Hollister—Soprano and piano, in a lieder recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The first in a series of three programs of new music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, with Alfred Brendel, piano, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Marie-Françoise Bucquet—Piano, in a Bach-Stockhausen program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Toshiya Eto—Violin, with Leslie Parnas, cello, and the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Richard Dufallo. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Alan Titus—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman and Elaine Comparone—Conical Boehm flute and harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Maro Ajemian—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Mirecourt Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Vermeer Quartet—With Benita Valente, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Avant Garde In-the-Round—A program with commentary, performed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, pianos, and Claire Heldrich and Joseph Passaro, percussion. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 6 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets (exhibition game), Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Golden State (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:05.

College Football—**friday, oct. 17:** Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 8.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 8.... **saturday, oct. 18:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30.... ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 7:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30.... ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. William and Mary, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.... **saturday, oct. 25** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester.... ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 1.... ¶ Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo, Monday, Oct. 20.... ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 1.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:35.... **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 18.... ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 21.... ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Oct. 23.... ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 25.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; last day Tuesday, Nov. 4. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 18; the Long Island Handicap, Monday, Oct. 20; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.)... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 8.... **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.... **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 20, through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Robert Bly reading from his own works as well as from his translations of Tomas Tranströmer's poetry, and Mr. Tranströmer reading from his own works, in both Swedish and English. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry and gold coins, from the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by Klee, Marini, Dubuffet, and others; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings by such artists as Monet, Mondrian, Dali, and Picasso; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Modern paintings, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 17.

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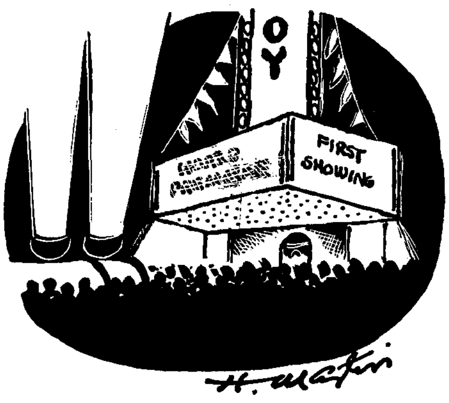
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nashville."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 15: "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Green Dolphin Street."
Oct. 16-18: "Sahara" and "Dead Reckoning."
Oct. 19-21: "Catherine the Great" and "As You Desire Me."
From Oct. 22: "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Ziegfeld Girl."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 21: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Oct. 22: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 18: "The Graduate" and "Midnight Cowboy."
Oct. 19-21: "Papillon" and "John and Mary."
From Oct. 22: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" and "Blackbeard, the Pirate."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 21: "The Fortune."
From Oct. 22: "Tommy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 16: "Farewell, My Lovely." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)
From Oct. 17: "Rooster Cogburn."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Love and Death."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hearts of the West."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 18: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
From Oct. 19: "Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Conduct Unbecoming."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Royal Flash."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Oct. 21: "Yessongs."
From Oct. 22: "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 21: "The Master Gunfighter."
From Oct. 22: "Undercovers Hero."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sweet Movie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hard Times."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 16: "Tommy."
From Oct. 17: "Smile."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Mystery of Kasper Hauser."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A.."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 21: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Oct. 22: "The Day of the Locust."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct 21: "Supervixens" (X-rated).
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 21: "The Exorcist."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 21: "The Passenger."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 21: "Love and Death."
From Oct. 22: "Undercovers Hero."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 16: "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Oct. 17: "Rooster Cogburn."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Hard Times."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 21: "The Master Gunfighter."
From Oct. 22: "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 15: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "L'Immortelle."
Oct. 16: "Il Bidone" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Oct. 17: "Rebecca" and "Notorious."
Oct. 18: "Women in Love" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
Oct. 19: "It Happened One Night" and "Holiday."
Oct. 20: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
Oct. 21: "Beware Automobile" and "The Red Snowball Tree."
Oct. 22: "Trans-Europ-Express" and "The Man Who Lies."
Oct. 23: "La Dolce Vita" and "8½."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hard Times."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 21: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"
From Oct. 22: "A Pain in the A.."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 21: "Love and Death."
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "Undercovers Hero."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 21 at one or another of the theatres: "Milestones"/"The Day of the Locust"/"Oriental Blue" and "Teenage Cowgirls" (both X-rated).... ¶ Through Oct. 18: "Murder, My Sweet" and "Mr. Lucky."... ¶ Oct. 19-21: "The Gay Divorcée" and "Flying Down to Rio."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 16: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Niagara."
Oct. 17-18: "All About Eve" and "Desk Set."
Oct. 19-20: "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still."
From Oct. 21: "Just Before Nightfall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lisztomania."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 21: "The Wind and the Lion" and "Juggernaut."
From Oct. 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "Take the Money and Run."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 16: "A Brief Vacation."
From Oct. 17: "Down the Ancient Stairs."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 15: "Thunderbolt" and "The Blue Angel."
Oct. 16: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
Oct. 17: "L'Avventura" and "Blow-Up."
Oct. 18: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "On the Waterfront."
Oct. 19: "The Damned" and "Ludwig."
Oct. 20: "Gun Crazy" and "You Only Live Once."
Oct. 21: "Thérèse" and "Judex."
Oct. 22: "Morocco" and "Dishonored."
Oct. 23: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Los Olvidados."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 16: "It Came from Outer Space" and "The Creature from the Black Lagoon." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)
From Oct. 17: "Smile."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 21: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Stage Door."
From Oct. 22: "The Night of Counting the Years."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 21: "What's Up, Doc?" and "Zandy's Bride."
From Oct. 22: "A Woman Under the Influence."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Nashville."
Theatre 2: "Hard Times."
Theatre 3: "The Exorcist."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 16: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
From Oct. 17: "A Brief Vacation" and "Elvira Madigan."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 16: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Women in Love."
From Oct. 17: "Black Christmas."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 21: "Love and Death."
From Oct. 22: "Undercovers Hero."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 21: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Oct. 22: "Tommy" and "The Last American Hero."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 15 at 2: "Wings of the Morning" (1937), directed by Harold Schuster, with Annabella and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: Three animated films (1927) from Mezhrabpom-Rus Studios, and "Two Days" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Georgi Stabovoi; no English inter-titles on any of the films.... ¶ Oct. 16 at 8: "Lina Braake" (1974), in German, directed by Bernhard Sinkel, with Lina Carstens; English subtitles.... ¶ Oct. 17 at 2: "Honor" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Amo Bek-Nazarov; no English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30 and Oct. 18 at noon: "The Quiet One" (1949), directed by Sidney Meyers.... ¶ Oct. 18 at 3: "Mother" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "End of St. Petersburg" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; English inter-titles.... ¶ Oct. 19 at 12:30 and 3: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963), directed by Don Chaf-

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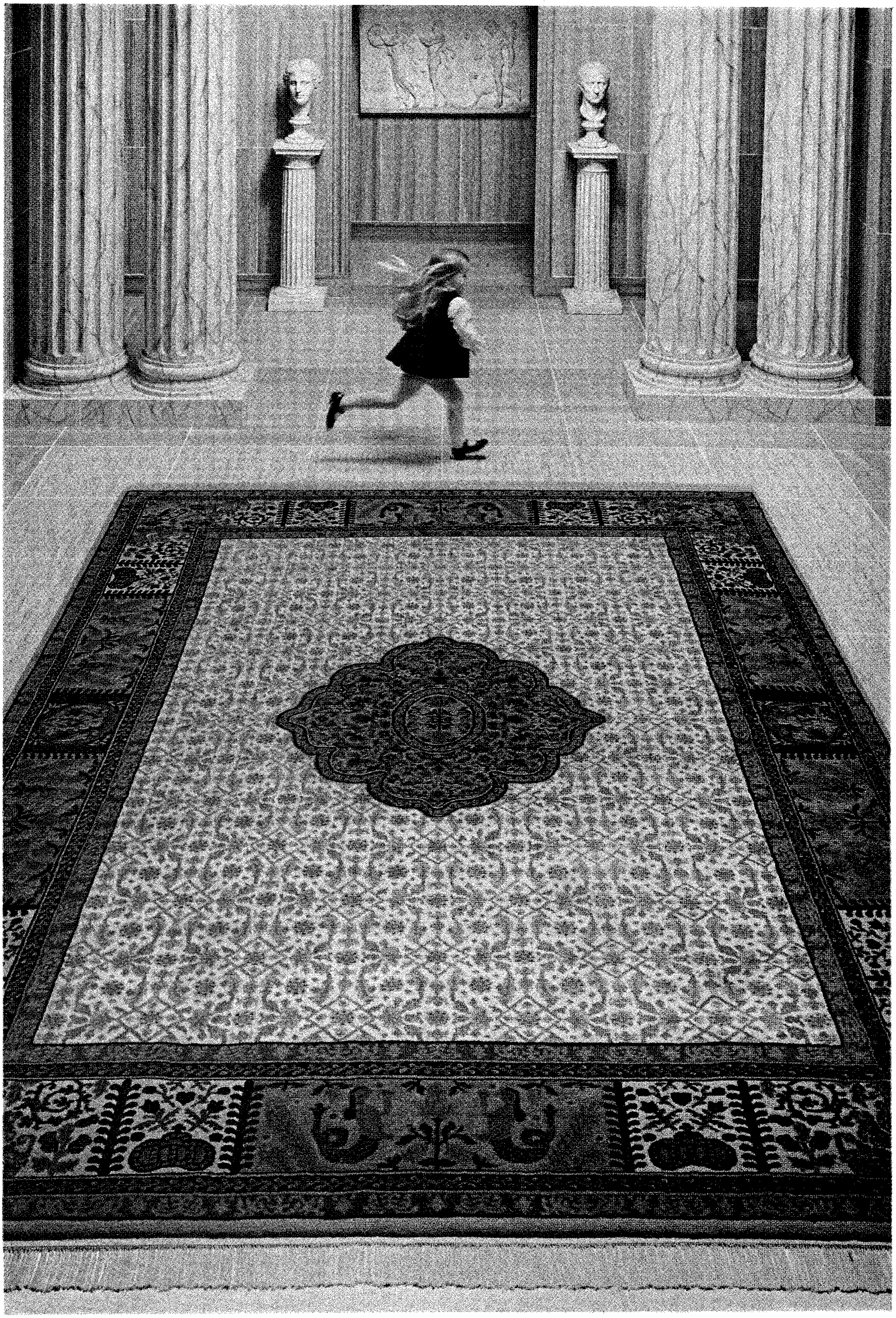

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fey, with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 5:30: "The Decembrists" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Ivanovsky; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2: Three animated films from Mezhrabpom-Rus Studios, and "Two Days." . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5:30: "Wir Bitten zum Tanz" (1941), in German, directed by Hubert Marischka; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "The Decembrists." . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "Up to His Ears" (1975), directed by Aharon Lipetz, with Perry Gewitz and Martha Shapiro. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: "Wir Bitten zum Tanz." . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "The Forty-First" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: "Alice in the Cities" (1974), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 21: "Family Portrait Sittings," directed by Alfred Guzzetti. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 22: "Pursuit," directed by Bruce Nauman and Frank Owen; and "Pine Barrens," directed by Nancy Holt. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Kirsanov, Méliès, Vertov, Sonbert, Hykes, Stauffacher, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, De Sica, Renoir, Rice, and others. Showings Oct. 15 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 16 at 6, 7:30, and 9; Oct. 17 at 6 and 8; Oct. 18 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 19 at 8; and Oct. 21-23 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Pull My Daisy" (1959), "Weegee's New York" (1950), "Skyscraper" (1959), and "N.Y.,N.Y." (1957). Thursdays (except Oct. 16) through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 22.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is, of course, Thelma Ritter. (Elgin; Oct. 17-18.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman (1974)—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/16/74.) (Plaza; through Oct. 18.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-21.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as the starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

Beware Automobile (1966)—With Innokenti Smoktunovsky, directed by Eldar Ryazanov. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Il Bidone ("The Swindlers;" 1955)—This Fellini film, made directly after "La Strada," wasn't a success in Italy, or in this country, either. The tone is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are the con artists who cheat gullible peasants, and Giulietta Masina plays Basehart's wife. The film doesn't quite work, but it isn't negligible; it has some of Fellini's most realistic passages, and Broderick Crawford's remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Blackbeard, the Pirate (1952)—With Robert Newton and Linda Darnell, directed by Raoul Walsh. (Cinema Village; starting Oct. 22.)

Black Christmas—With Olivia Hussey and Keir Dullea, directed by Bob Clark. (Symphony; starting Oct. 17.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Oct. 17.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Regency; through Oct. 21.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The director-writer, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (New Yorker; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 21.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Grandly staged junk, historically a whopper but reliable as entertainment. With Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-21.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 22.)

Conduct Unbecoming—With Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York, directed by Michael Anderson. (Baronet.)

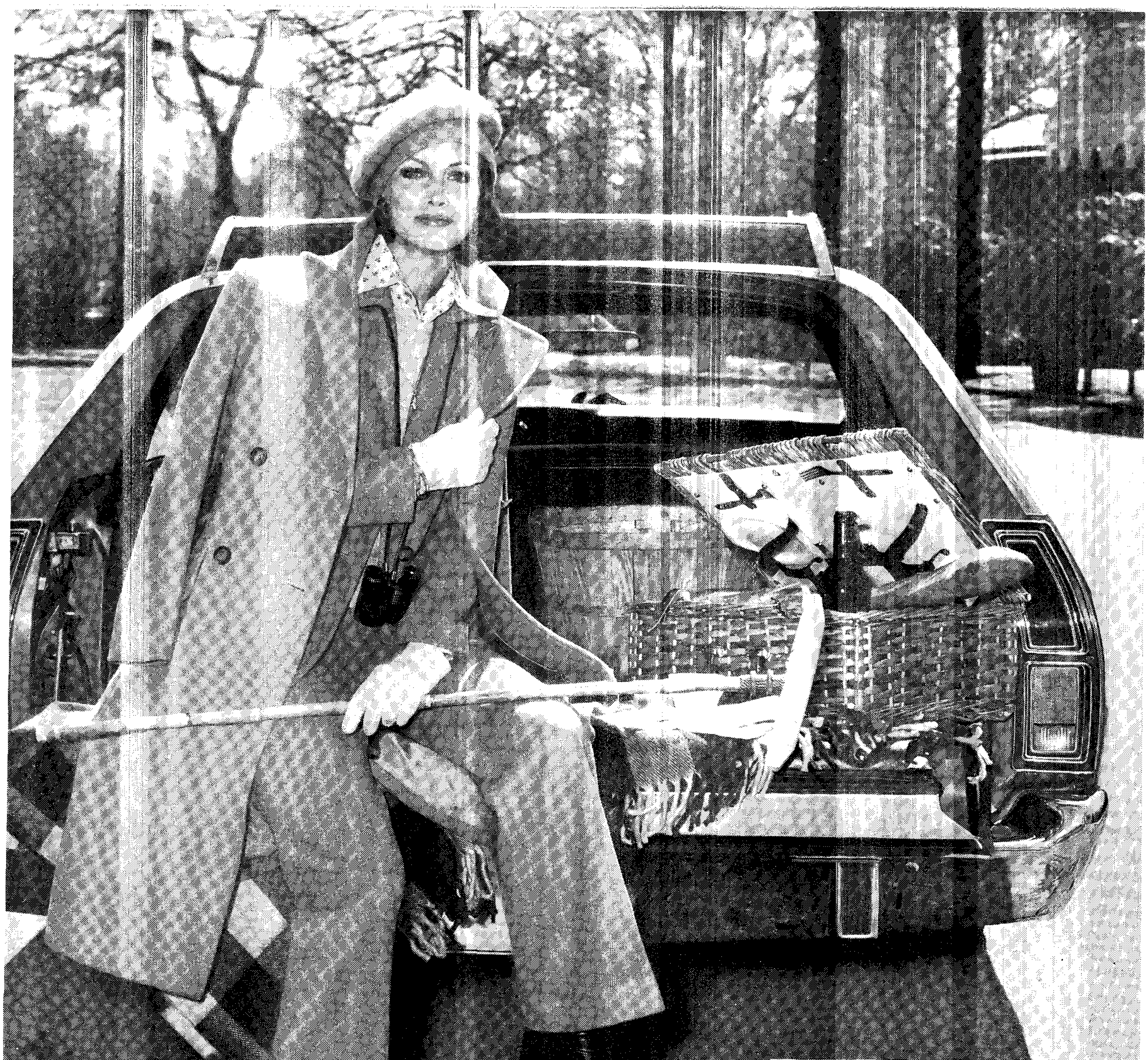
The Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This third-rate horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. Jack Arnold directed; with Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, and Whit Bissell. (Paramount; through Oct. 16. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 22.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Elgin; Oct. 19-20.)

Dead Reckoning (1947)—A forgettable Bogart melodrama that was already familiar when it came out; it had been synthesized from several of his hits, with Lizabeth Scott's role processed out of Mary Astor and Lauren Bacall routines. Scott double-crosses a friend of Bogart's, and as he takes her to the authorities he snarls, "You're going to fry." "Ah," she says yearningly, flaring her nostrils, "can't we put this behind us? Don't you



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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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19	20	21	22	23		

love me?" He sneers heavily, though you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries. John Cromwell directed; with Morris Carnovsky, Wallace Ford, and William Prince. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16-18.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 22.)

Desk Set (1957)—One of the bummers in the Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn comedy series. He's an electronics wizard. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and he replaces her with a machine called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sitcom. Walter Lang directed; Henry and Phoebe Ephron adapted William Marchant's 1955 Broadway play (in which Shirley Booth starred). (Elgin; Oct. 17-18.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 22.)

Dishonored (1931)—Dietrich, directed by von Sternberg, ecstatically plays the piano in a death cell. Absurd, but the best von Sternberg, and *echt* Dietrich. She seems always to come from another planet, and to be the only inhabitant of it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Down the Ancient Stairs—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 17.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 17.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. (Fine Arts.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means; levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Oct. 21.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews Ciné; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 16. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 19-21.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Gramercy; through Oct. 21.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 19-21.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Elgin; through Oct. 16.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Mr. Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Cinema Studio.)

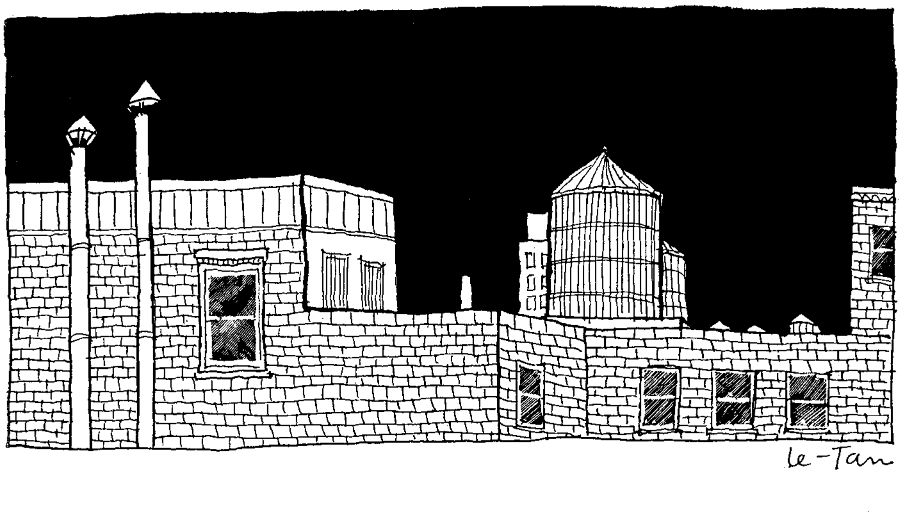
The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 18.)

Green Dolphin Street (1947)—The acting in this stupefyingly flimsy epic is so execrable that the actors seem to be in competition for booby prizes. Richard Hart is the New Zealander who gets stewed and doesn't remember whether the girl on an island off the Newfoundland coast was named Marianne or Marguerite. He writes to Marianne (Lana Turner), proposing marriage, although it was her sister, Marguerite (Donna Reed), he wanted; when Marianne arrives he marries her, and Marguerite, naturally upset, goes to a nunnery. The married couple raise sheep, reproduce, go through a fierce earthquake, and almost get killed when the Maoris go on an anti-Caucasian rampage; fortunately the couple have an influential pal (Van Heflin) who sees to it that the aborigines keep their distance. Adapted from a piece of unleavened dough kneaded into a best-selling novel by Elizabeth Goudge, and directed by Victor Saville. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15.)

Gun Crazy (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, and Don Beddoe. Joseph H. Lewis directed, from a screenplay by MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman based on Kantor's *SatEvePost* stories. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. The people and the atmosphere are so good that one wants more of them; the rinky-dink chase plot isn't needed at all, and there are also unnecessary complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a movie producer, and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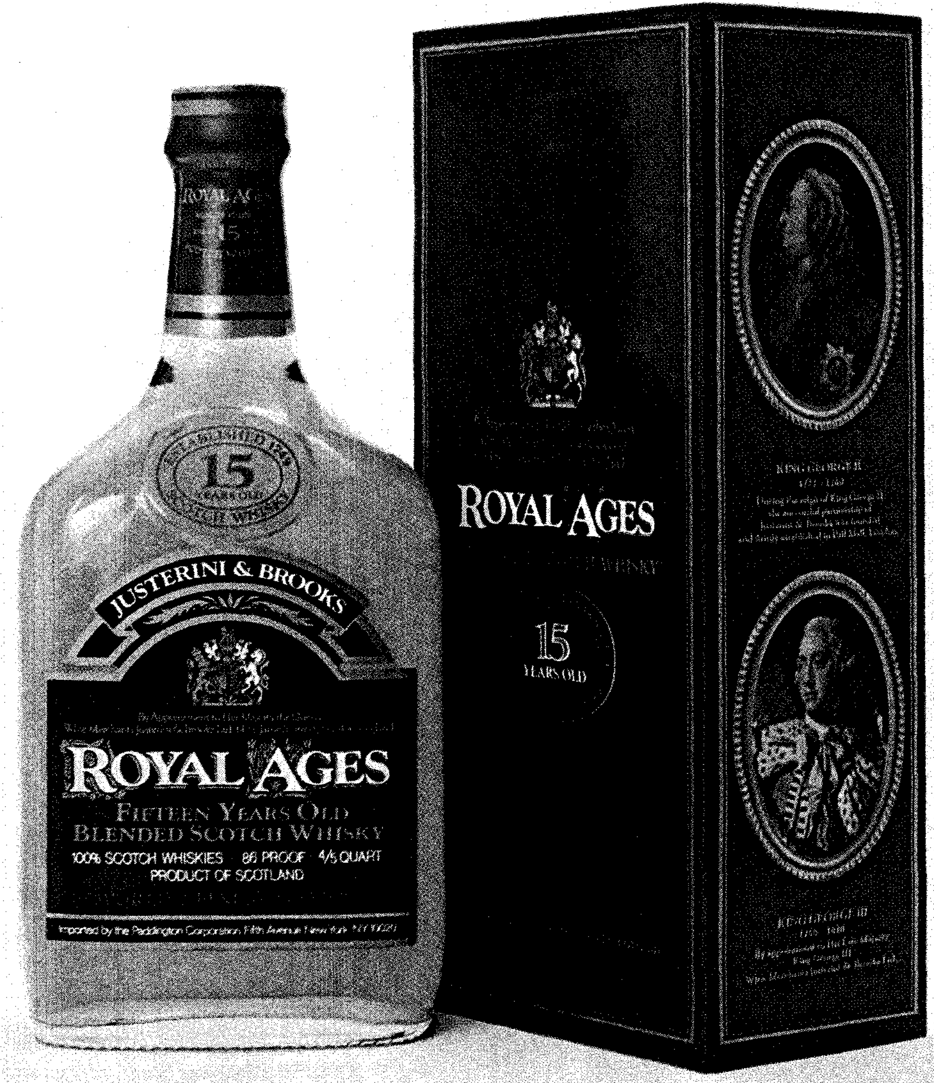
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Donald Pleasence, as a Western-pulp publisher. But it's a film that plays on in the mind. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Sutton.)

Hester Street—With Steven Keats and Carol Kane, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Plaza; starting Oct. 19.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 19.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. This is a wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Plaza; through Oct. 18.)

L'Immortelle (1963)—With Françoise Brion and Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Paramount; through Oct. 16. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 19.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East.)

John and Mary (1969)—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar; everybody expected them to make box-office music, but the calculation showed, and the picture failed commercially. Peter Yates directed. (Cinema Village; Oct. 19-21.)

Judex (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. (Franju would have preferred to remake "Fantômas," directed by Feuillade in 1914, and he crankily dedicates "Judex" to the Feuillade of that year: cinemathèque in-stuff.) What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Juggernaut (1974)—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Playboy; through Oct. 21.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sadomasochistic killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Elgin; starting Oct. 21.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Olympia; starting Oct. 22.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Let's Do It Again—A sequel to "Uptown Saturday Night," with Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby repeating their original roles. Mr. Poitier is again the director. (86th St. East, and Festival.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

Lisztomania—With Roger Daltrey, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ U. A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia; through Oct. 21.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 22.)

Mahogany—With Diana Ross, Anthony Perkins, and Billy Dee Williams; directed by Berry Gordy. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Man Who Lies (1970)—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

The Mark of Zorro (1940)—Tyrone Power, wanly miscast, stars in this lavish and inoffensive yet somewhat tiresome remake of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s, innocent, buoyant swashbuckler. The often imitated material had been squeezed dry by the time this version was made, and there are so many leisurely quaint conversations among Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, and Eugene Pallette that the swordplay, fast riding, and holdups seem like interpolated spasms of activity. Rouben Mamoulian directed; with Montagu Love, Janet Beecher, and J. Edward Bromberg. (Elgin; Oct. 19-20.)

The Master Gunfighter—With Tom Laughlin, directed by Frank Laughlin. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 21.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

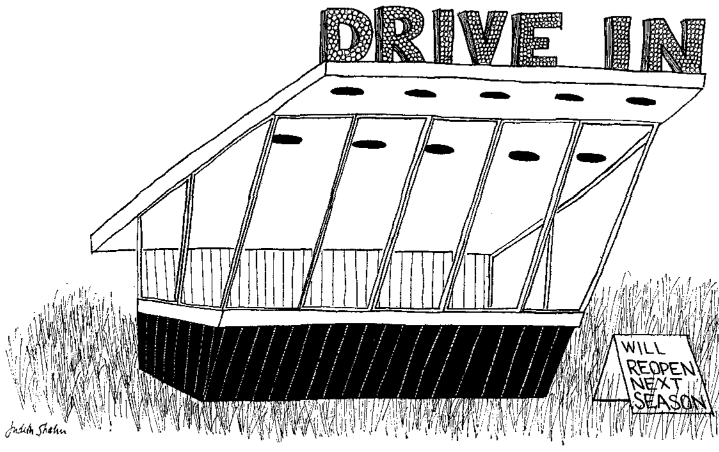
Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Village; through Oct. 18.)

Milestones—Directed by Robert Kramer and John Douglas. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 21.)

Mr. Lucky (1943)—A wartime comedy-melodrama, with Cary Grant as a draft-dodging gambler out to bilk a charity organization. He meets a wholesome society girl (Laraine Day) and reforms. It's meant to be breezy, and Grant does get a chance to use Cockney rhyming slang, but the script is soggy. He looks uncomfortable in the role of a brash heel, and his mugging doesn't help. H. C. Potter directed competently; the cast includes Florence Bates, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson, Paul Stewart, and Vladimir Sokoloff. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Oct. 22.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfec-



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tion. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurski), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Symphony; through Oct. 16.)

The Mystery of Kasper Hauser—Shown recently at the New York Film Festival under the title "Every Man for Himself and God Against All." Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Art, and Loews 83rd St.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Elgin; through Oct. 16.)

The Night of Counting the Years—An Egyptian film, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam. (Regency; starting Oct. 22.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings-on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. The picture lacks the nerve to be crudely flamboyant, and so it isn't the smashing trash it should have been, but it has its moments, such as George Hamilton, as a celebrated stud, luring a virgin named January Wayne (Deborah Raffin) into his lecher's pad, which is equipped with red couches, blazing fires, and a Sinatra record at the ready. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 21.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 22.)

Papillon (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Cinema Village; Oct. 19-21.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 21.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Red Snowball Tree (1974)—Directed by, and with, Vasill Shukshin. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Rooster Cogburn—With John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn, directed by Stuart Millar. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné; starting Oct. 17.)

Royal Flash—Richard Lester directs George MacDonald Fraser's adaptation of one of his novels celebrating the inglorious career of Captain Harry Flashman, of the 11th Hussars (Malcolm McDowell), a rotten, snivelling Victorian coward. It's a parody of movie heroics, especially of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but Lester is on his own antic wavelength, and he doesn't try to tune us in. The characters don't care about each other, and we don't care about any of them. Lester has done all this carousing and pratfalling before; his inventiveness is beginning to seem desperate, compulsive—as if he kept piling on the jokes because he was bored. With Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Britt Ekland, Florinda Bolkan, Alastair Sim, and Lionel Jeffries. (10/13/75) (Coronet.)

Sahara (1943)—Bogart and an all-male supporting cast that includes J. Carrol Naish and Rex Ingram, in a lost-patrol-type story set during the Second World War. Bogart is a sergeant in command of an American tank that's been cut off from the rest of the Army during the British retreat to El Alamein. The tank keeps rolling, picking up strays along the way until it has a full Hollywood ethnic complement—a Texan, a Brooklyner, a white Southerner, a black Sudanese, and so on. Excitingly staged and stunningly photographed, the film might have been a classic wartime melodrama if it weren't so offensively didactic. John Howard Lawson and the director, Zoltan Korda, wrote the screenplay, based on an incident in a Soviet screenplay, and the picture has the self-righteous, uplifting formula of many Soviet films—Bogart and his

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buddies capture a complete Nazi battalion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16-18.)

Smile—A fresh, mussy comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Columbia II, and Paramount; starting Oct. 17.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Regency; through Oct. 21.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

Sweet Movie—With Carole Laure and Pierre Clémenti, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Playboy; starting Oct. 22.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 21.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East.)

Thérèse (1963)—Emmanuèle Riva (of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour") as François Mauriac's Thérèse Desqueyroux, the provincial bourgeois lady who attempts to murder her gross, prosperous husband (Philippe Noiret) for the best and worst of reasons: he is dull. Directed by Georges Franju, and filmed in the cold Bordeaux of marshes and moors. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (New Yorker; through Oct. 16.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—This Josef von Sternberg underworld melodrama (which he did just before he went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel") was filmed as a silent and released in that form in some places, but sound was added to the completed film, and it was more generally released as a talkie. George Bancroft is the gang leader known as Thunderbolt; Fay Wray is his gun moll, Ritzy; Richard Arlen is the bank clerk who knew her before she took up with Thunderbolt, and wants to marry her. Bancroft was such a genial, large-spirited actor that he makes Thunderbolt likable even while he's framing the bank clerk for murder. The two men wind up facing each other in opposite cells on death row. Tully Marshall is very funny as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden. The picture is an imitation of von Sternberg's 1927 hit "Underworld," also starring Bancroft, and it isn't in the same class, but the first half isn't bad. After that, the contrivances are threadbare. With Eugenie Besserer as Arlen's mother, and Fred Kohler as Bad Al. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 22.)

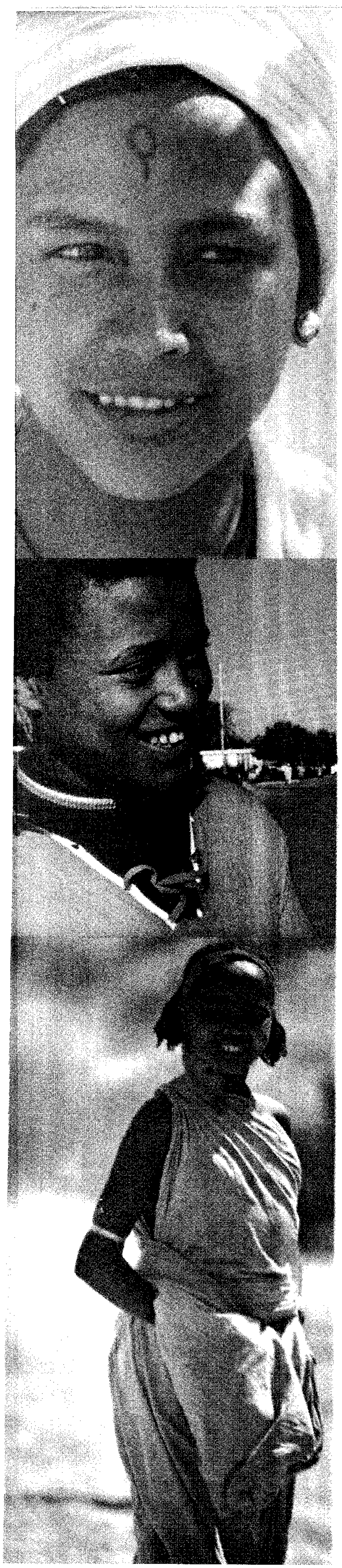
Trans-Europ-Express (1968)—Alain Robbe-Grillet wrote and directed this tricky, rarefied burlesque on erotic crime fiction and on the relationship between fact and fiction, appearance and reality. Wearing a droopy mustache, he plays a movie director on a fast train trying to hack out the story of a picture about cocaine smuggling, and Jean-Louis Trintignant plays the actor who plays the smuggler—or is he the actual smuggler? Whenever you think you've got Robbe-Grillet's games sorted out, it all gets fuzzy again, and you've got to stay in there and keep doing detective work—or pass up the whole thing. With Marie-France Pisier as Eva, who is involved in sadomasochistic rites with Trintignant. (The dope peddler enjoys chaining up prostitutes.) In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Undercovers Hero—With Peter Sellers, directed by Roy Boulting. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, U.A. East, and Thalia; starting Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Oct. 22, tentative.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

What's Up, Doc? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (seconds, really) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 21.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt,



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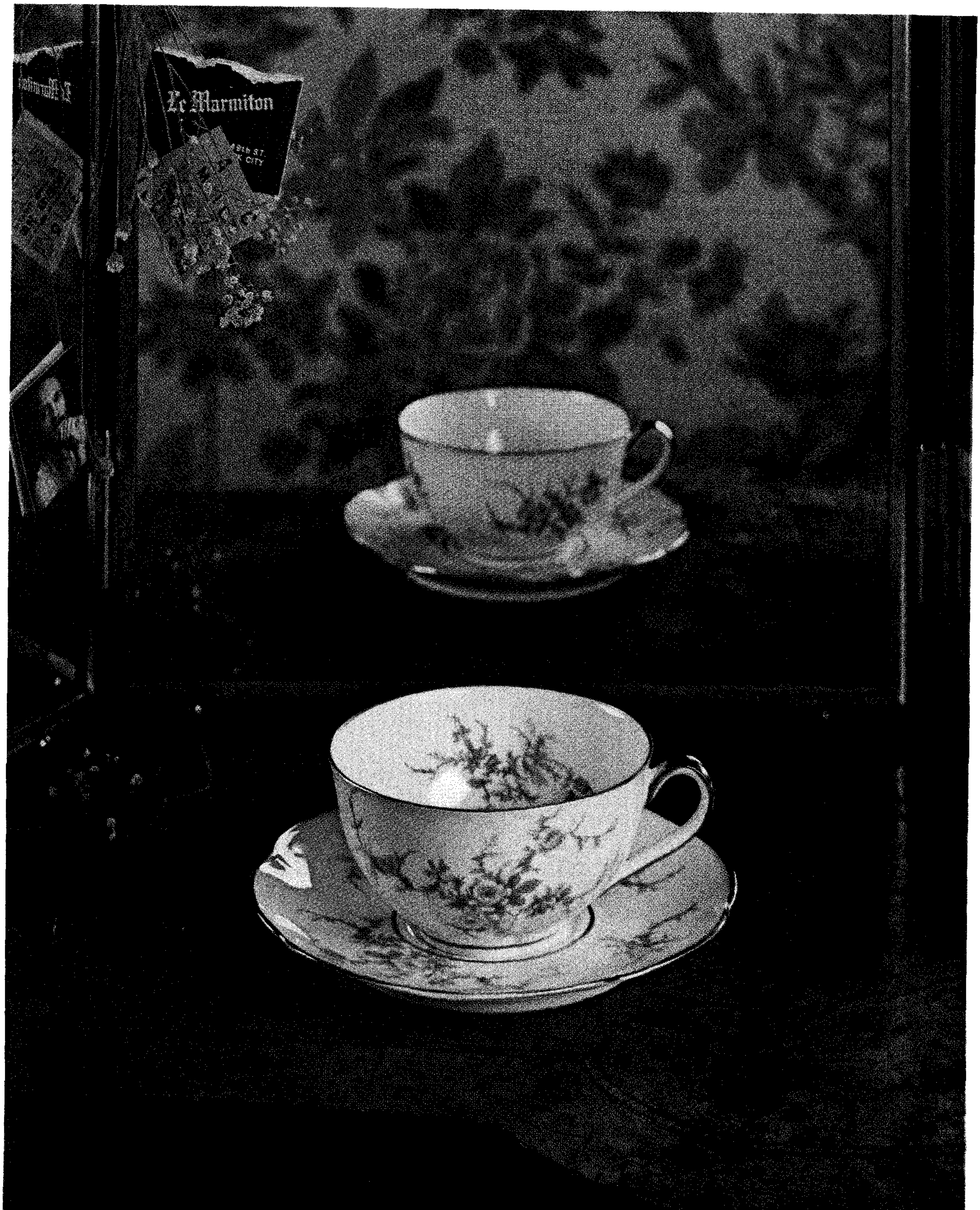

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated—as if Milius were trying to think like a nine-year-old boy but wasn't sure how he should feel about his boyish ideas; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to told it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Playboy; through Oct. 21.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 22.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Symphony; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 18.)

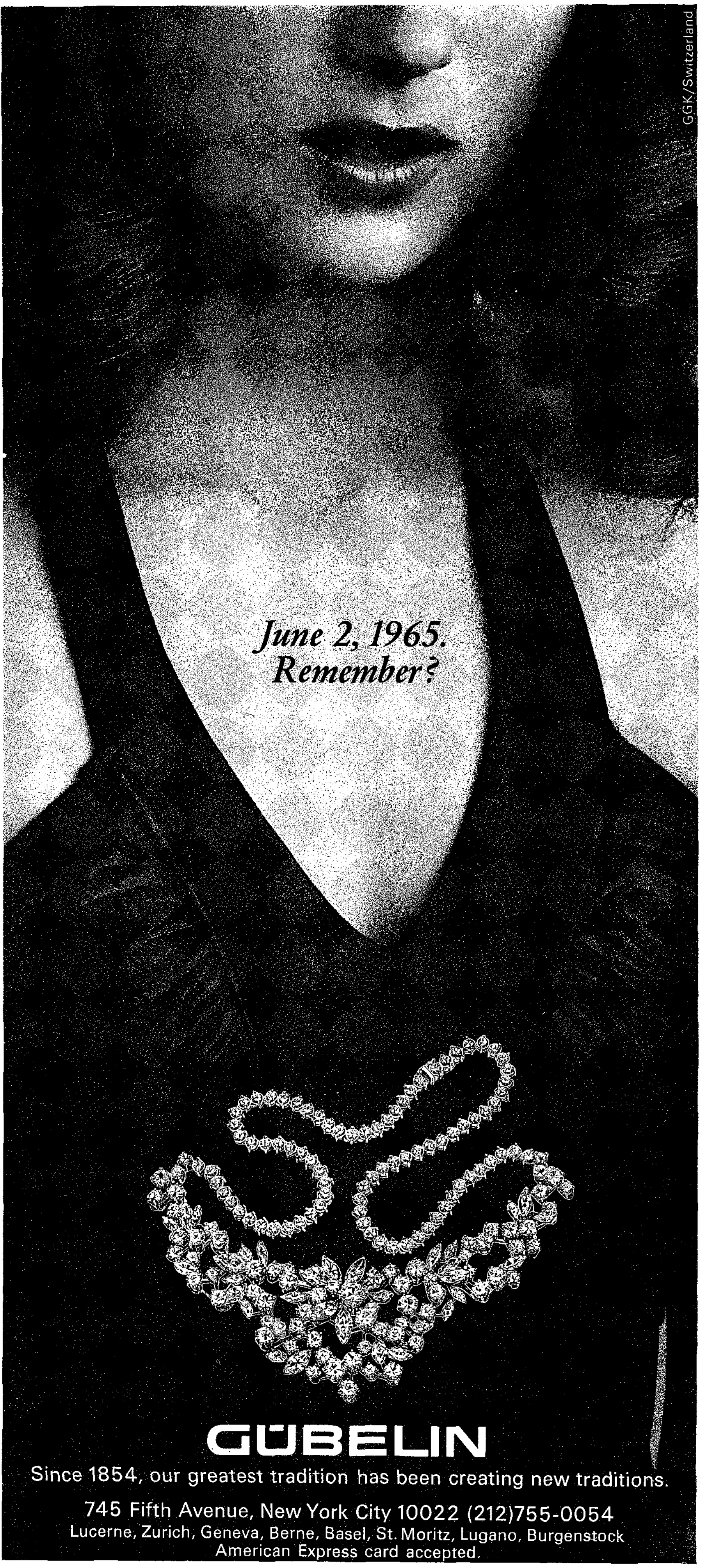
Yessongs—A filmed rock concert, with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 21.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Zandy's Bride (1974)—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 21.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 22.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 22.)



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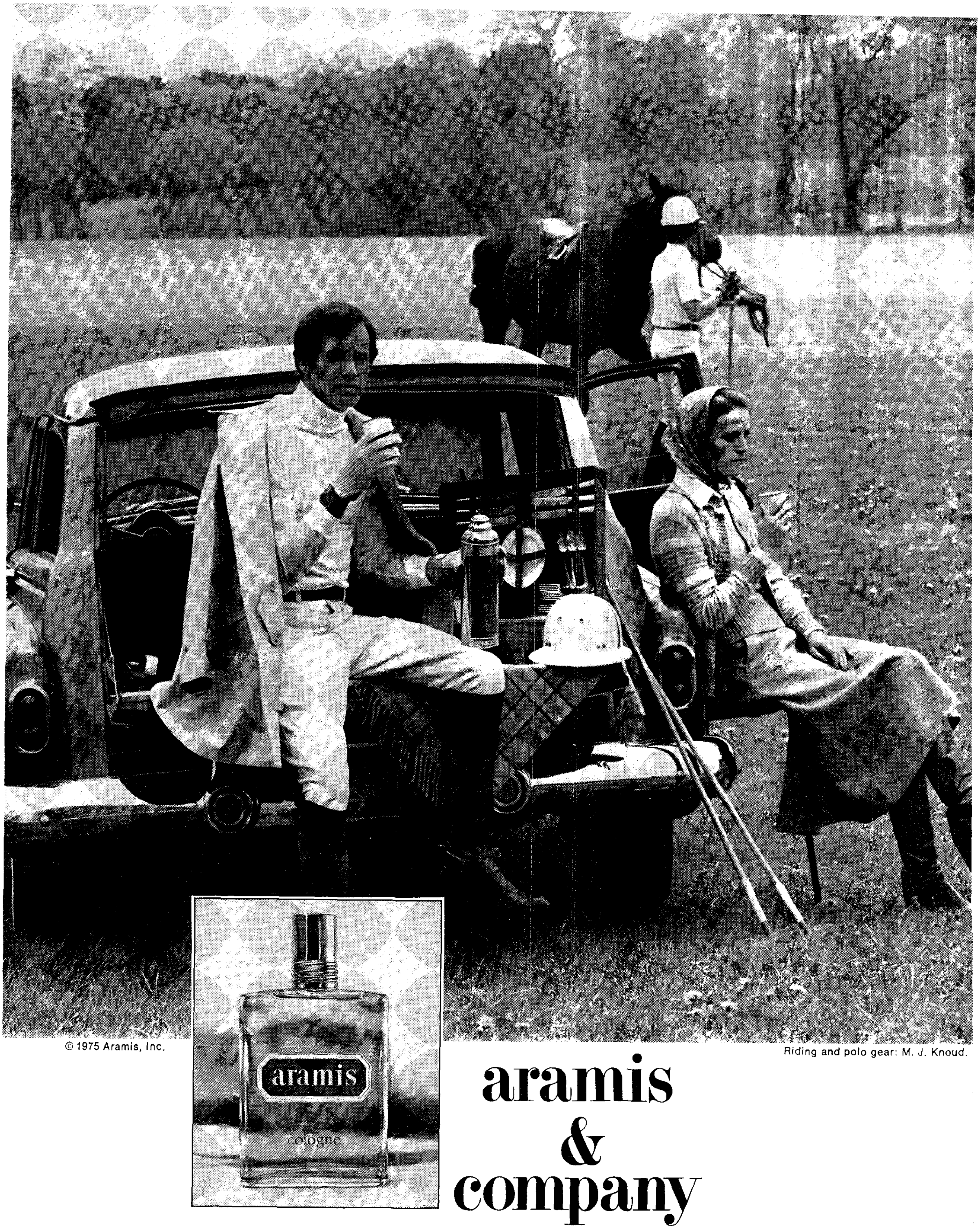

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Because the government isn't very good and the New rk Cultural Center is being sold and re is so much pornography around, ny people are persuaded that these dark times. I don't yet have a firm inion, but I've been asking folks.

I went to a bomb scare with Sweet orgia Brown. At the bomb scare, erybody stood around on the side- lk looking up at the tall, tall build- , figuring out a favorite place for e bomb to be. Mr. Ryan's office. Mr. ineally's office. Mr. Costelli's office. he police bringing in squads of those , specially trained, bomb-loving gs. And I said, "Sweet Georgia rown, do you think these are dark nes?"

And she said, "Well, they sold the meteries and they sold the fire-alarm xes and they sold three-quarters of e College of Municipal Knowledge here I got my degree in Excellent nglish from, and I *hear* they 'bout raffle off the World Council of hurches. The Mayor done seen a ight, bright star in the sky that said ll, sell, and a afreet appeared to the overnor out of a burning bush with uch the same message. But let's us lit this bomb vernissage," she said, and go ask my wise old daddy, Blind ightnin' Lemon Howlin' Brown, hat is his position. He is the Elder tatesman of Pulling Your Coat to Vhat's What, you dig where I'm omin' from?"

So we left that bomb scare getting self ready to become a paragraph on he ball-score page of the *News*, and vent down into the subway. We valked down the tracks where the old subway cars used to run, making ur way by the light from the man- oles where the sold manhole covers sed to be.

"Thank God no rats no more," said weet Georgia Brown.

"The last one auctioned off in May," I said, "at the Parke-Bernet."

Blind Lightnin' Lemon Howlin' Brown said, "Good morning, dear children. How was the bomb scare?"

"Average," said G. Brown.

"Well, what you been up to?" he asked. "You ain't been out in the park playin' that monkey music, have you?"

"No, Papa," said Sweet Georgia Brown.

"Mister Blind Lightnin' Lemon Howlin', sir," I said, "do you think these are dark times or is all this darkness merely the creation of the media?"

"What's a media?" he said.

"The TB and like that."

"Well, I don't watch the TB so much since they sold off the electricity. I don't find it fruitful," he said, lighting another candle. "But lemme lay this on you: The President's gone save the situation, 'cause he loves and cherishes us and thinks we're just as good as any other Americans, even though we do live in wicked, sinful New York City."

"Naw he don't," said Sweet Georgia Brown.

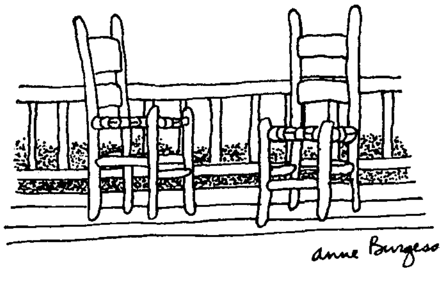
"He wants us to pull ourselves out of this morass by our own bootstraps," I said.

"All the bootstraps been sold," said Georgia Brown. "Ain't a bootstrap between here and Toronto."

"You a little slippy in the head, chile," said B.L.L.H. "He got to help out. All he have to do is go into his missile-money jar that he keeps his missile money in. And everything's cool, just like that."

"He vetoed the school-lunch bill," said Georgia Brown.

"He just bein' *prudent*," said her father. "Some of them non-needy chirrun might sneak in there and grab some of that chicken potpie."



"Well, you are my wise old daddy," said Sweet Georgia Brown, "but I think you a little oversanguine in this matter. What the people of this city of dark times gonna do now? What they gonna sell?"

A beautiful and malicious smile illuminated the countenance of Blind Lightnin' Lemon Howlin'. "Why, sweet chile, they gone sell the onliest thing they got left to sell. Votes," he said.

• •

Another Season

THE Metropolitan Opera, having settled its major labor problems until the end of the year, has embarked on its ninety-first season in a spirit of guarded détente. The bad news is that the company's economic problems are growing worse (the current deficit runs around two and a half million dollars a year) and will not be solved by federal or state aid in the foreseeable future. The good news is that, despite the recession and an increase in ticket prices, there are seven thousand new subscribers—the largest expansion in that category since the company moved to Lincoln Center. We obtained this encouraging information from Alfred Hubay, the Met's box-office manager, who looked particularly cheerful when we encountered him at the stage door one morning last week. "Our box-office is brisk," Mr. Hubay said, "and our first sampler—a package of three specially priced performances aimed at the under-thirty-five audience—sold out so fast we've had to put together a second one. Of course, these last few days have been tense, because nobody could be sure the house would open until the orchestra gave a no-strike pledge. Did you know that the board of directors put all of the subscriber money into an escrow account this summer, so it could make immediate refunds if it had to?"

We extended our congratulations,

and descended to a sub-basement rehearsal room, where John Dexter, the Metropolitan's new production director, was restaging the final scene of "La Gioconda." The set consisted of a battered table and two decrepit chairs, and the action involved a melodramatic encounter between a street-singer heroine (Gioconda) and a villainous spy (Barnaba). The singers were Martina Arroyo, a handsome black soprano, who has one of the most beautiful voices in opera, and Matteo Manuguerra, a stocky, intense Tunisian baritone. As Mr. Dexter, an ebullient man with a round face, a high forehead, and twinkling brown eyes, watched closely, Miss Arroyo picked up a gold necklace and swept past Mr. Manuguerra, singing the difficult coloratura part of their duet. Mr. Manuguerra stood rather stiffly in the center of the room until Mr. Dexter, in a quick, graceful movement, showed him how to snatch the necklace from Miss Arroyo as she passed.

"Now, Martina, you take it back," he said, "and then you kneel and hold it toward him. As Matteo grabs it, you stab yourself."

Miss Arroyo followed instructions and toppled down dead as Mr. Manuguerra bent over her, singing "M'odi e muori dannata." "Does he pull me back and turn me over?" she asked from the floor.

"Something like that," said Mr. Dexter.

"Who's directing this piece, anyhow?" said Miss Arroyo, with a giggle.

"I am," Mr. Dexter said, handing back her dagger with a flourish.

"That's funny," Miss Arroyo said. "I thought *I* was."

We looked in at a "Barbiere" rehearsal to find a blond young count (Douglas Ahlstedt) serenading an imaginary Rosina; paused briefly to listen to the "Così" ensemble romp through some impeccable Mozart; and took an elevator to the auditorium, where an orchestra rehearsal of "Boris Godunov" was in progress. Onstage, Jerome Hines, a towering, bearded Boris in a black-and-gold robe, was coming to the end of his dramatic death scene. Mr. Hines stood on a low, red-carpeted dais with one hand on the arm of a large silver-and-white throne. A boy soprano, playing his son, huddled, as if terrified, on the throne while Mr. Hines clutched his chest, threw back his head, and sang the ringing high notes that climax the monologue. Then, as the lights dimmed, Mr. Hines picked up the front of his robe and marched down the steps to collapse in front of the orchestra pit. "If Jerry threw himself down those steps at every rehearsal," a stagehand observed, "he'd never make it to the first performance."

We moved on to the scenic workshop, on the fifth floor, where David Reppa, the staff scenic designer, told us that his department was finishing a few props (yellow and blue flowers in white stone urns for "Figaro," gold-leafed harps for "Aida") and refurbishing some old sets. "We're touching up the scenery for 'Così,' refinishing a table for 'Ballo,' and putting gold highlights on some of the 'Gioconda' costumes to make them look richer under the stage lights," he said. "Sets for three new productions—'Trittico,' 'Figaro,' and 'Aida'—are finished, and 'Puritani' is in the carpentry shop." Mr. Reppa showed us a red tile roof, a dark-green cypress tree, and a towering gray-and-white stone wall. "This is Suor Angelica's convent," he said. "The wall is painted canvas; the tiles are corrugated cardboard, covered with polyester resin; and the tree is filter foam, which gives you a feathery, see-through quality. You can see how they fit together from the model." We inspected several miniature sets in Mr. Reppa's office: the convent, with its bleak stone walls, green trees, and massive iron gates; the countess's bedroom from "Figaro," a rococo confection of pale-pink walls and white-and-gold woodwork; and a breathtakingly simple set for "Aida," which consisted of a large oval floor surrounded by enormous fragments of Egyptian stone bas-reliefs. " 'Aida' is a nontraditional approach," said Mr. Reppa, who designed the production. "The scenery is monumental without being literal, and there are lots of rear-screen projections. Our problem is to find simpler, lighter ways of doing grand opera and, at the same time, present it on a scale that responds to the scale of the house."

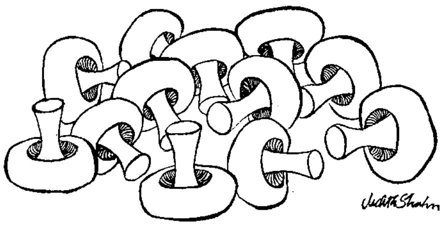
Our last stop was the sun-filled office of Anthony Bliss, the Metropolitan's new executive director. Mr. Bliss, a prominent lawyer who has been involved with Metropolitan affairs at the board level for twenty-five years, told us that he was pleased and encouraged by the no-strike pledge. "You might say it's another chapter in 'The Perils of Pauline,' " he added, "with the next installment coming up when the pled expires, on December 31st. One thi we have agreed on is that we all wa one-year contracts, because this is transitional period for the compan We have a short-term crisis of how survive over the next two or three yea while we plan for the future. And v have a long-term responsibility to r structure the organization and mal basic changes in our operation. For e ample, we are considering such optio as sharing the house with a ballet con pany and bringing in operetta or chor works, and we are checking costs to s whether it is more economical to re out the house or keep it dark. Even we make some of these decisions by t end of the year, we probably can't p them into effect until 1980. In oper you have to plan three to five yea ahead."

"How will you restructure t Met?" we asked.

"We've begun by abolishing the jo of general manager," Mr. Bliss replie "I do not intend to function as a gen eral manager in the traditional sens Jimmy Levine, our music director, an John Dexter, our production directo will do the artistic planning for futur seasons. I will review their plans fro the point of view of finances and broa policy. I look upon myself as an edito and as a coördinator for the extraordi nary number of able people we hav working in this house."

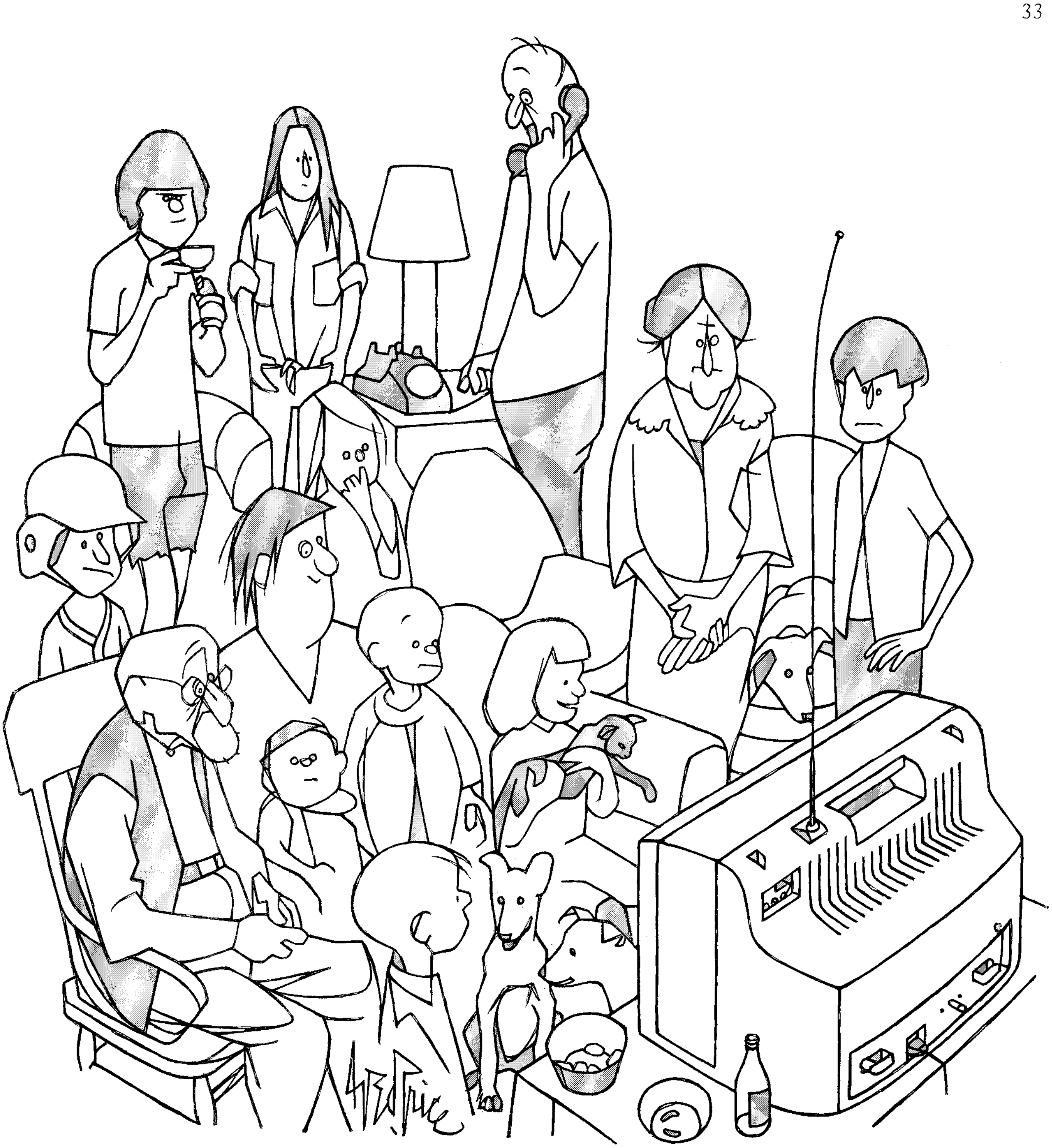
"Has this new job involved a chang in the way you live?" we asked.

"It has been quite an adjustment, Mr. Bliss said. "I had a law practice which I had to retire from, and I hav a family, and a house in Oyster Bay which I don't see as often as I'd like And I've had to adjust to the demand of an opera house. In law, you can organize your time in a predictabl schedule, but there's just no way t plan a day in fifteen-minute segment around here and function effectively. So I'm learning to be flexible. But I love this place, and I've been associated with it for so many years—and my father before me—that I couldn't say no when they asked me to take over. We have a long, tough struggle ahead, but I wouldn't be here if I weren't an eternal optimist."



Art from Zaïre

HARD on the heels of the Emperor of Japan, the King of Norway, and the President of Uganda, there came to our resilient city last week practically everybody from Zaïre except its President, whose official names and titles—Citoyen Mobuto



"We'll call you back after nine. We're in the middle of the Family Hour."

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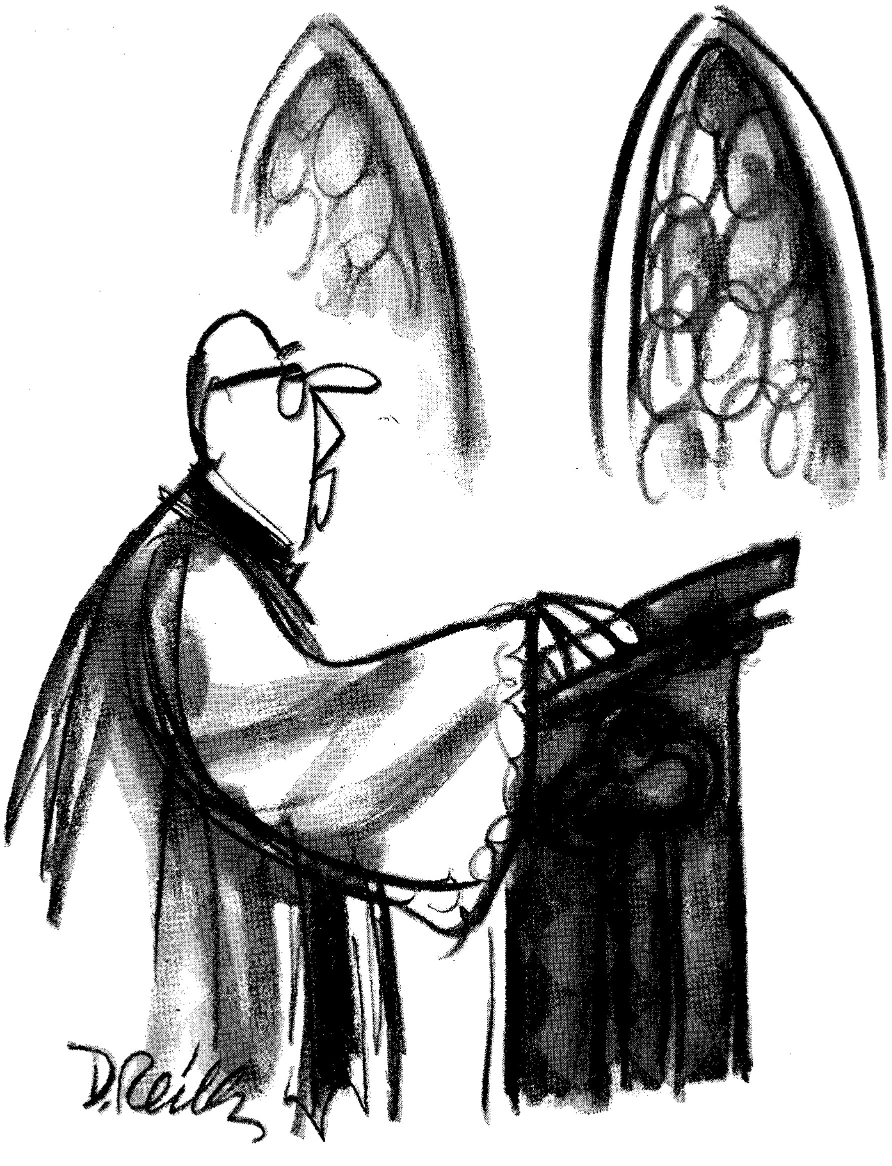
Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga, President-Founder of the Popular Revolutionary Movement and President of the Republic—are among the grandest of them all. The occasion for the presence of so many distinguished Zaïrois was the unveiling at the African-American Institute, across First Avenue from the United Nations, of a remarkable exhibit of one hundred works of art from the Institute of the National Museums of Zaïre. Most of the masks, chiefs' staffs, whistles, bracelets, fly whisks, and, yes, crucifixes have never before been seen outside Zaïre, and not yet very widely inside it, either, inasmuch as the museum destined to house them, in Kinshasa, is still in the drawing-board stage.

On the opening day, we stopped by to inspect the splendid show, which will later be moving along to Washington, Los Angeles, and several other cities, and to rub shoulders (many of the male ones encased in a snappy kind of Zaïrois zoot suit called an *abacost*) with the likes of Amyas Ames, the Lincoln Center man; Mrs. Jacob M. Kaplan, the president of the American Federation of Arts, which is co-sponsoring the show with the African-American Institute and the government of Zaïre; Warren Robbins, the director of Washington's Museum of African Art; the sculptor Chaim Gross; and Betty Shabazz, Malcolm X's widow. The exhibition was designed by Charles Froom, of the Hirshhorn Museum staff, in Washington, and, after offering him our felicitations, we asked whether Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had been on the receiving end of so much flak over at the U.N. from the Organization of African Unity, might be putting in an appearance. "I think we'll notice him if he does," Mr. Froom said. "He's a very noticeable man. When he raised his hand for a veto in the Security Council, he didn't just hold up his hand, he held it up with a ball-point pen in it. But I don't really expect him. He couldn't even make a show I worked on at the Hirshhorn a couple of weeks ago, and he's the chairman of its board. I suspect he may be too preoccupied with African politics at the moment to address himself to African art."

Not far from where Mr. Froom was receiving congratulations, we caught sight of an African sitting at a desk and holding up a yellow legal-size pad. He was reading aloud from it, in oratorical fashion, in a language we could not understand, and we could visualize him declaiming across the avenue later on, with Ambassador Moynihan perhaps listening and holding on to his ball-point. Before we could ask for a simultaneous translation, we were swept up by Frank Ferrari, the amiable vice-president of the Institute, and introduced to Citoyenne Mbemba Yowa Mabinda Kabinga, Commissioner of Culture and Fine Arts for Zaïre. A striking woman, who, like just about every other dignitary from her country, was wearing a Mao-style pin with a picture on it of her President and of a flaming red torch, she told us, in French (Zaïre is, of course, the former Belgian Congo, and Central Africa's biggest Francophone nation), that she had just arrived in the States and hoped, before she departed, to get to see some of *our* indigenous art. She had a visit to the Metropolitan Museum on her agenda.

Citoyenne Mbemba passed us along to Citoyen Lema Gwete, an official of the National Museums, back in Kinshasa, who, it developed, was responsible for collecting quite a few of the pieces in the country's trove. They now number some forty-five thousand, he said. Some date all the way back to th eighth century B.C. Many of ther were flushed out of remote interio villages, to which Citoyen Lema an his associates had trekked, and wher for sixty dollars or so—the going pric for a new bicycle—they had persuade their owners to part with them in th national interest. One hitch, he tol us, was that when he first came upo many of the finest pieces in the Zaïr collection they were not merely rar but also fetish objects, still imbued wit sacred powers. As much as their owners wanted bicycles, they didn't wan to fool around with fetishes. The government solved this dilemma by havin duplicate objects made and then cajoling the owners of the originals int persuading their potent spirits to switc over to their modern counterparts. W asked Citoyen Lema to point out t us a fetish that he was certain had bee defused, but he demurred; he said h wasn't frightened of fetish spirits, present or past, but there were those wh felt differently, and it was perhap just as well not to inquire too closel into this particular abstract element o art. As we drifted out, the chap wit the yellow pad was still absorbed i his speech, and he was evidently nearing the point where he was satisfied with it, for as he was reading it aloud he was also pounding his fist on a table. Ambassador Moynihan was still nowhere noticeable.

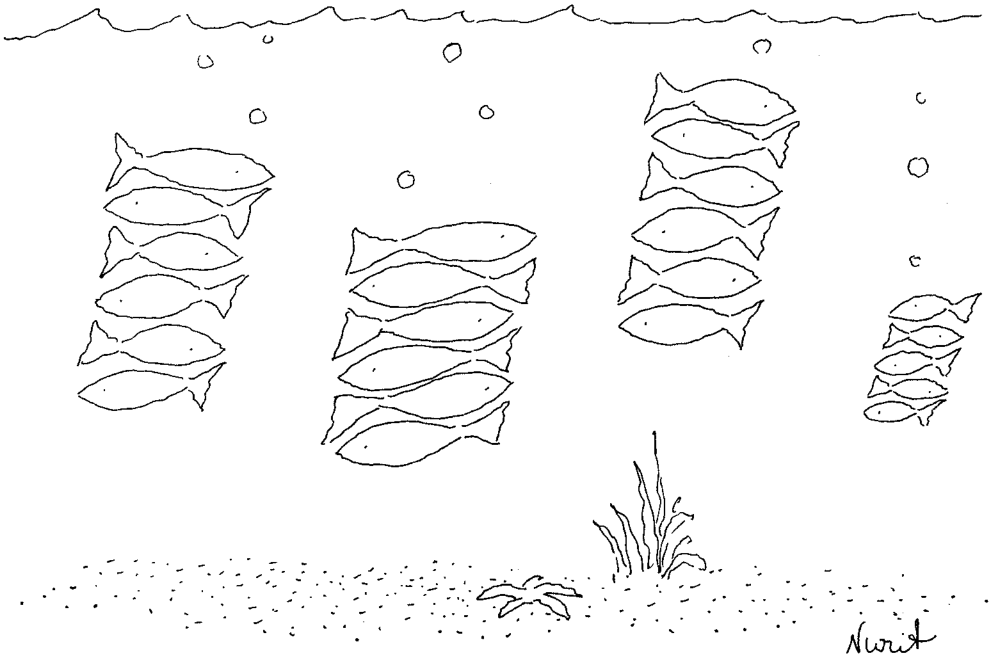


"And, finally, Lord, may Thy wisdom guide and inspire the deliberations of those Thy servants our Planning and Zoning Commission."

Village Incident

A YOUNG man whose name the television public will have forgotten by next week, if it hasn't already, pulled a gun on ten people in a bank in Greenwich Village just before closing time one afternoon last week. A little more than eight hours later, he was jumped by the police, and captured. Nobody got hurt. As crimes go, it was, given the outcome, far from the worst in its time slot. During the same eight hours, elsewhere in the city, there undoubtedly were murders, rapes, and muggings, but the bank seizure had features that these other, more serious crimes lacked: it had duration, it had an ever-present potential for getting much worse, and it had what an ABC correspondent on the scene called "the Patty angle"—one of the "demands" of the "gunman" was that Miss Hearst and her friends be released from jail in California. For these reasons, the bank seizure was judged to be big news.

When it got dark, the area around the bank took on the eerie quality of



: familiar made strange. There re barriers of gray police saw-rses across Sixth Avenue at urteenth and Eleventh Streets, d a third of the way down the ck on each of these side streets, keep out everyone except re-ters and policemen. Other riers had been set up at velfth and Thirteenth Streets. iese inner rows of sawhorses nted crosswise at the intersec-ns so that the area they en-sed was shaped like the apron an arena stage. The bank, a refront branch of Bankers ust, occupies the ground floor the middle house of a clump three old four-story brick row uses. The buildings to the left the clump are one story tall; the right is an apartment house teen stories tall. Reading from hirteenth Street to Twelfth reet, the stores on the block are a cant luncheonette, a bar and restau-nt, a knickknack shop called The ad Monk, the bank, a picture gal-y and frame shop, and a Smiler's licatessen. Banks are usually im-sing, but this one is not. It is the me size as the little businesses sur-unding it.

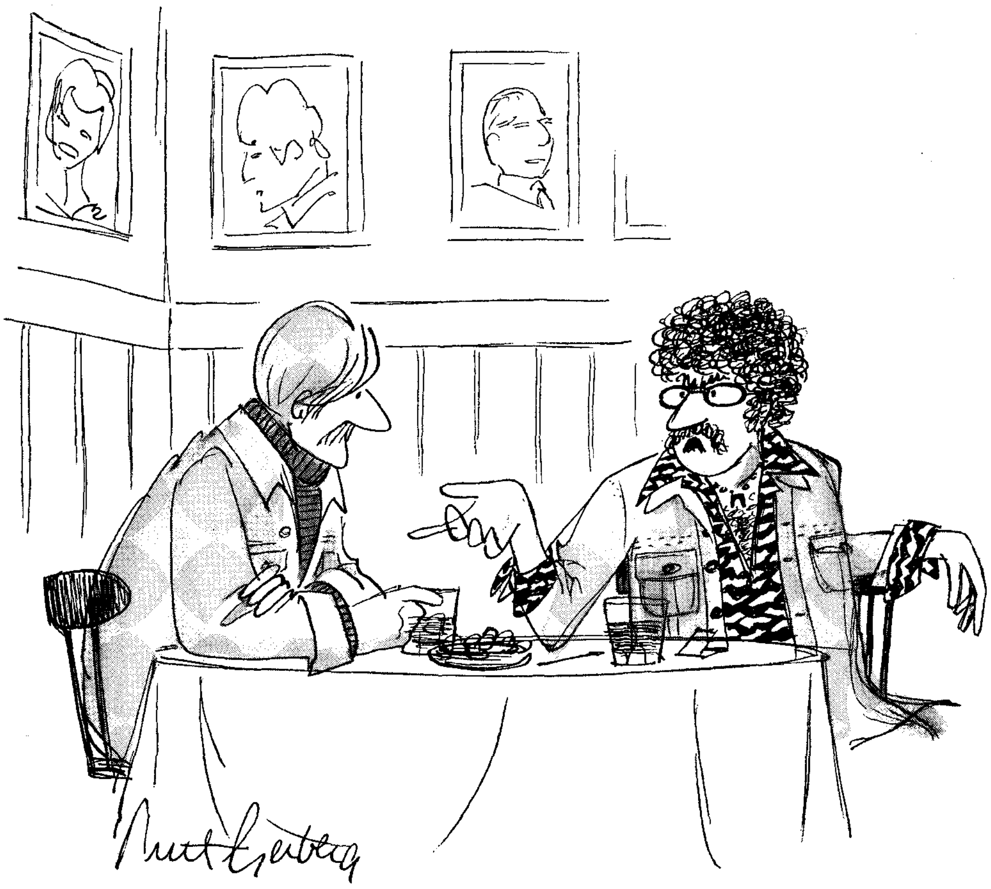
At the outer barricades stood ranks people who waited curiously, as if r a parade. At the inner barricades ood the professionally curious—the ess, the still photographers, and the levision reporters, with their retinues technicians. And inside the barri-ades were policemen of every kind—me four score of them—and a few licewomen. There were uniformed ps, and cops in dark-blue windbreak-s with "NYC POLICE SPECIAL PERATIONS" stencilled across the ck. There were F.B.I. agents in ondescript business suits, and detec-ves in chinos and flannel shirts, with ieir police badges pinned to their reast pockets. A few cops wore bul-tproof vests encased in black nylon. he vests were longer in front than in ack, and the men who wore them oked weighed down. Across the ave-ue from the bank is a large white rick apartment house, with a super-iarket on the ground floor and a alcony running half the length of ie building on the second floor. A alf-dozen men, barely visible in the hadows, stood or knelt on the bal-ony. Several of them held long rifles vith telescopic sights.

Sixth Avenue was brightly lit in both irections; to the south, the clock tower f the former Jefferson Market Courthouse and the shafts of the World Trade Center stood out as columns of light. But the block in front of the bank was a pool of darkness, for the street lights had been turned off. In the bank itself, cold fluorescent light behind a plain white translucent curtain illuminated the plate-glass window. It was the kind of light in which people seem unnaturally pale. The bank looked like a bathyscaphe at the bottom of a murky sea. Knots of policemen crouched at both sides of the bank's door. The door was ajar, and a man in a baseball cap—the head of the Police Department's Hostage Negotiating Team—leaned toward it, gesturing and talking. At eight-thirty, there was a purposeful commotion in front of the bank. The television technicians focussed their cameras. The sharpshooters over the supermarket aimed their rifles. At eight-thirty-five, a flurry: a frightened-looking woman appeared at the door and was instantly hurried away, crouching, with a policeman holding each of her arms. Seven minutes later, another flurry, and another hostage came out. Five had been released earlier; three were left.

Things grew quiet again. The waiting continued. A plainclothesman was listening to his police radio near the barricade, and a few snatches of its messages could be overheard. "One individual seems to be counting money. . . . Is that the perpetrator? . . . No, this is an individual wearing a green jacket. The perpetrator has a short-sleeve shirt on. He's eating, and drinking beer. . . . Correction: The guy in the green jacket appears to be playing solitaire. He is not counting money."

Channels 4 and 7 had parked their vans near the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, and Channel 2's van was at Sixth and Twelfth. On top of each van was a dish-shaped transmitting antenna. The antennas were aimed at the top of the Empire State Building, like liths pointed at the sun. On top of one of the vans, next to the antenna, a young man stood holding a television camera wedged to his shoulder, like a crossbow. The van's doors were open, and amid the jumble of electronic equipment inside was a small screen connected to the young man's camera. From time to time, he focussed on the bank, and when he did the picture on the screen made the bank look warm—almost cozy. To the naked eye the bank looked tiny and cold. Most of the time, the young man stood and waited, and his camera picked up whatever it picked up, at random: a fire hydrant at a crazy angle; a crushed paper cup on the pavement, trailing a slick of Coca-Cola; a rush of windows and cars when the young man shifted his footing. An intercom crackled in the van. A voice on it said, "Can anybody get somebody to turn the mirror on that truck in front of the bank? It's causing a bright spot on everybody's picture."

The eleven-o'clock news broadcasts on Channel 2 and Channel 4 led with the hostage story. The "perpetrator" was grabbed during the program, and the two stations managed to carry the capture "live." Channel 7 was broadcasting a football game between the Detroit Lions and the Dallas Cowboys. It had been a close game for



"They want to hold the meeting at their shop, but I say the hell with that noise. Why should they have the home-court advantage?"

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a while, but by the time Channel 7 cut away for a bulletin from Sixth Avenue the Lions were ahead, and there were only a couple of phone calls from indignant fans.

Three Weird Meals

A SHORT communication from that irrepressible source of impressions, our friend the fellow-citizen:

Three weird meals. This won't take long, because they happened to be three meals I ate in succession last week. Sunday night, I come back from upstate on Allegheny Airlines, and I drop over to my girl friend's place and she places Thanksgiving dinner on the table. Cranberry juice, roast chicken, Stove Top stuffing, glazed beets, baked yams, pumpkin pie, ice cream. Another couple drops in and consumes great quantities of this fodder. Now, Thanksgiving usually involves a lot of anticipation, and it is interesting to suddenly be thankful and to eat a big meal at a moment's notice, but I had had in mind maybe at most a little wonton. Well, what had happened was my girl friend was writing a holiday-recipe article for a magazine that comes out so seldom I call it a sporadical, and her topic was stuffing, so she had to make some stuffing, so she figured she might as well make the whole meal. So, Happy Thanksgiving!

Next day, I got up late—it takes a while to recover from a holiday—and went over to a pretty good Szechwan restaurant on Irving Place, and had my wonton. While I'm sitting there, a lady comes in and sits at the next table. She can't decide what to order. Looks at the menu for at least fifteen minutes, finally orders one dish. Then she doesn't like her table, moves. Her dish comes, and without tasting it she yells "It's cold!" and runs out of the place. The proprietor grins a big grin. "Wonderful world!" he says, and laughs and laughs.

So now it's three o'clock, and I've still got the rest of a day off, owing to working hard over the weekend, so I think I'll go to my pal Hammerin' Hank's place, on West Thirteenth Street, where I keep my plastic model of the Starship Enterprise, which I am working on. Thirteenth between Sixth and Seventh. There are a couple of police cars at Sixth and Thirteenth and some people standing around—which doesn't interest me. So I work on the model for an hour, transferring decals out of a glass of warm water—ve tricky—and now I can't ignore th fact that also for an hour I have bee hearing police sirens. So I open th front door, and there's a crowd on th stoop, and a barricade across the stree just to the Sixth Avenue side of Hank' place, and all kinds of policemen behind the barricades, and TV camera at the corner, and helicopters in th air, and you can't see anything happening. So I ask a guy on the stoop wit binoculars, who is getting a closeu shot of nothing happening, "What' happening?" "Guy in a bank has te hostages, wants Patty Hearst and te million in gold." Oh, yeah, there's small bank on Sixth, between Twelft and Thirteenth, that you can't se from here. Mood on the stoop festive Spiffy young couple held followin conversation: "Hi." "Hi, I know tha I know you from someplace." "Bu you don't remember my name." "Yo got it." "Well, it was Le Jardin." " knew it was someplace with lots o music." Nothing I can do, so I g back inside and turn on the TV set which is in a corner of the room looking away from the bank. TV set show bank. Channel 7 and 4 cameras show bank from angle at Sixth and Thirteenth. Channel 2 cameras bounce back and forth. Hank comes home, say he'll fix us some dinner. Beef wit oyster sauce, Diet Pepsi, hot chocolate no ice cream, because Baskin-Robbin is across the street from the bank We eat, and watch the bank on TV The TV reporters interview an edito from *High Times*, who had called u the robber to find out if he had been high. Hank says they ought to bring the gold to the bank and require the guy to carry it away. Peep outside—warm evening, crowds still happy. Bank disappears on TV, replaced by Monday-night football. Cowboys vs. Detroit Lions. Touchdown is replaced by announcement that drama is ended—no one has been hurt, money has not changed hands, Patty Hearst is still locked up, robber had exchanged two hostages for six-pack of beer, beer had made him sleepy. Detroit gave Dallas a good show for the first half, which gave me hopes. But then they collapsed. So, homeward bound. Outside, no people—just a truck picking up the barricades. Sixth Avenue between Twelfth and Thirteenth was covered with a couple hundred empty Styrofoam coffee cups and empty sandwich bags, from meals consumed by all the reporters and policemen. The cups and bags were tumbling gently around all over the place.

CLOSE QUARTERS

After Martin has paid the bank and the lawyers, he picks up his wife and baby and together they go to look at the new house. The house is different from the way Martin remembers it. Empty, it looks smaller and there seem to be fewer windows. The light fixtures are gone and black wires dangle from the ceiling. There are coat hangers in the kitchen sink, and the refrigerator, tied shut with twine, is in the middle of the dining room. All the hinges are stiff, and the doors too swollen for their frames. Balls of dust have washed up against the baseboards. There is sand on the windowsills. Around where the carpets once were there is now a ragged edge of built-up wax, and Martin is reminded of the line of spindrift left by a receding tide. "This is a crappy house," he says.

"It's a *nice* house," says Kathy, his wife. "Nora and I like it." Nora is their baby; she is just learning to walk and still spends much of the day riding around their apartment in her mother's arms. She is teething, and fusses a lot.

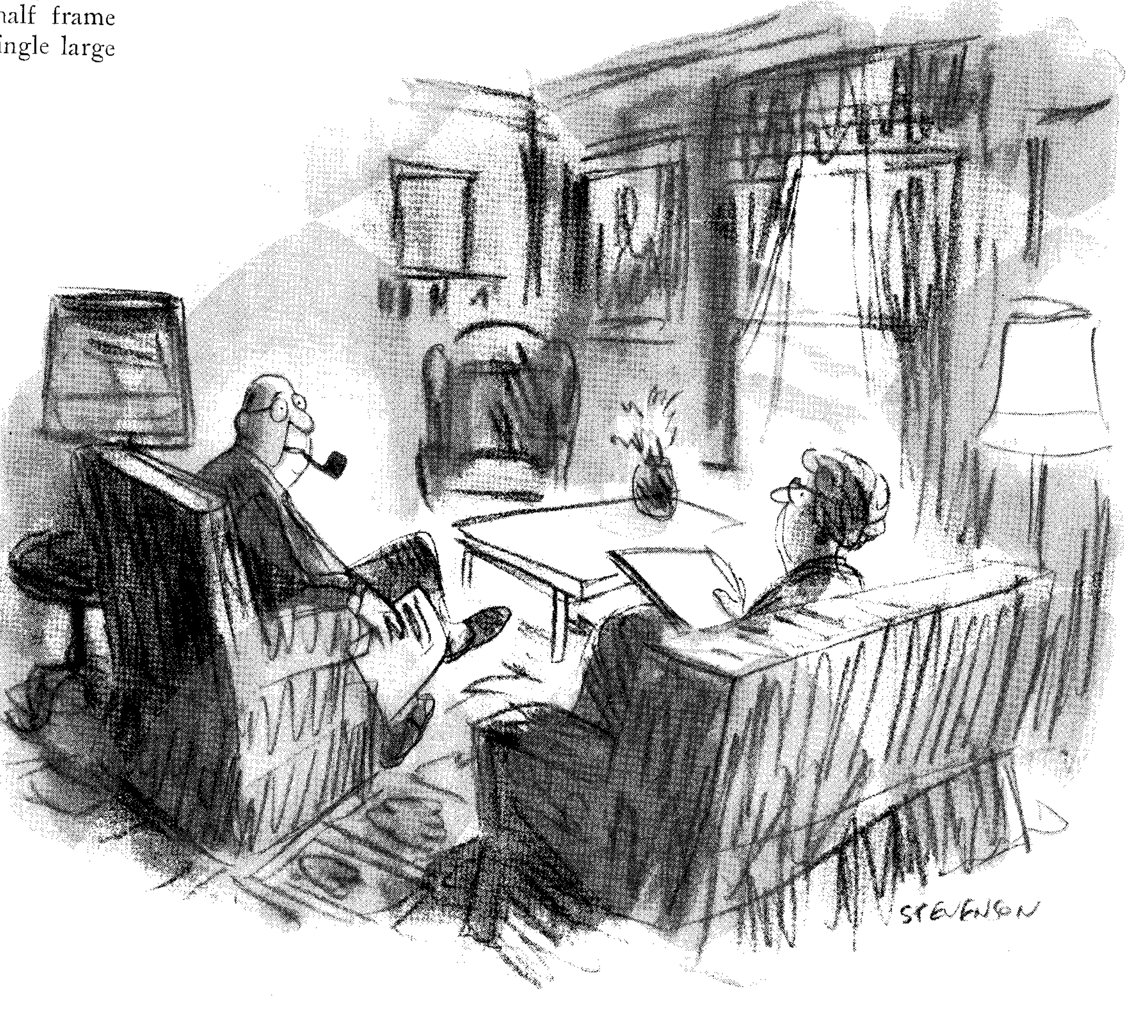
The new house is not really new. It is forty-five years old, half frame and half brick. There is a single large dormer in front, with crisscrossed timbers, and there are stained-glass windows on either side of the chimney. Real-estate agents call this style "Hansel and Gretel." There is a small yard, with a trellis and primroses along one side, and, in the corner farthest from the house, a knobby sweet-gum tree. The house was owned by a dentist—a tall, thin man who spoke softly and tugged on his ear—and his wife. Martin never met the wife, and once when he asked where she was, the dentist said, "Oh, she's off the wall. That's why I have to sell." The dentist's taste in furniture ran mostly to things like orange beanbag chairs and black Formica Parsons tables. A fishnet with cork floats and ceramic sea horses hung from the kitchen ceiling, and on the bedroom ceiling there was a huge round mirror.

Before Martin met Kathy he liked girls who were loud and wore too much makeup, and this is the way he felt about the dentist's furniture. He liked it in spite of himself. Now that it is gone, it is as if the house has lost its soul, and as he listens to his and Kathy's footsteps echo on the bare floors, Martin wonders whether they will ever live here long enough for Nora to remember it. Upstairs, in the linen closet Martin finds a Korvettes shopping bag stuffed full with women's clothes: dusty black pedal pushers, pink flower-printed Bermuda shorts, a sleeveless nylon blouse, bikini underpants with "Miss America" printed across the seat. Nora scuttles around the bathroom, and under the radiator she discovers a green plastic dinosaur and a brown apple core.

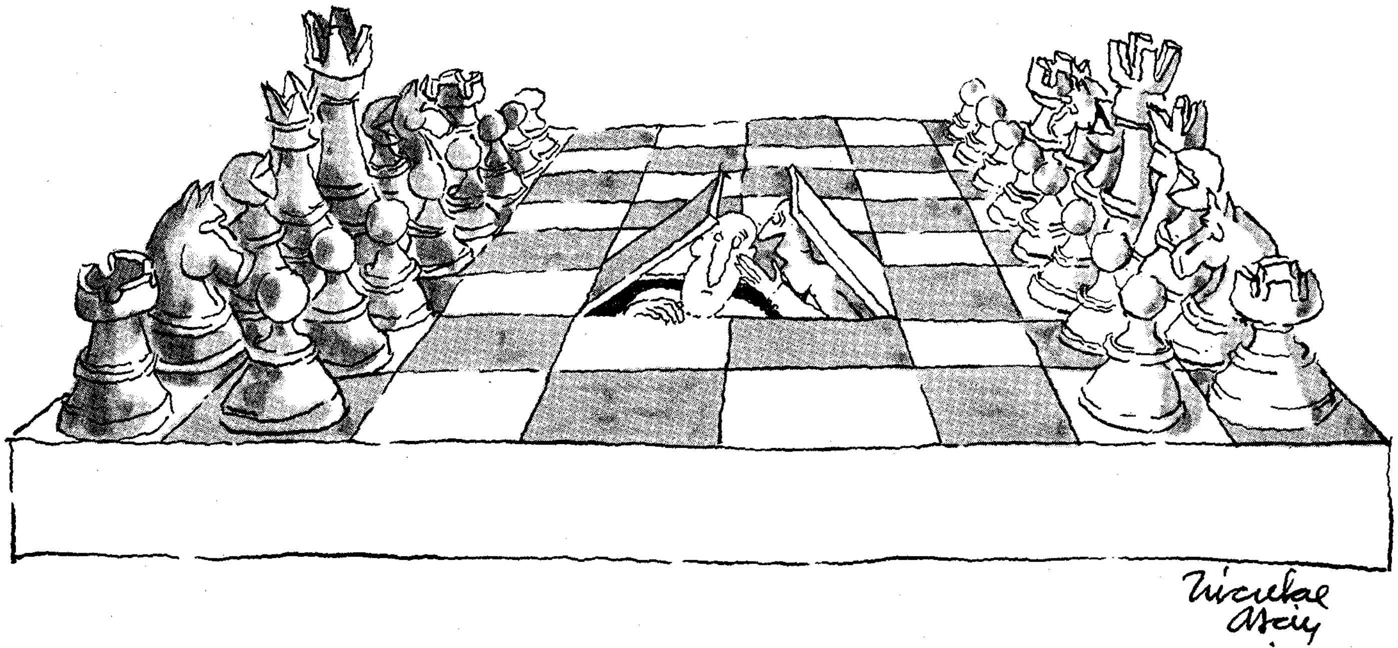
The first house Martin can remember was brown and white clapboard with a porch on three sides. There were many bedrooms, and once a man with a red beard came by to put up wallpaper. The furniture was large and soft enough to suffocate anyone who came too near. Every Tuesday, when he wrote the checks, Martin's father wrung his hands.

Martin's father is a ham radio operator. His equipment includes, besides a Citizen's-Band rig in his car, a Drake R-4C receiver and a Drake T-4XC transmitter working off a forty-foot dipole antenna in his back yard. To house his radio shack, as he calls it, he has constructed a room over the garage. There is a captain's bunk, with built-in storage lockers underneath, and a sink and a hot plate; one entire wall is covered with the call letters of other hams. Martin's mother says that his father is going through the male menopause. For years his father and mother haven't got on very well, and it has occurred to Martin that they may even now be staying together for his sake—so that he will not be the product of a broken home.

During the war in Vietnam, Martin's father relayed holiday phone calls from parents to their sons overseas,



"Oh, the usual, I guess. Dinner at Elaine's, dig some rock at the Bottom Line, maybe top off the evening at Reno Sweeney. What do you *want to do?"*



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and now, to save the price of long distance from Boston to New Jersey, he sometimes relays his calls to Martin. While Martin and Kathy are packing up their apartment he calls to find out when he can see the house they have been talking about. He wants to be sure Martin is doing the right thing. He also wants to be sure that Martin knows how to dicker for the oil left in the tank. "If they get cheeky, Martin," he says, "tell them this. Say, 'Well, in that case I think you better take your oil with you. Or else I'll charge you storage.' Let them try that on for size."

Martin explains that it is too late—he has already bought the house. "And the oil was thrown in for nothing," he says. "Two-thirds of a tank." There is a silence and then a crackle of static, and Martin quickly adds "Over." Martin finds phone-patch relays difficult; he forgets to say "Over" when it's time for his father to speak, and he can't get used to the idea of not being able to interrupt. There is, besides, the possibility that someone may be listening in.

"All right, then," Martin's father says, sounding very far away. "How's the baby? Over."

"Fine," Martin says. He pauses. "Over."

That people do listen in to these conversations Martin knows because when he had first seen the new house and was describing it to his father, a voice broke in and said, "I tell you what you do with that house first thing. You get yourself some double-edge razor blades, break them in two, and stick them business side up in your outside windowsills. That way, anybody goes screwing around he'll cut his fingers to ribbons."

On moving day Martin wears a blue baseball hat and a Coors T-shirt. He is pretending to be a teamster. Nora has a cold. Her forehead is pale and clammy, and her eyebrows, normally traced very faintly in fine gold dust, have turned an angry red. She and her mother sit in the cab of the Hertz van watching the windshield wipers and waiting for Martin to finish loading. It is one of those warm rainy days that sometimes turn up in early fall, like a tropical bird blown off course.

Martin slams shut the rear door of the van and climbs into the driver's seat. "Sorry, lady," he says, looking at Kathy. "You and the kid will have to ride in the back with the furniture. Union regulations. I mean, if it was up to me . . . You know?"

Kathy says nothing, so Martin revs the engine and pulls away. He turns the radio to a country-and-Western station and keeps time by beating on the steering wheel. "Hey hey, whaddya say!" he shouts. He turns to Kathy and winks. "Whaddya say?"

"Martin," Kathy says, "why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?" Martin says.

Kathy reaches over and turns off the radio. "I had a house, you had a house," she says. "Nora should have a house. You know how many holes there were in the acoustic tile in the apartment bathroom?"

"No," Martin says.

"Guess."

"I don't know."

"A lot. How about electrical outlets? How many outlets do you think there were?"

"I don't know."

"Four. And all in the wrong places. There is no way, Martin, no way that you can hate the new house as much as I hated the apartment."

Martin and Kathy have been married five years, and have lived in five different apartments. Martin likes to tell people that he gets the urge to pull up stakes as soon as the ashtrays are full. Kathy has said that moving gets harder, instead of easier, but that when it's over she always feels like a new person. They both speak of the places they have lived in as if each belonged to a time so distant that their memory of it can no longer be trusted. Their first two apartments were in the Village; one had enough closet space and the other did not. They moved to a six-room duplex in Queens because they thought they wanted to spend as little time as possible in the same room together. Then they sublet the top floor of a house at the Connecticut shore because it was cozy and romantic, and because the bathtub was next to the bed. Martin grew to hate the long train ride to the city. Their last apartment, in New Jersey, they took on the recommendation of a friend. It turned out to be dark and badly in need of paint; the landlord's name was Stingemore.

By the time they reach the new house, Nora has fallen asleep and, rather than wake her, Martin and Kathy sit quietly in the van, listening to the engine tick over. From the van window the house seems to Martin small and anonymous and somewhat sad—like the houses one sees from a passing train. The lawn is in need of mowing. The people who could live in such a house are boring but contented, he thinks. They keep things on an even keel.

"HELLO, Martin? Over."

"Dad?"

"Hello, Martin, you're not coming through. Over."

"Sorry, Dad. I forgot to say 'Over.' Over."

"All moved in, Martin? Everything all right? Over."

"Yeah, everything's fine. So far so good. Over."

Martin is made uneasy by these conversations. He has a suspicion that his father is using a kind of code in which what is not said is more important than what is. There is, for example, never any mention of Martin's mother. Or even anything to suggest that he is not living in the radio shack full time.

"How's the basement, Martin? Any signs of dampness? Over."

"The basement's fine. The roof, too. Over."

"The pipes, Martin, are they brass or copper? Over."

"Brass, I guess. Or maybe they're copper. I don't know. Over."

"You can test with a magnet, Martin. I want you to do that. I want you to promise to test with a magnet. Do you promise? Over."

"O.K. Over."

"Baby all right? Over."

"Fine. Over."

"Roger, then. Over and out. Over and out."

"Over and out."

KATHY sometimes talks to the plants when she thinks Martin is listening. "Right," she says to the coleus in the dining-room window. "We'll have no sulking in the new house." In the kitchen she is rooting avocados, and she is sprouting beans in the front-hall closet. She has taken to wearing bright bandannas and Marimekko smocks, and Martin has persuaded himself that she is growing rounder, thicker through the waist. He is not entirely comfortable with the change but thinks this reveals a lack of generosity on his part.

Nora, too, is thriving. She has the back bedroom, because it is the sunniest, and Kathy has papered it yellow to go with the crib. From the light in the ceiling she has hung a mobile of blue cardboard owls. Early in the morning the room is warm and bright and Nora wakes up bobbing and laughing. When Kathy goes to her, she first knocks on the door and then says in a deep loud voice, "I'm coming to get Nora, I'm coming to get Nora." Before the door opens, Nora is standing and, her fists around the crib slats, rocking back and forth. Kathy nurses Nora there, sitting on the floor with her back to the window and the sun coming in over her bare shoulder.

One morning Martin looks in on his way to the bathroom to shave and sees Nora throw her arms around Kathy's neck and kiss her full on the mouth. "Mmmm," Kathy says.

"Who do you love more?" Martin says when Kathy notices him. "Me or Nora?"

"Oh, Martin," Kathy says.

"Seriously. If you had to choose. Nora, right?"

"It's not the same thing at all. You know that."

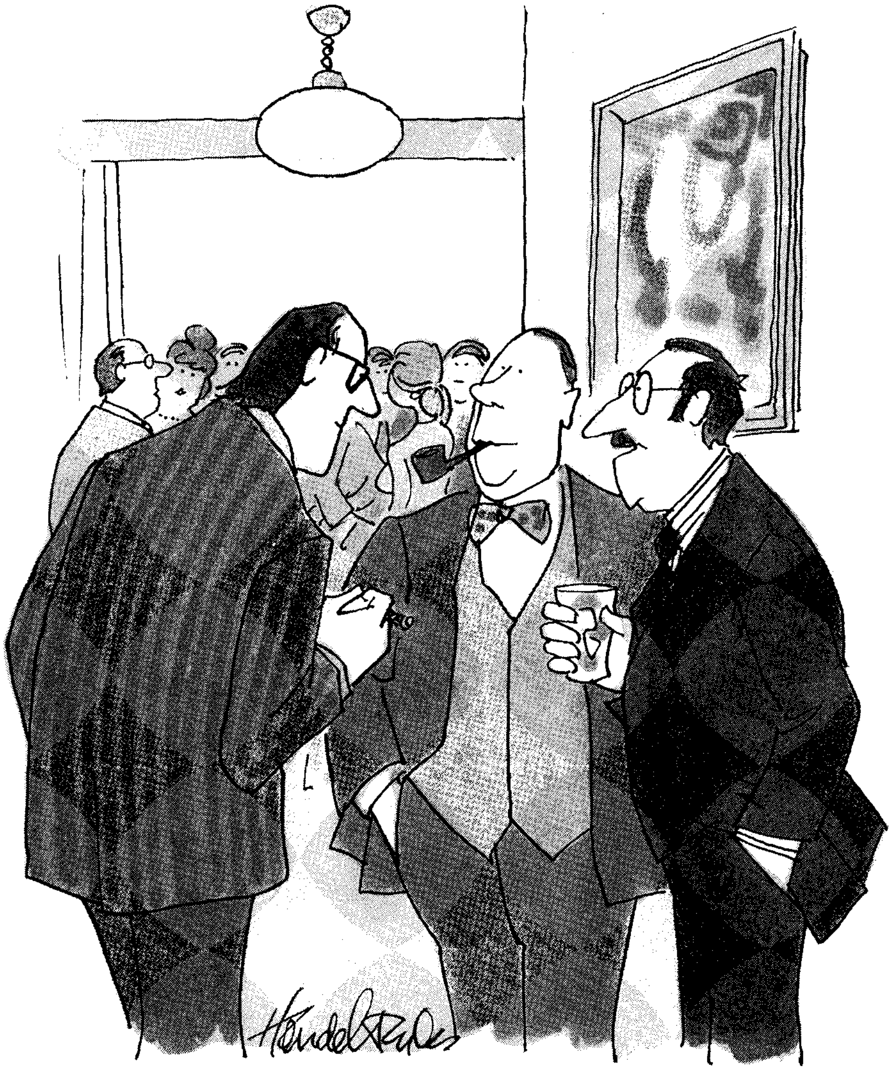
"It's not as different as you think."

"O.K., then, who do *you* love more?"

Martin smiles. "Both the same," he says.

Later, when Nora is in her bath and Martin is in the kitchen making coffee, he does a little dance. Nothing fancy. A little heel-and-toe, a little buck-and-wing; a couple of jig steps to keep time with the percolator. He does this dance not out of happiness, exactly, but because his heart, like the house, is full of things to be done. Rough spots to be sanded, bare patches to be papered over, leftover junk to be sorted out. Martin needs to polish and scrub, get out the damp. He is determined to do all these things: He will exercise with dumbbells every morning. He will bring Kathy breakfast in bed six times a month. When the time comes, he will take Nora to museums and circuses—and to the dentist twice a year. He will call his father often, and remember his birthday promptly. He will mow the lawn every Saturday and wash the windows on Sunday.

Martin is squatting down like a Russian and about to end his dance with the *kazachok* when he notices a ring of wet on the ceiling. "Kathy, turn off the water!" he shouts. "The



"Walter, this may interest you. Charles and I are thinking of forming a commune. Just Ph.D.s, of course."

tub is overflowing!" He races upstairs, but the tub turns out to be empty and the bathroom floor is dry. "Oh, Jesus," Martin says. "Oh, Jesus."

MARTIN's father is having trouble with the neighbors. They claim that his transmitter is jamming the picture on their color TVs. They've drawn up a petition and even threatened to picket, Martin learns when he phones his father. It is the Chinese who are the ringleaders. Several have moved into the neighborhood lately, and they are sticklers for good reception. "I guess they're particular about the skin tones," Martin's father says.

"So what are you going to do?" Martin asks.

"Sell," Martin's father says. "Sell this damn house and buy a camper."

"What about Mom?" Martin says. "What does she think?"

"Well, you know your mother," Martin's father says. "Hey, it's raining there, huh?"

"How did you know?"

"New York station. Anyway, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing, really," Martin says. "I just thought that for a change I'd call you."

"Oh," his father says. "Well, is there anything new down there?"

Martin explains the problem with the kitchen ceiling.

"Jeez, I don't know," Martin's father says. "Maybe you ought to call a plumber. Just hand him your checkbook when he comes in the door. He'll take it all anyway."

MARTIN sits in the basement, brooding in the dark. He hears Kathy's footsteps overhead, crossing the kitchen, and then the clank of the dishwasher being loaded. The kitchen faucet turns on and then off, and Martin listens to the water as it comes down the drain and into the trap. The dishwasher comes on, the water heater lights itself with a thump, and there is a rushing, gurgling sound of water through pipes. From somewhere, too, deep in the walls, comes a low moaning and keening. The song of a whale, Martin imagines. The lament of a mermaid.

The plumber has come, and he says the house is suffering from hardening of the arteries. Because the pipes are brass, and not copper, mineral deposits have built up inside them. "Layer on layer," the plumber told Martin, "like the skin of an onion." Eventually, the flow of water upstairs will dwindle down to a trickle, or a pipe might weaken and start to bleed—even burst. "Just like a human," the plumber said. "Strokes and coronaries." Exactly how much it would cost to replace the pipes the plumber couldn't say. A lot. If they live here long enough, Nora may have to take her bath in the kitchen sink.

SUEÑOS

In my dreams I always speak Spanish.
The cemetery may be in Brooklyn,
and I may be kneeling on a rise
looking out at the skyline of the city,
but I will whisper, *Mira el sol.*

And it is true the late morning
sun will turn that bank of skyscrapers
the color of bleached bone in Sonora,
and all the window washers of Manhattan
will white-out like a TV screen

in Venezuela turning to snow.
But the gray face on the headstone photograph
has a nose like my father's,
and his voice had the lilt of the ghettos
of central Europe.

So I should kneel lower and say something
in Yiddish about fathers, grandfathers,
the hacked limbs of a family tree
that reaches as high as Manhattan.
I should say, *Grampa, I loved those times*

we ran through the underpasses in Central
Park, you with your cane, I with my ice
cream cones, shouting for echoes,
bursting out into sunlight—
if I only knew the language to say it in.

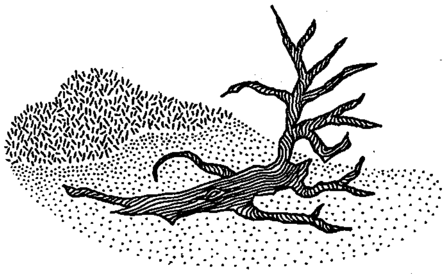
—JAMES REISS

• •

Kathy's footsteps sound in the living room, then in the kitchen again, and now they come down the cellar stairs. "Martin? Are you down here?" she says.

Martin does not answer but waits until she turns on the light and discovers him. "I live here now," he says. "Just leave my food at the top of the stairs. I'll get it when everyone is asleep."

Kathy bends over and kisses the top of Martin's head. "I don't like you very much when you're like this," she says.



"Neither do I."

"I mean it, Martin. It's not good for Nora if you're always this way."

"I'm not *always* this way."

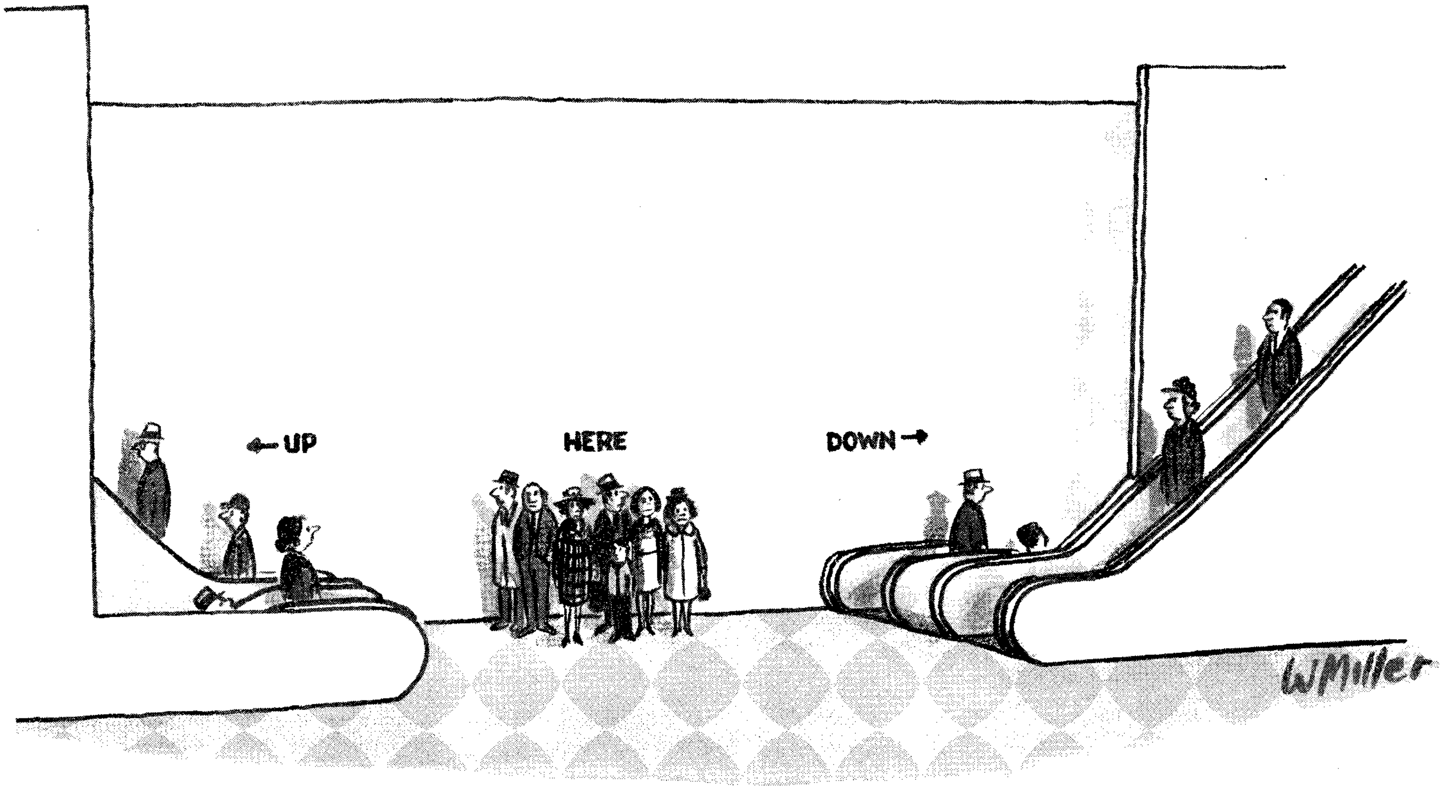
"Pretty often," Kathy says. "Ever since we bought the house."

"Somebody has to do the worrying."

"Don't be too long," Kathy says, and on her way up she turns out the light. The basement is silent except for a kerplink-kerplunk in the laundry sink. Martin pictures his father old and drooling and living alone in the radio shack. His bed is a nest of newspapers and wood shavings. Martin's mother has gone off somewhere with the credit cards and the car. Martin asks the old man if he would like to come and live in the new house. The old man shakes his head. He likes it fine where he is.

When he is sure that Kathy is asleep, Martin goes up to bed. At the top of the stairs, he finds the trash, waiting to be carried out.

THE operator has a collect call for Nora. Kathy accepts the charges and holds the receiver to



• •

Nora's ear. "It's your father," she mouths to Martin. She bends over to tell Nora to say "Hi, Grampie" and then, when Nora drops the phone, picks it up and talks for a while herself. "Well, you know Martin," she says. And "Yes, I'm sure he will."

"Doesn't he want to talk to me?" Martin whispers. Kathy waves her hand for him to be quiet. "Uh-huh," she says, and she nods.

When Martin finally gets the phone, he asks, "What's going on?"

"Is there something wrong with wanting to talk to my granddaughter?"

"What about the Chinese people?"

"Talks have broken off, Martin. That's all I can say at this time. Hey, what about your gutters? Don't forget to clean them—all the dead leaves and stuff."

"What did you say to Nora?" Martin asks.

"That I loved her, of course," Martin's father says. "I'm sending her a savings bond."

ALMOST overnight the weather turns cold and the leaves quickly begin to change. Sweet-gum bolls fall from the tree in back, and they litter the yard like spiny sea creatures. Martin takes to fine-tuning the thermostat like a radio dial. In the morning before he leaves for work, he runs down to the basement with a flashlight to see how much oil was consumed the night before. Kathy says, "You're not saving any money, you know—fiddling with the thing like that."

"You don't know about these old oil-burners," Martin says. "They're very finicky."

Kathy puts extra blankets on the beds and Nora begins wearing a furry sleeper suit in her crib. At night, the heat comes on slowly, grudgingly. The radiators ping and whistle and bang; it is as if signals are coming up from an engine room. The floorboards sigh, there are scraping sounds from somewhere under the eaves. If it begins to blow outside, then the windows rattle in their frames and the garbage-can lids clang across the driveway. The trees plunge and bend and twigs scuttle over the roof. Sometimes the entire house seems to shiver slightly—and then creaks like a ship coming about into the wind.

Often Martin is unable to sleep, and one night, lying awake with his hand around the bedpost, he imagines that he is steering the house through the night. Beside him, Kathy breathes slowly, softly; Nora has another cold, and from the vaporizer in her room there comes a faint wheezing. Downstairs, the refrigerator clicks on, then the oil-burner, and Martin feels the house thrumming and shaking. He remembers how the medieval theologians believed that the world would vanish instantly if God ever for a moment stopped thinking of it, and he persuades himself in the same fashion that if he sleeps the roof will catch fire, or the bathroom ceiling will start to crumble, or the pipes will burst and all the glass and china will be washed out onto the lawn. Carefully, Martin gets up and goes around the bed to the window. The house is the same as he remembered it. He takes up the Princess phone from on top of the radiator. "Steady as she goes," he says into the receiver. "All ahead standard." He pads across the hall to Nora's room and pushes open the door. The vaporizer is chuff-chuffing away and Martin imagines the cardboard owls flailing and crying out in the steam.

—CHARLES McGRATH

•

A series of free lectures focusing on the role of the artist in society will be offered at 1 p.m. every Thursday afternoon during the academic year in the theater of the University Art Museum, Berkeley.

Presented through the Museum's Special Events Program, the series will begin Oct. 31 with a talk by artist Marc Thorpe on "From Object to Project: A Professional Opportunity in Paravisual Art."

Thorpe, the recipient of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, is currently working on a project in Marineland, Fla., involving porpoises dressed in opera clothes.—*Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette.*

It's really the role of the artist in *high* society.

THE AIR HOSTESS

THERE was a preliminary puffing over the intercom, as if the pilot, even at that height, were trying to rid his microphone of some of the omnipresent dust of Africa. Then he announced, "Over on the left is a clear view of the snow-covered peaks of Mt. Kilimanjaro, highest mountain on the continent, nineteen thousand feet above sea level."

Fellowes thought, We'll be in Nairobi soon. As though averting his gaze from this prospect, he turned and stared out the window. Between two floating cliffs of cumulus, he saw the vast, shaggy bulk of the mountain rising above plains already smudged with dusk. He lifted his gaze, and there, almost on a level with him and surprising as ever, was the gleaming cape of snow flung over the mountain's shoulders round the central crater. And yet he could discover no feeling of being moved by the sight as he used to be.

Well, he was no longer a young man, and all that Africa mystique belonged to his youth. He did not regret the old Africa's passing—if it had passed—and the change from white hunters and witch doctors to development experts and "charismatic" leaders. Undeterred by the foreboding of his fellow-whites and fellow South Africans, he approved the change, had even worked for it in his own sphere of journalism. But that was hardly the sort of thing one could explain to immigration officials.

He turned back to his flight companion, a soap merchant from Bombay. "You still selling as much soap as ever since the Africans took over?"

"Oh, more than ever, my dear sir!" the merchant said enthusiastically. "For twenty-five years they have known our soap, and sales are still increasing most satisfactorily. It is well worth my odyssey to East Africa and the Horn every year."

The African air hostess went past, carrying trays, clattering in her obvious hurry, not caring much now to keep up the schooled poise and coolness that had been so impressive at the beginning of the flight, when they left Dar es Salaam.

The Indian beside him giggled. "It is a race to see if we get to Nairobi before our young lady gets the dinner trays back to her pantry."

For some reason, Fellowes felt defensive. "They did pretty well between them, she and the steward," he said. "It's a small plane, but there *are* forty of us."

"Oh, true, true. But perhaps she has still to develop the full expertise of the lovely girls on British Airways and Air-India."

Fellowes watched the girl dash out again, a small sauce stain on her white blouse and a little strip of paper napkin clinging to her straightened black hair. She zigzagged back up the aisle with her last two trays, struggled to squeeze them into the stainless-steel cupboards and close the doors. Then she made a desperate grab for the intercom microphone. Her blurred contralto came over to them breathlessly: "We will soon be landing at Nairobi Airport. Please to fasten your seat belts. Please also to extinguish your cigarettes."

Pretty near the moment of truth now, Fellowes thought. He had no visa for Kenya. He slipped his hand into his pocket and touched his South African passport. Not the most popular passport in Africa. The few countries that would give a visa on it did so after God knew how much negotiation—and he'd not had time for that. He could have travelled on a British passport, but why should he pretend to the new black rulers of Africa to be other than what he was? A touch of the old white arrogance in that? A beggar displaying his sores? He grimaced humorlessly into the window at his reflection with the night coming up behind it.

It was dark when they climbed down onto Nairobi Airport. Rain had fallen, but the air was still warm, as if the earth around them were feverish. Images from the lighted reception buildings snaked toward them over the darkly glistening runway.

Fellowes trailed behind the other passengers. If there was any difficulty, he would rather not have a crowd looking on. A faint steam arising from the tarmac touched his throat and, it seemed, his memory. He had first landed at this airport at the time of the Mau Mau. There had been barbed wire everywhere; white and black moved warily round one another, as though each individual were caged in bars against which a raging animal might suddenly hurl itself. Now he moved past big shadowy jets being refuelled

"I'll give it to you straight, Perkins. What you lack is street savvy."

• •

by dimly lit tankers; in the night, Indian, African, and white got on with their jobs in an easy, neutral technological association.

Emerging into the lighted immigration hall, he was surprised to find their own air hostess controlling the flow of passengers to the officials. In uniform hat and tunic jacket—he was sure she was the same girl—she had recaptured her poise. The balance of her head was so good that he felt she must have carried loads on it as a child. What was she—Luo, Kikuyu, Wakamba, possibly even Masai? What did it matter? She was in the new times now, modelled probably on those "lovely girls on British Airways." That's what it had all been about, hadn't it? To enter the modern world, to be among the girls in saris, the girls in blue uniforms, and join the long journey to wherever they were all going.

He looked beyond her. Two immigration officers sat at their desks, thumping stamps on passports with morose bureaucratic violence. One was a dark-suited African with a triangular face, rather like a praying mantis. The other was an Asian, in a Sikh's turban. He had a sensitive, plump brown face, wary brown eyes, and close curly black whiskers running round from his temples to his chin. This was his man, Fellowes decided. As a member of one minority group in a difficult position in Africa, this Indian would have—ought to have—some sympathy with a member of another.

When he was second last in the queue, he wondered if he should say to the air hostess, "Get me to the Indian." But she might misunderstand that. Perhaps his face showed some anxiety, because the girl looked at him, relaxed from her official detachment for a moment, smiled, and said, "Soon finished now." The Indian dismissed the passenger at his desk, and she added, "Go to that officer, please."

Fellowes went forward, dragging his heavy briefcase, a rumpled raincoat, and an awkward bundle of newspapers that looked as if it might conceal a goat. He could almost see his approach through the eyes of the immigration officer: sallow (anti-malaria pills always turned him slightly yellow), stubble-bearded, square, middle-aged, lank hair hanging over forehead, Swedish sweatshirt hanging out over trousers; shambling forward, a born victim.

But the Indian immigration officer only looked up briefly as the passport was handed over. "South African," he said remotely, and settled down to study the document. He read it through from beginning to end, with close attention. Then he flipped back to the beginning again and began a closer study. This time, discontent began to gather on his face. Finally, he laid the passport down and stared at Fellowes. "But, my God, man!" he said in a shocked voice. "You got no visa!"

"A visa?" Fellowes asked, with a surprise that hardly convinced himself.

"Yes, a visa, a visa," the Indian repeated impatiently. "Don't tell me you never heard of visa. Here you have book full of visas to other countries. But to Kenya you come with no visa. Kenya is not like any other country. How you explain that?"

"But I'm only making a transit stop to catch another connection."

"You are on Kenya territory. Here are explicit instructions from government—no South African permitted to enter Kenya, even one inch, one minute, without previously granted visa by appropriate authority before coming to country. No circumstance is South African passenger without proper document to proceed farther. That is very clear."

"I'm sorry. Nobody told me."

The Indian seemed unable to believe his ears. "My God, man—what sort of fool you are? Waiting to be told! You look like grown man to me. Before you come to country, you find out, make it business to find out. We are not sending people to South Africa asking who is coming to country, who is not, giving immigration information for all prospective visitor. Perhaps you do not think we have regulation?"

"They gave me to understand in the ticket office at Dar no visa would be required."

"I am not responsible for what understandings you make with ticket people at Dar."

"But where else . . .?"

"Where? Do not ask me, man. That's for you to find out. You look educated man. You know this is independent country with own rules, own instructions, own government. No more lordly coming and going, as in colony. That is finish, gone. Now is all-powerful government making regu-

LAST AUTUMN IN CHARLOTTESVILLE

As we live, the years stretch farther on less feeling,
like the bright-legged spiders that startled us
our first fall here,
building over such immense reaches of air. . . .
We grew to wait,
each year, for their webs
to catch our eye out of the first clarifying tingle
of morning cold—like crystal-lines in the air.

Will we dream of them, when we leave here?
Or what will fill this space?
Something must tell us
we have lived six years, not handed everything
to the delirium-of-the-depths of time.

Perhaps I will remember the clean pinyness
of the house, when it was still all there to furnish,
even the night-echoes too sparkling to scare us. . . .

Or how we stayed a few days into Christmas vacation,
with downtown almost silent, dwarfed
under its radio tower,
and came home one night to find
not a light on in our whole neighborhood;
how we hesitated on the doorstep, watching the rush of the trees
across the strangely lightened and pearly sky.

—Alan Williamson

• •

lations for everybody—and South Africans like everybody else."

As he finished, the Indian shifted his gaze to stare past Fellowes in brief calculation; then he looked back at him as severely as before. Fellowes remembered that behind him was a little audience of the scene—another passenger, the air hostess, a couple of porters, another attendant in uniform. Dear God, what a fool he'd been to think the Indian would be more kindly disposed. Instead, here the man was demonstrating to his African masters that he could bring down a white man's dignity better than any of them.

Fellowes said in a low, almost placatory voice, "I did try to get information. I seem to have been misinformed."

But this soft answer found no echo. The Indian's voice became louder, more severe. "Getting correct information—that is your responsibility. My responsibility is carry out my government's instructions. All South Africans must have visa before coming here. No visa, then go back where they come from. Back to port of embarkation. Next plane. Out!"

"But surely—"

The Indian crashed his fist down on the desk. "No, no, I'm not listening. I'm very busy. Back to Dar es Salaam. Back! Back!" he cried wildly.

Fellowes felt alarmed. At Dar, they had given him a visa to enter Tanzania very reluctantly, only for a week. He saw himself sent from Nairobi back to Dar, from Dar back to Nairobi, immigration officers at each end locked in a struggle of wills, yelling "Back! Back!"

He looked round with some desperate idea of seeking help, making an appeal. The air hostess stood slightly to one side, withdrawn, as if she were patiently waiting for somebody else to come along. The porters had simply stayed where they were when they suspended operations. The man in uniform seemed only perfunctorily interested in what was going on, and the African immigration officer was busy with papers.

Fellowes turned to the Indian. "Isn't there some authority I could—"

He broke off, startled at the expression of fury on the face of the man opposite him. The Indian had pushed himself away from the desk and was glaring at Fellowes passionately. "Authority!" he snapped. "What is this authority you want? Where is it?"

Fellowes felt himself becoming flustered. "I only meant if I could appeal to some authority—"

"Authority!" the Indian shouted. He leaped up from behind his desk and stabbed himself in the chest with his forefinger. "I am authority!"

They stood there in a yellow-lighted silence, marooned in its stark illumination like two people held in a stage spotlight.

Then the Indian made a quick inclusive gesture toward his fellow immigration officer—possibly he felt he had claimed too much for himself alone. "I, and this officer here. We are authority. We say what happens to you. Only us."

The African looked up briefly and returned to his papers.

This reaction seemed to disappoint the Indian in some minimal way. He concentrated on Fellowes again. "My God, man—what more authority you want? Some special authority for you only? You tell me that!"

"I only . . ." Fellowes began, and stopped. He felt exhausted. He was now in some hostile country of the mind where menace might lie in anything; anything said might add obscure insult to obscurer provocation.

There was a little movement behind him. The air hostess shifting from foot to foot—preparing to go, Fellowes thought bitterly. Why had she stayed? To see what became of him? He, too, began to feel obscurely offended. How could she stand there saying nothing?

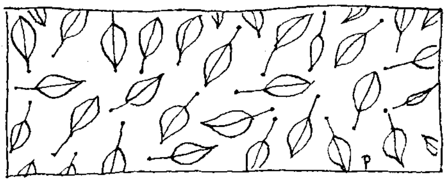
The Indian was at him again. "Yes? Yes? You only . . .? You only what?"

"Nothing!" Fellowes said sullenly.

The Indian leaned across the desk and spoke with great deliberation. "I tell you what you only. I know you whites—you people from South Africa—how you think. You come in here, you see me, Asian; over there, African. You say such people cannot be in charge. They are not real people. They are not real authority. No, no. There must be some white man, behind in some office. He is authority. He will fix me up—another white. That's what you only thought." He glanced at his African colleague, as if expecting a nod of confirmation.

Fellowes was stung—half distressed, half indignant. He said sharply, "I thought nothing of the kind."

But the Indian seemed almost ecstatically triumphant at his insight. "Yes, yes, you did! I see you did!" he cried. He picked up the passport and waved it. "You come here bringing this—this most useless travel document in Africa, in world—whole world, yes. You take a chance. You cannot believe it's just us here now—



“Hi, kids! Want a lift?”

• •

Asians, Africans. Somewhere behind must be some white man, holding our hands, organizing. You think, He will fix me up, see me right.” He flung the passport down on the desk again. It slithered across, just stopping at the edge.

Fellowes’ exasperation became almost ungovernable. He wanted to shout, “Look at that passport again, you bloody idiot! See how many African countries I’ve visited!” But his self-control asserted itself, and he said, a little hoarsely, “No, you’re wrong, quite wrong.” Standing before the desk, he felt like a prisoner awaiting sentence.

The Indian bit his lips, apparently weighing unpleasant courses of action. On the other side of the glass partition behind him the main halls could be seen, empty of passengers. Porters, airline officials, a couple of policemen stood about in some evening desolation of their own. A pause had come into existence, which grew longer and longer.

It was interrupted by a sharp, thin sound. For a moment, Fellowes thought that somebody behind him had sucked too hard on a tooth. But an extraordinary change came over the Indian’s face. His stony brown eyes became suddenly vulnerable, turned anxious and hurt. Then Fellowes recognized the sound. It must have come from the air hostess. It was the slightly sipping, tongue-clicking gesture of disapproval, impatience, or boredom that any African woman uses from Kenya to the Cape.

The immigration officer had got his audience reaction.

He seemed to sag. He sat down

abruptly and made a weary, dismissing gesture to Fellowes. "Stand aside. I have work to finish."

Fellowes walked away to what he judged to be a neutral corner, suspending both hope and fear. He looked covertly at the air hostess. She stood there with her head averted from the immigration officer, looking down at the ground, her lips pouting slightly.

The Indian looked toward her. "Are there any more?" he asked. It was a rhetorical question—one designed to fill a gap in communication or relationship."

"No," she said distantly. "I'm waiting for my last passenger."

The Indian pulled some papers forward. He sat hunched over them for about a minute. Nobody spoke. The Indian did not stir in his bleak meditation. To Fellowes he seemed more alone than anyone else in the room, himself included. "You poor little swab!" he said under his breath. "You poor little bastard!"

At last, the officer reached out his hand and pulled the passport to him, stamped it, wrote something in it. "I have written you have been warned," he said to Fellowes. "You can go through."

"I'm very grateful," Fellowes said humbly, in a low voice.

The Indian took no further notice of him. He said to the air hostess, who had moved up beside Fellowes, "Take him to Transit Lounge—not to move from there until his plane goes." He clicked his fingers at the attendant in uniform to accompany them.

The porters ran forward to pick up Fellowes' briefcase and bundle. The uniformed man brought up the rear. The air hostess led the way, took charge of the party—briskly, busily, like somebody released into proper action at last. As they went through customs and the weigh-in section, she stood behind the counter, watching Fellowes with encouragement, even answering for him. At the door of the Transit Lounge, she dismissed their uniformed attendant and the porters.

Inside the big room, containing shadowy groups of armchairs and a desultory cluster of other passengers, she and Fellowes stood looking at one another for a barren moment. They seemed suddenly at a loss as to how their relationship was to continue. In the dim light of the lounge, her eyes were so dark they were nearly colorless. The long chocolate planes of her cheeks had little troughs of shadow.

"Thanks," he said lamely. "Thanks for looking after me."

She replied gravely, seeming not to have heard his thanks, "You are going to be here a long time—six, seven hours. The medical room has a bed. I can say you are sick and you can sleep in there."

No, he was not sick, and nobody had made him sick. He would not fall even a pretended victim to his intended humiliation—not before anybody. He shook his head. "I'm all right. I'll just shake down in one of the darker corners."

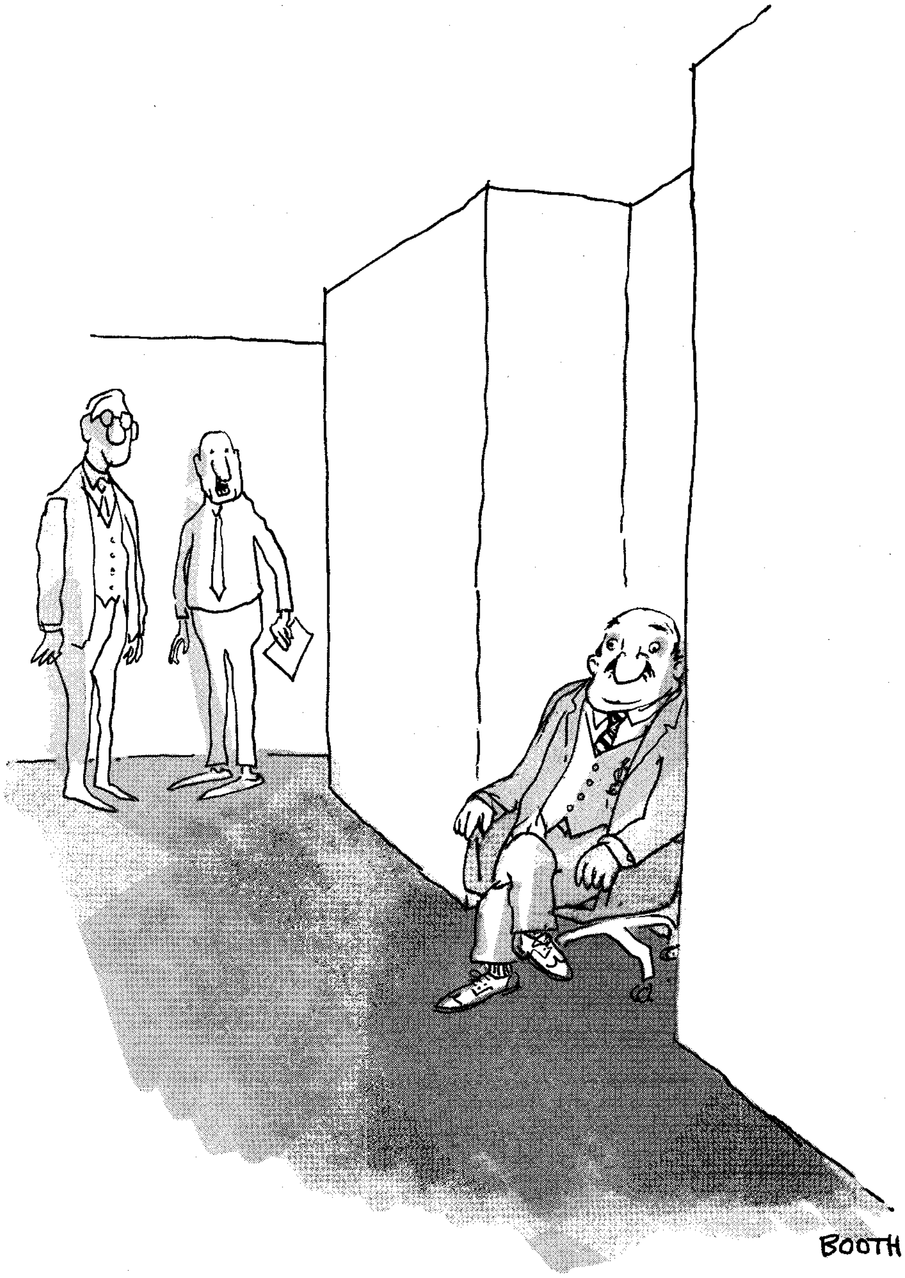
Outside, in the darkness, there was a stir of renewed activity. Two jeeps went past the windows and made off across the tarmac. Among the heavy clouds drifting about the night sky was the growing rumor of another aircraft's approach.

The air hostess began to turn away from him, and he could think of nothing to say that would detain her.

"More passengers in soon," she said, moving off. "I must get ready for them."

He watched her walking unhurriedly toward the reception desk.

—ANTHONY DELIUS



"That niche used to be the cigarette-machine niche, then it was the water-cooler niche, and now it's Mr. Pendleton's niche."

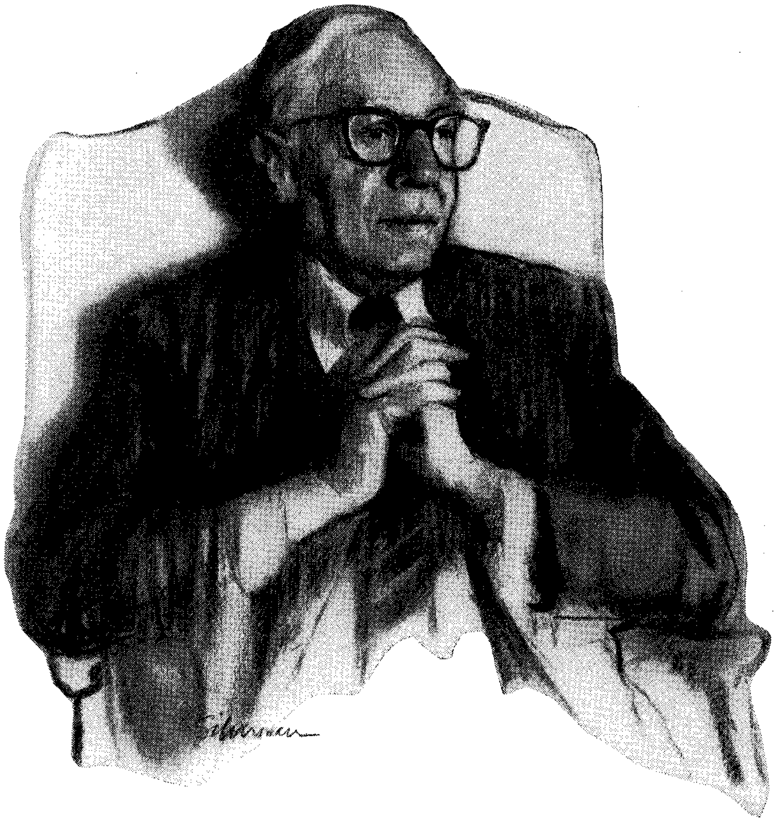
•

Architecturally, the $55.7 million stadium differs in one important way from recently built counterparts in New Orleans and Seattle, which have rigid domes. Instead, the Pontiac stadium features a flexible, inflatable dome consisting of 100 Fiberglas panels (right). Inflated by 29 fans mounted on a ring running around the top of the stadium, the dome will arch up to a maximum of 202 feet over the playing field.—*Picture caption in Newsweek.*

And the fans, of course, are hand-picked for their lung power.

PROFILES

PHYSICIST—II



I. I. Rabi

Science-Fiction buffs are fond of claiming that one of their own—Hugo Gernsback—"invented" radar. It is true that in 1911 Gernsback began a series of science-fiction stories which ultimately resulted in an all but unreadable novel, called "Ralph 124C 41 +," about an American scientist living in 2660 who invents something that we would now call radar. This, as it happens, is one instance in which Gernsback, whose track record for technological prescience was exceedingly strong, was several years behind reality. The idea that electromagnetic radiation is generated by oscillating electric charges originated with James Clerk Maxwell in the late eighteen-sixties and was demonstrated experimentally by the German physicist Heinrich Hertz in 1888. The basic mechanism of this radiation is rather simple to characterize in terms of electrons. When an electron is set in an oscillatory motion through the action of an electromagnetic field, the electron radiates—or, in modern terms, when an electron is accelerated, it gives off photons, which are quanta of radiation. In a conductor—a metal, say—the electrons are free to move about, and when an electromagnetic wave, which is a collection of quanta, impinges on such a surface, the electrons are set in motion. These electrons become transmitters of radiation. Thus, the surface gives off radiation; that is, it reflects some of the radiation that has impinged on it from the outside. Some of this radiation is returned toward the source that generated it, and the returning radiation pulses are the echo from the conducting surface they have encountered. (This phenomenon was also first demonstrated in the laboratory by Hertz.) As early as 1900, Nikola Tesla, writing in *Century Magazine*, pointed out the utility of radio echoes in finding moving objects—such as ships. Then, in 1904, a German engineer, Christian Hülsmeyer, took out patents in several countries for a radio-echo device to help prevent ship collisions. But, presumably because collisions were relatively infrequent at that time, little was done to develop the device.

In the mid-nineteen-twenties, two Americans, Gregory Breit and Merle A. Tuve, conceived the notion of "pulse ranging"—sending out radio waves in short bursts, with a relatively long interval between. (In a modern radar these pulses last for something like a millionth of a second.) The virtue of pulse ranging is that one can time the delay between the sending of such a pulse and the receiving of its echo with great accuracy. (The radar transmitter is turned off between pulses, leaving the set free to pick up echoes.) The delay indicates the distance of the target, because the velocity of light is known to a high degree of accuracy, and radio waves, like all electromagnetic radiation, move with the speed of light. Thus, the delay can simply be multiplied by the speed of light, and the result is the round-trip distance. The word "radar," which was coined by the United States Navy (it is an acronym for "radio detecting and ranging," and even the name itself was a military secret until 1942), almost always refers to pulsed radiation. The first application of the radar method was in measuring the height of the ionosphere, a band of ions and free electrons extending from a height of fifty miles above sea level to a height of two hundred miles above sea level, with two regions of maximum density. One extends from fifty miles above sea level to seventy-five miles, and the other from one hundred miles above sea level to two hundred, with some variations caused by changes in atmospheric heating—night and day, summer and winter. It is the existence of the ionosphere that makes radio transmission possible beyond the visible horizon, since radio waves can be bounced off the charged particles of the ionosphere. In this respect, the ionosphere acts as a conducting surface.

In the nineteen-thirties, both the United States and the European countries began working on radar for military purposes. The problems that its development posed were two-fold—the need for power and the need for high directional accuracy. The radar pulses must be focussed by the transmitting antennas into a narrow beam to pinpoint the target. It is a basic principle of physics that the longer the wavelength being transmitted, the larger the antenna that is needed to focus the beam sharply. In radar, a fifty-centimetre wavelength is considered fairly long, and this is the sort that was utilized in the early radars. Hence the original radars needed gigantic antenna towers totally unsuited for installation in ships or planes. Such radars, with relatively long wavelengths, were employed by the Germans in 1940 to direct anti-aircraft fire. The British, under the direction of Sir Robert Watson-Watt, head of the radio department of the National Physical Laboratory, had begun to set up radar warn-

ing-systems on the coast as early as 1935. The real breakthrough in the art of radar began early in 1940, when two British researchers—J. T. Randall and H. A. H. Boot—invented the so-called multi-cavity magnetron, a device with many resonant cavities in which radio waves were generated that could produce a powerful pulsed beam at microwavelengths: ten centimetres and less. Thanks to the magnetron, highly focussed and powerful pulsed beams could be produced by antennas the size of large salad bowls—light enough and small enough to be carried on planes and ships. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the air war against Germany and Japan was won because of the invention of the magnetron.

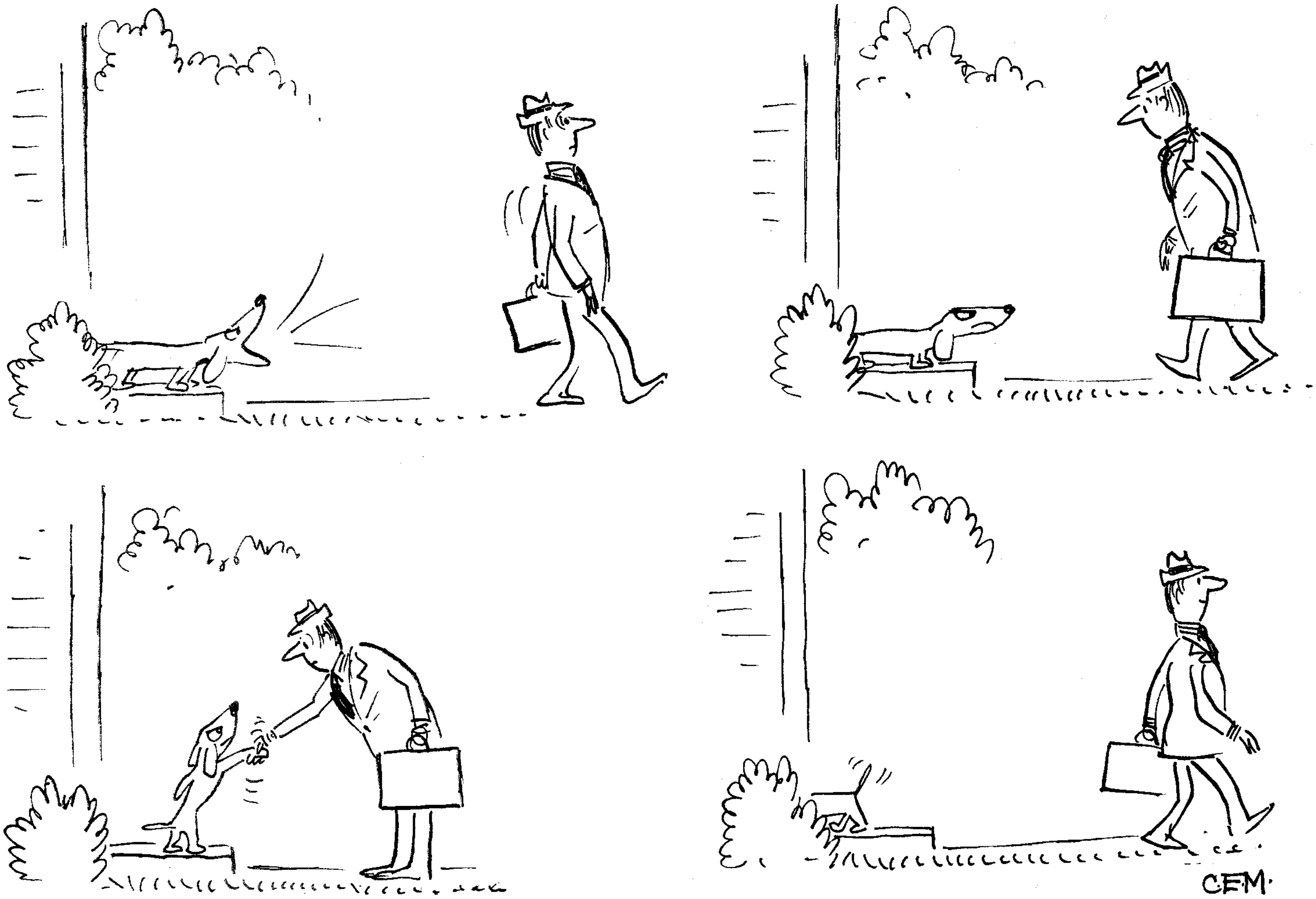
In September and October of 1940, the British sent a technical mission to the United States under the direction of Sir Henry Tizard, a scientist working with the Air Ministry. The British brought sample magnetrons and proposed that a laboratory be set up here for the development of airborne microwave radar. By this time, they had had something like five years of experience with the organization of a laboratory that was doing work for the military but was staffed by university physicists and engineers. This symbiosis of university scientists and the military, which had worked so successfully for the British, became the model of this country's own wartime military-scientific laboratories. By November, such a laboratory was begun here on a very small scale—the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge, under the leadership of Lee A. DuBridge, who was on leave from the University of Rochester. (After the war, DuBridge became president of the California Institute of Technology.) The laboratory began with about thirty people—mostly nuclear physicists from the universities. It existed for sixty-two months, at the end of which it had four thousand people.

Recently, in a series of reminiscences about his life and career, Isidor Isaac Rabi, professor emeritus of the Columbia University Physics Department and winner of the Nobel Prize for physics in 1944, who became associate director of the laboratory soon after it was founded, recalled how he had joined it. "I went to Lee and volunteered," he told me. "He was a bit reluctant, because there were suspicions about people from New York—Communist sympathies, and so on. But anyway, I persuaded him, and on November 6th—the day after Election Day—I took off for Cambridge. A few people were there ahead of me. Oddly, I had already been cleared to receive highly classified material, but DuBridge hadn't. He was a great director—very well liked, and capable of motivating the members of the laboratory. The lab was created to develop airborne microwave radars that would help the British shoot down night-flying bombers. The job of developing the new equipment could be divided up into a number of specific fields—the transmitters, the receivers, the antennas, and so forth. I took the transmitters, which meant the magnetrons—the further development of the magnetrons. I'd never seen a magnetron before. In fact, I had never done any electronics. So I said, 'Well, one of these M.I.T. people will tell me how it works.' I found out that they didn't know, either. There was at that time no good general theory of the magnetron. We started learning about it and the other components, and developing them further."

Rabi took advantage of a Sigma Xi lectureship, which allowed him to visit several universities, to recruit physicists. "We did as much as anyone to stop all research in the United States on non-war-related physics, by taking people out of the universities," Rabi said. "I didn't have any power, and didn't need it. I simply went around to the universities talking to people. I would go to some place and say, 'Now, look, we have a laboratory in Cambridge. I can't really tell you what it's about. It isn't a very good laboratory, but—hell, I'd like to see you there in about two weeks.' And they'd come."

I remarked, "They must have had a lot of faith in you."

"They must have," Rabi answered. "For example, there was one man who was exceedingly anti-Roosevelt. He said to me, 'That man is going to get us into the war. You just mark my words; he's going to get us into the war.' I said, 'Yes, yes, let's not talk about it. You just come. We need you, and you show up.' And he did. Then when we did get into war, he came up to me and said, 'Didn't I tell you he'd get us into the war?' If anyone had been so frank some years later, he would never have been cleared. But this man came, and he did a very good job, and made his mark in the laboratory. We had a remarkable group of people, and if you were to read the roster you would think it was a nuclear laboratory, because so many of the people in it were from nuclear physics." George Uhlenbeck (now an emeritus professor at The Rockefeller University) was the leader of the group in theoretical physics, and Julian Schwinger, who shared the Nobel Prize for physics in 1965 and who had been a Rabi student since 1935, when he was sixteen, was recruited and became a legendary part of the Radiation Laboratory. He worked all night and slept during the day. "At five o'clock, when everybody was leaving, you'd see Schwinger coming in," Rabi said. I was once told that people would leave unsolved problems on their desks and blackboards, and find when they returned the next morning that Schwinger had solved them. "The problems



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he solved were just fantastic," Rabi continued. "He lectured twice a week on his current work. As soon as Schwinger would make an advance, guys all around—Dicke and Ed Purcell and so on—would invent things like mad. All sorts of things." R. H. Dicke is now a professor of physics at Princeton, and Edward M. Purcell a professor of physics at Harvard. Purcell shared the 1952 Nobel Prize in physics with the Swiss-American physicist Felix Bloch. Their experimental work on nuclear magnetism was along the lines begun by Rabi in the nineteen-thirties.

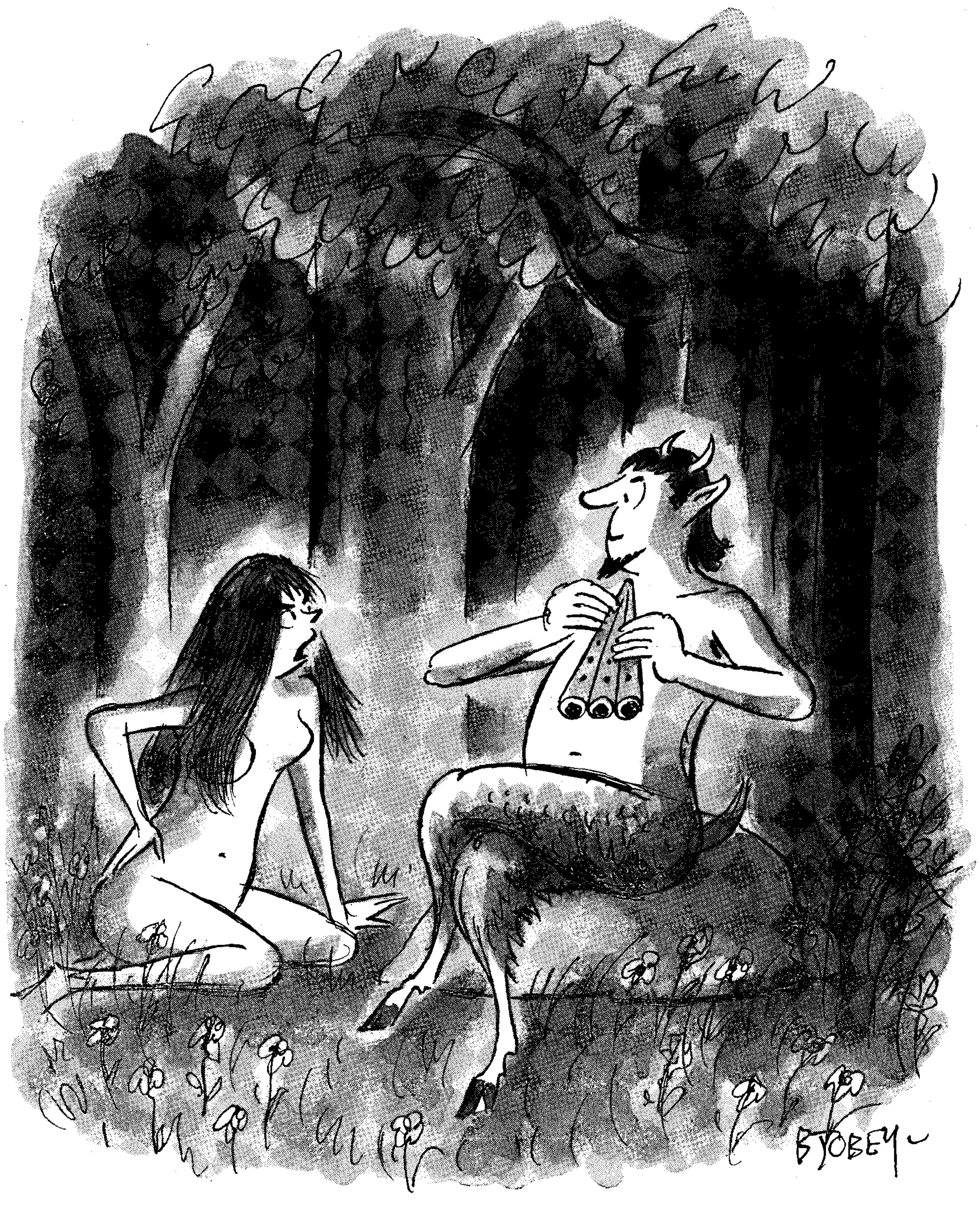
"In 1944, after the successful Allied landing in France, I felt that the war was essentially won and that our laboratory would have little more to contribute, because of the length of time—about two years—required to put newly developed equipment into the field," Rabi said. "At that point, only our laboratory and a very few others had real expertise in the field of radar in this country. I felt that our group should write a series of books on what we had learned, and that as the material became declassified these should be made available to the public. For example, if a congressional committee wanted to know what we did with the millions we spent, we could say, 'Here are the books. You can read them.' " The writing project was begun in the fall of 1944, under the direction of the late L. N. Ridenour, who, according to Rabi, had an enormous ability to organize writers and editors. More than four hundred of the people from the laboratory worked on the books, and they produced twenty-eight volumes—all in one year. As Rabi pointed out, "these volumes became the basic texts in the fields of radar and electronics for the next two decades."

A cardinal element in the initial success of the wartime development of radar in the United States, according to Rabi, was the willingness of the people at the Radiation Laboratory to learn from the British. "Everything we knew at the beginning about radar we learned from them," he told me. "They were terrific. They really were tremendous, both technically and what I call philosophically. How to use it. What do you need and why do you need it and how would you use it when you got it? What are its limitations? What are its strengths? A great deal depended on how you used radar and what for. The British could do wonders with a few sets. We came to know a great deal, not because we were smarter but because we were smart enough to listen to the British, who had had real operational experience."

One of the most important things the Americans learned from the British was that a group of university scientists could set up a pattern of cooperation with the military. The key to the whole set of successful relationships that eventually emerged during the war—for Rabi, at least—was an incident that came to Rabi's attention soon after the creation of the laboratory. Sir Mark Oliphant, a British nuclear physicist, who is now governor of South Australia, was in charge of a laboratory at the University of Birmingham, in England, which was making radar tubes for British military use. It was in this laboratory that the magnetron had been invented. A delegation from the military came to him one day and asked for a tube having certain characteristics. Oliphant asked what the tube was going to be used for, and was told that this was a highly classified matter and the military men were not permitted to say. Oliphant replied, "No information, no tube." And "No information, no tube" became Rabi's guideline in all his dealings with the military.

"We had to set relations with the military," Rabi said. "I was very forceful about that myself. For example, one group came from the Navy. They wanted certain black boxes, which they described, to be developed with certain voltages, and so on. I asked, 'What are they for?' Their exact answer was 'We prefer to talk about this in our swivel chairs in Washington.' I didn't say anything. Neither did I do anything—except continue to develop three-centimetre radar. They came back some six months later—the same thing. I said, 'Now, look, let's stop kidding. Bring your man who understands tactics, bring your man who understands radio, bring your man who understands aircraft, and we'll talk about your problems.' By that time, we had learned a lot about radar and tactical military applications. Well, the Navy did. We found that their problem was to knock off Japanese aircraft spying on ships. It turned out that they needed a shipborne height-finding radar to supplement and guide the radar equipment already in their carrier-based planes. And we made an agreement with the Navy. We'll develop that if you and we can do the whole thing together—a partnership. We're in this war together. We can talk about the whole thing, whatever it is, and then our side will do its best to develop the appropriate radar. Which it did. It was a fantastically great radar—a very effective thing. As time went on, we set up an effective pattern of interdependence with the military. Fortunately, our money did not come from the military directly but from another government agency, the Office of Scientific Research and Development, under Dr. Vannevar Bush. Actually, we would use this money to develop a particular radar. We would then try to interest either our military men or the British in it. If they were interested, then they financed the production. After we learned to get along with the military men, we grew to have a deep respect for them—respect for their devotion and hard work. We got along with them once they saw that we were not there to take anything away from them but actually to help them."

At the time the United States entered the war, radar was so new that it took a while for the various branches of the military to appreciate it. Rabi recalled, "We made a radar, my group—our first radar. It was an airborne three-centimetre radar. Then we made a ten-centimetre shipborne radar. The Navy put it on a destroyer that was stationed in London. The destroyer was to go out and measure things in connection with submarine detection. This radar was for location and detection—to detect things. It was a lash-up job. From that, they later made the real engineered and manufactured stuff. Well, I got the reports that the captain of the destroyer was sending in. There were repeated reports of failure—'Equipment broke down,' and 'Equipment broke down,' and so on. It was an honest job of reporting on a new piece of equipment and its reliability. You know how the Navy feels about reliability, and our radar wasn't perfectly reliable at that stage by any means. I saw that this captain could give us—give the whole project—a terrible black eye. So I went down and said, 'We'll have to make a few repairs. We'll take it back.' Once they lost that radar, they began to understand what it was. Because with that radar the ship could come in



"Don't you know anything but 'Afternoon of a Faun'?"

"Don't go down dere, mon," our guide said, "in de Bermuda Triangle you never be seen again."

"In the eerie darkness of the old wreck, we felt it . . . some sinister force . . . unseen, unknown and we were in its grip.

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"The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?

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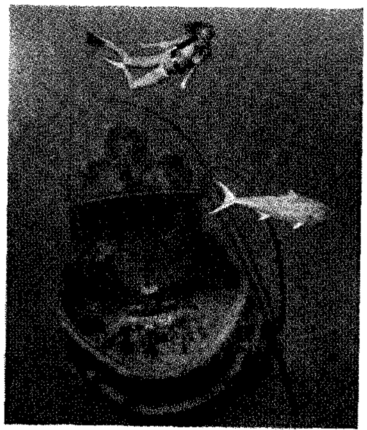

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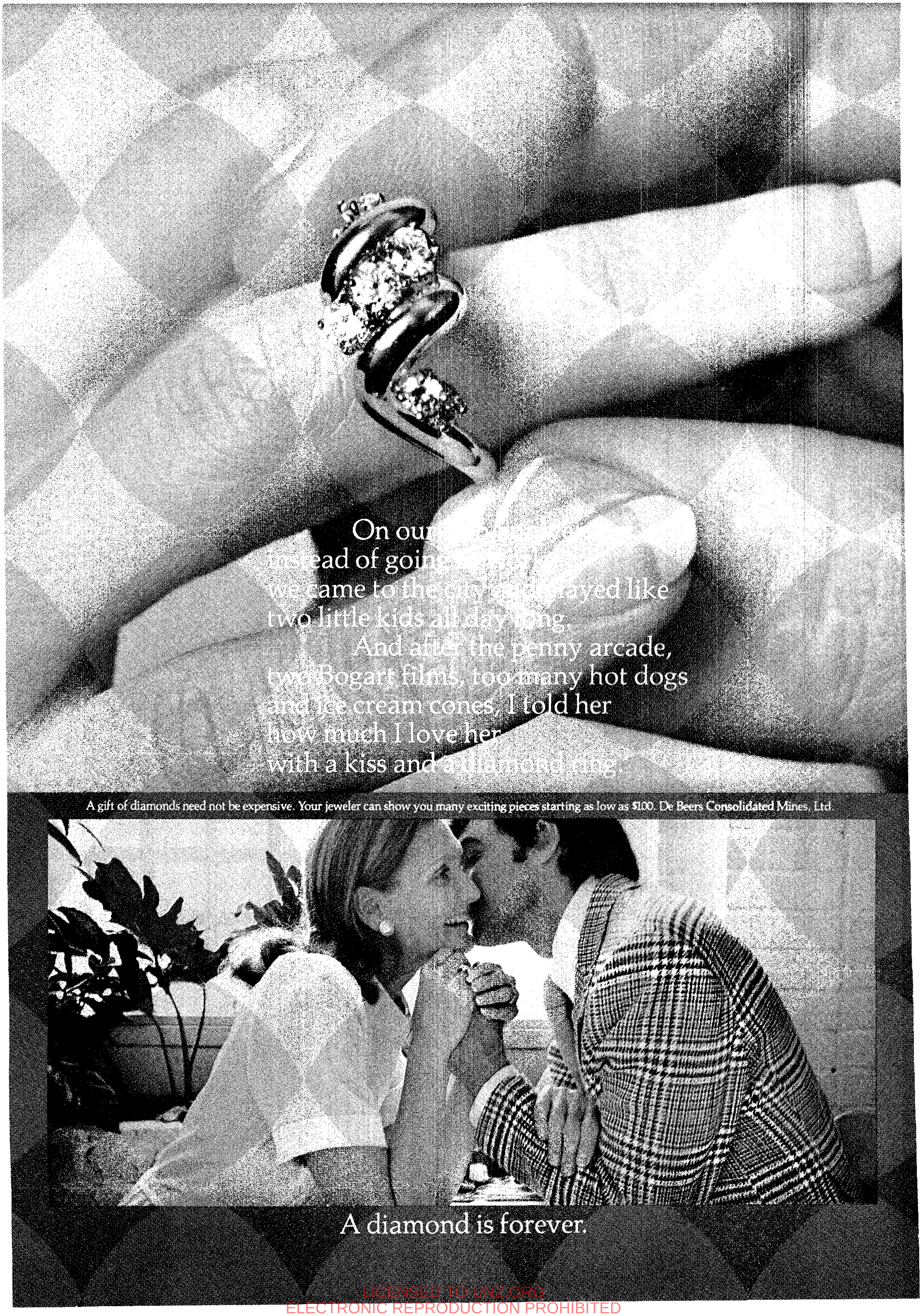

On our [illegible]
instead of going [illegible]
we came to the city and played like
two little kids all day long.
And after the penny arcade,
two Bogart films, too many hot dogs
and ice cream cones, I told her
how much I love her
with a kiss and a diamond ring.

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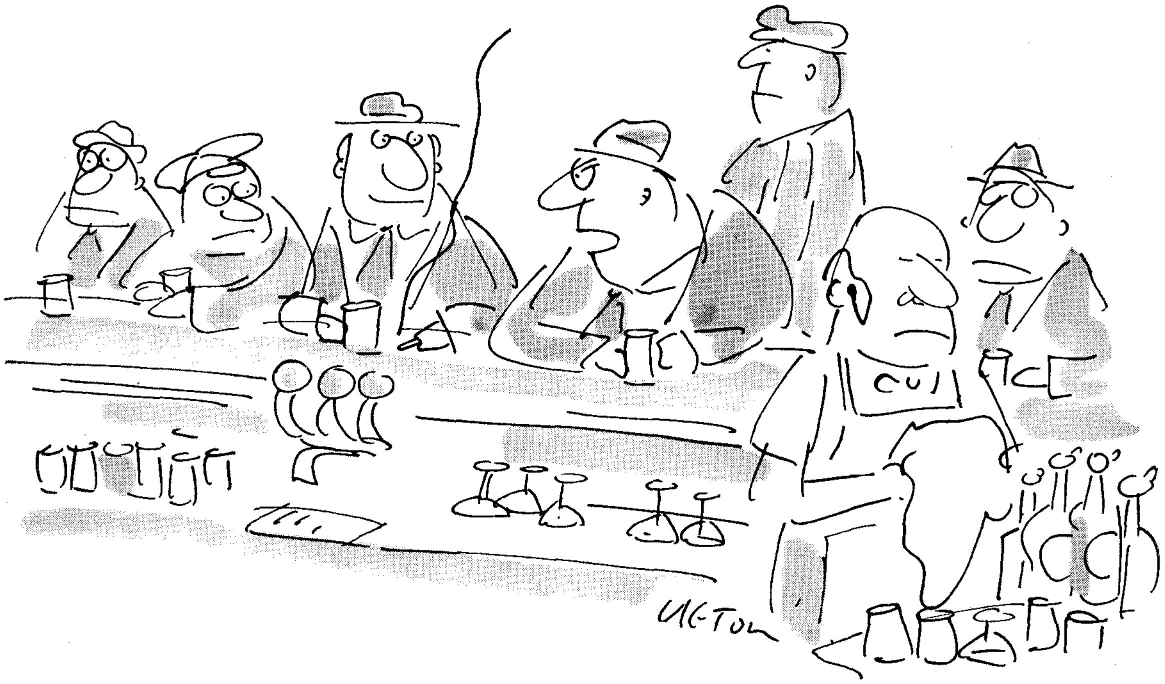


"You know what makes America great? Bars like this*. That's what makes America great."*

at night. Their wives could expect them for dinner. They could detect landmarks. They could navigate in fog. And so forth. They were like a man with a weak heart—in this case, the radar—who knows his trouble and his pain and has to learn to live with them. After a little while, we began getting requests to bring it back. I kept saying, 'We really have quite a lot of work to do on it.' Then they began to beg very hard, and we brought it back sort of improved. If I had gone down there and argued with them, we wouldn't have got anywhere. We would just have got them mad. After we returned it, the reports were excellent, and every once in a while they would ask us to help them fix it up. What had developed was a mutuality of interest."

After hearing this story and several others, I told Rabi that what impressed me about them was that he had shown a special instinct for dealing with people in extraordinary situations. "It's a matter of understanding a situation and adapting yourself to it," he said. "There were many mistakes I made in my life by being tactless and abrupt. But if there was something positive to be done, I really tried. I find it very hard to tolerate fools, and I can be quite rough. But if there is something to be done, and these are the people to do it with, what choice do you have?"

IN the fall of 1942, J. Robert Oppenheimer, teaching alternately at the California Institute of Technology and at Berkeley, led Brigadier General Leslie Groves, a general in the War Department's Office of the Chief of Engineers, to Los Alamos, an isolated site in the mountains of New Mexico, not far from Santa Fe. Groves had the responsibility of recommending a director for the embryonic Manhattan Project, to make an atomic bomb. He was favorably impressed by Oppenheimer, who was then thirty-eight. Oppenheimer had spent a great deal of time in New Mexico, where he had a ranch. He had visited Los Alamos on horseback. From the beginning, he had been in on the discussions among the physicists about prospects for making a nuclear explosive, but, Rabi told me one day, "he was absolutely the most unlikely choice for a laboratory director imaginable." Rabi went on, "He was a very impractical sort of fellow. He walked around with scuffed shoes and a funny hat, and, more important, he didn't know anything about equipment. But he did a splendid job, a really remarkable, wonderful job. There were in my experience two outstanding wartime laboratory directors—our director, Lee DuBridge, and Oppenheimer. DuBridge was also a good administrator, and the lab ran very well. Oppenheimer's lab ran with flamboyance and excitement. It didn't run any better than ours, but it was an extraordinary experience. The whole thing lasted a little over two years—years that fixed the people who were there for life. It was their great moment."

Rabi went on, "I was in on the beginning of that, also. I was asked by Oppenheimer to join it and be the deputy director—take charge of the experimental work. I refused, because I was serious about the war. Maybe we could have won it without the atomic bomb, which was at that time a very problematical thing, but without radar we could have lost it. I did go to Los Alamos every once in a while, chiefly as a trouble-shooter for Oppenheimer. He'd get into trouble with the Central Europeans and some of the other people. Oppenheimer had decisions to make which he wanted to talk over with a friend, and by that time I had had a great deal of experience with the problems of a laboratory and with problems with the military. Of course, Oppenheimer and I had known each other since our days with Pauli, and we had kept up our friendship." Wolfgang Pauli was a celebrated Austrian physicist with whom both Rabi and Oppenheimer studied in the late nineteen-twenties. "But I never went on the payroll at Los Alamos. I refused to. I wanted to have my lines of communication clear. I was not a member of any of their important committees, or anything of that sort, but just Oppenheimer's adviser."

Rabi was in the New Mexico desert, at Alamogordo, on July 16, 1945, when the first nuclear explosion in human history took place. In the only book of a popular nature he has ever written—"Science: The Center of Culture," which was published in 1970—he describes the events of that morning. He writes:

> On July 16, 1945, I was out in the desert in New Mexico; not many yards away was Mr. James B. Conant, then President of Harvard University. There were other men there, also. We were awaiting the tests of the first large-scale release of atomic energy.
>
> In the desert there, the site chosen had been named "Journey of Death" hundreds of years ago. This site was chosen because it was supposed to be far away from human habitation. Nine miles away from where we were, there was a tower about one hundred feet high. On the top of that tower was a little shack about ten by ten. In that shack was a bomb. The whole experiment had been in preparation for almost a year. Hundreds of

men took part in it. There were many rehearsals, and this particular morning it was to go off. At first, the announcer said: "Thirty seconds"—"Ten seconds"—and we were lying there, very tense, in the early dawn, and there were just a few streaks of gold in the east; you could see your neighbor very dimly. Those ten seconds were the longest ten seconds that I ever experienced. Suddenly, there was an enormous flash of light, the brightest light I have ever seen or that I think anyone else has ever seen. It blasted; it pounced; it bored its way into you. It was a vision which was seen with more than the eye. It was seen to last forever. You would wish it would stop; altogether it lasted about two seconds. Finally it was over, diminishing, and we looked toward the place where the bomb had been; there was an enormous ball of fire which grew and grew and it rolled as it grew; it went up into the air, in yellow flashes and into scarlet and green. It looked menacing. It seemed to come toward one.

A new thing had just been born; a new control; a new understanding of man, which man had acquired over nature.

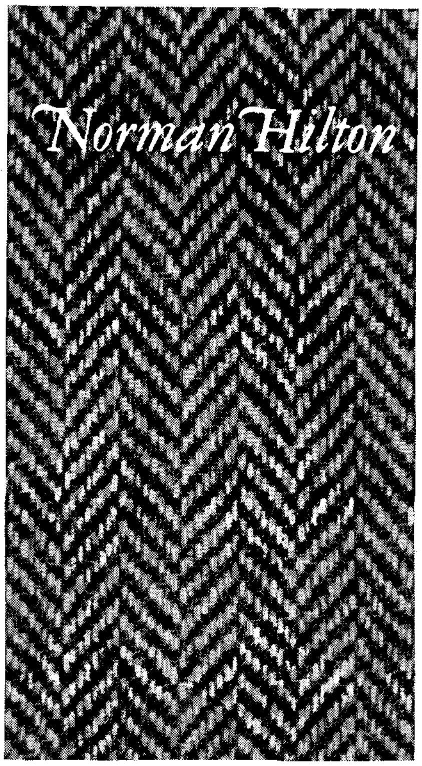
That was the scientific opening of the atomic age.

At that time, Oppenheimer recalled some lines from the Bhagavad Gita:

> If the radiance of a thousand suns
> Were to burst at once in the sky,
> That would be like the splendor of
> the Mighty One....
> I am become Death,
> The destroyer of worlds.

IN the fall of 1944, while Rabi was still at M.I.T., rumors began to circulate that he might win that year's Nobel Prize. "Some people had told me that there was a possibility I might get it," he said. "I didn't take it very seriously. Then one afternoon in early November, I had a call, and this man said, 'I am Mr. Johnson. I represent a Swedish newspaper.' I said, 'Yes, Mr. Johnson?' He said, 'I suppose you can guess what I'm calling about?' I said, 'Yes, Mr. Johnson.' He said, 'Have you heard anything?' I said, 'No, Mr. Johnson.' He said, 'Neither have I.' Well, this was an introduction to a good night's sleep. The next day, the telegram arrived from New York, and that night it was announced over the radio that I had won the Nobel Prize for my work on the magnetic properties of nuclei. They hadn't given out any prizes since 1939, and so now they announced that the 1943 prize would go to Stern [Otto Stern, Rabi's mentor, honored for his measurement of the magnetic moment of the proton] and the 1944 prize to me. I was really very pleased. It was an enormous pleasure, and an excuse for many parties, in different parts of the country—the Radiation Lab, and Los Alamos, and so on. I had a great time, and I can say, with only slight exaggeration, that I didn't draw a sober breath for weeks. I couldn't go over to Sweden—after all, the war was still on—but there was a sort of ersatz ceremony in New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria. There was a big dinner, and there were a few guests from the Scandinavian nobility. My medal was presented to me at Columbia by Nicholas Murray Butler. Poor fellow, he was eighty-two years old and was really pretty far gone—he was then blind. But he had a good, resonant voice, and made a few appropriate comments, during which he referred to me as 'Fermi.'" Enrico Fermi had come to Columbia from Italy in January of 1939, having won the Nobel Prize for physics the year before. "It was very interesting at Columbia. I had all my promotions quite rapidly—from student to instructor, and the rest—and although, by that time, I had been on the faculty for fifteen years, I had never once met President Butler or exchanged a single word with him. There were many people who were in and out of the president's house all the time—very social—and never got anywhere. It shows that at Columbia, at least for the period I was there, things were very fair."

Rabi was forty-six when he won the Nobel Prize, and I was curious to know whether he felt that winning it at a relatively early age could be harmful to a scientific career. He answered, "Yes. There are many examples. I think it can be a very useful thing to have, but it subjects the individual to enormous pressures. The prestige is fantastic—although, after all, it represents only a selection of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. There are other academies as great. But the Nobel Prize does have this strong public appeal. There is some romance attached to it. It's like winning a huge lottery, except that you don't exactly compete—apart from the fact that once you enter one of the professions involved, you are, in a certain sense, competing all the time. It puts the winner on a sort of pedestal, because of the great public attention and prestige and also the prestige among one's colleagues. So that unless you are very competitive you aren't likely to function with the same vigor afterward. You know, it's like the lady from Boston who said, 'Why should I travel when I'm already there?' The prize also attracts you away from your field, because other avenues open up. I was never very competitive about the Nobel Prize, but when it did come it certainly offered many opportunities, and



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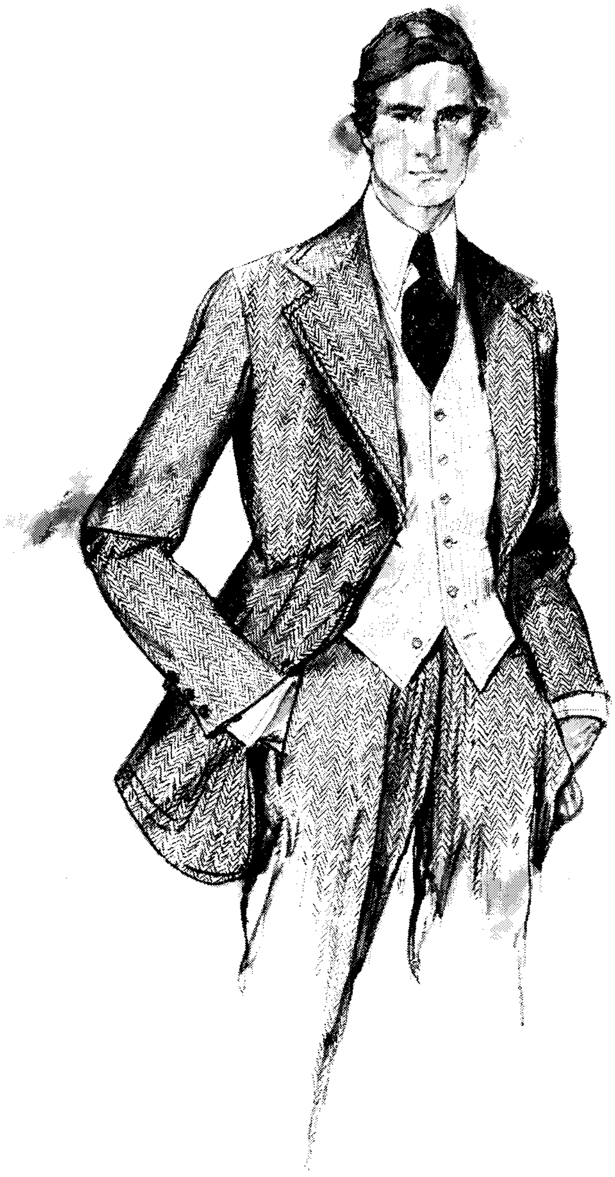

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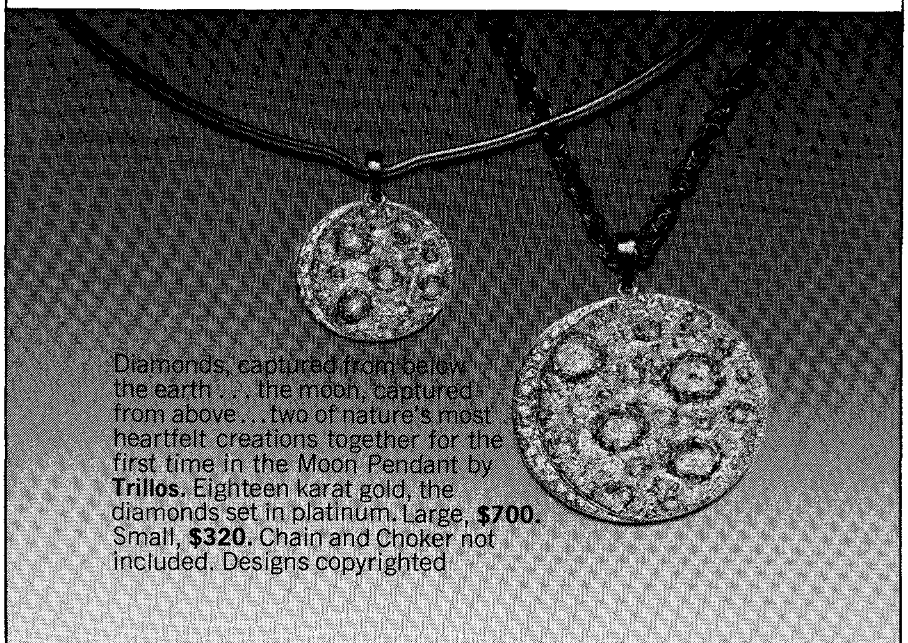

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rather attractive opportunities, not to do physics, which is, after all, terribly difficult. I would not say that it helped me in my scientific development. On the other hand, it enhanced my activities of a more public nature. It will, in the long run, be up to the man who writes my obituary to say if these efforts were any good. But the Nobel Prize certainly enhanced them. Some people, like Enrico Fermi, it hardly affected at all. Others, like Harold Urey, became public figures for a time. Some of the science that I might have done later, I have to admit, was done by others, perhaps not with the same personal quality I always tried to inject in all my scientific work. But, anyway, it was done. So I can't say that the progress of science was impeded at all by my getting the Nobel Prize. I have always advised young scientists to stay away from government work, advisory committees, and the like—to attend to their discipline until they no longer possess the vast physical energy that is needed to do, say, good physics."

This brought up a subject that has always fascinated and puzzled me; namely, the aging process in scientists, and especially in physicists and mathematicians. In these disciplines, people tend to lead an oddly telescoped professional life, with the great achievements being made near the beginning. It takes extraordinary personal wisdom to adjust to this and to accept the fact that at a relatively early age one's primary career may be either finished or considerably diminished. In his latter years, Einstein remarked to Oppenheimer, "When it has once been given you to do something rather reasonable, forever afterward your work and life are a little strange." I asked Rabi at what age, in his opinion, physicists tend to run down. "It very much depends on the individual," he answered. "I've seen people run down at thirty, at forty, at fifty. They may still do good work, but not like what they did before."

"What is the explanation, exactly?" I asked.

"I think it must be basically neurological or physiological," Rabi said. "The mind ceases to operate with the same richness and associations. The information-retrieval part sort of goes, along with the interconnections. I know that when I was in my late teens and early twenties the world was just a Roman candle—rockets all the time. The world was aglow. You lose that sort of thing as time goes on. It's the sort of thing that you want to hang on to if you can. And physics is such an out-of-the-world thing. It's not like his-

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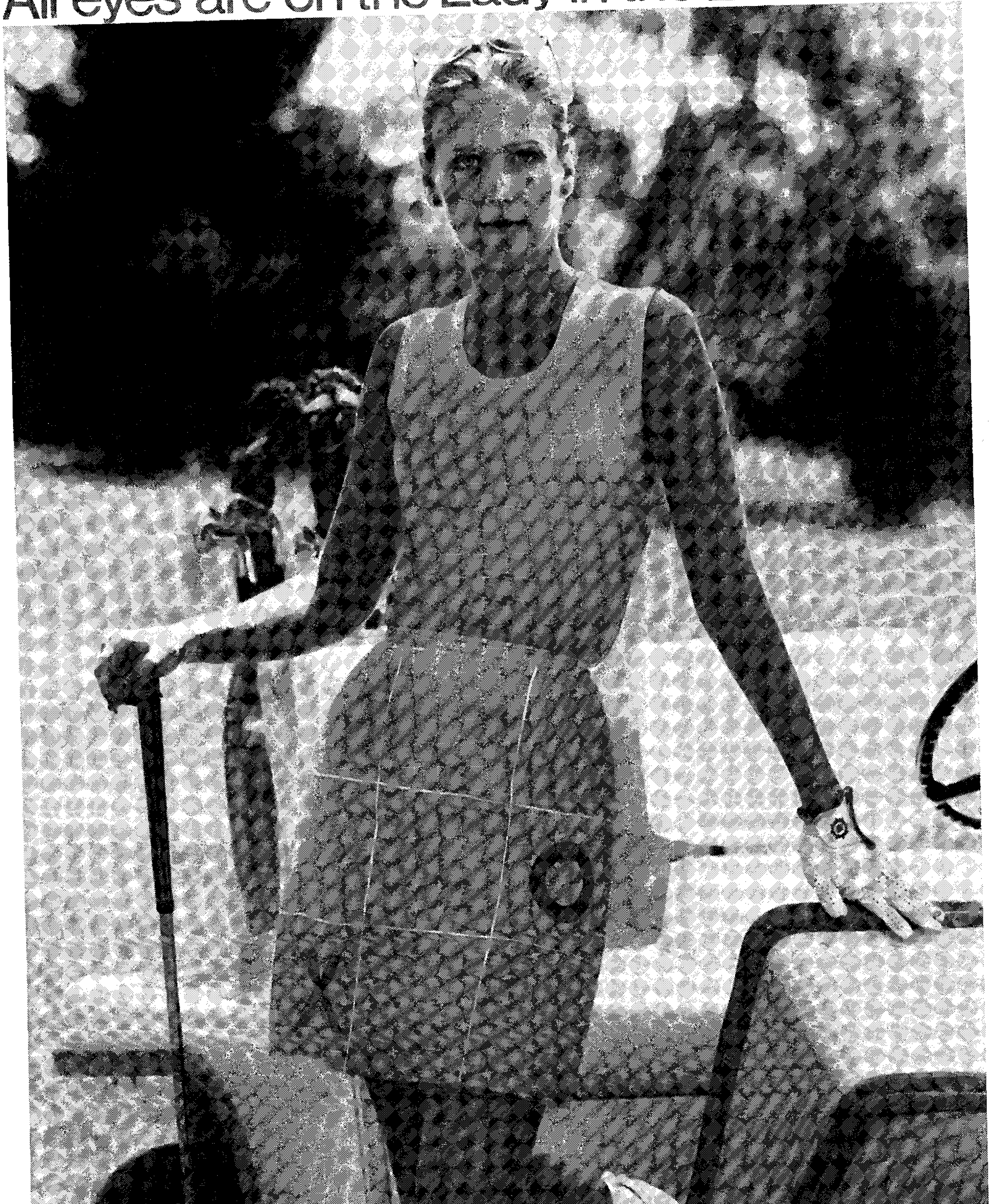

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tory or poetry, or even painting. In them you never really lose contact with the world—it's right there before you. But physics is an otherworldly thing. It requires a taste for things unseen, even unheard of—a high degree of abstraction and a sort of profound innate philosophy. These faculties die off somehow when you grow up. You see them in children, who are fantastically interested in making things and in asking, 'Why? Why? Why?' Then, at a certain age, the children just become adults and are no longer very deeply interested in anything, except in the process of making a living and in sex and power. Money. Otherwise, they're not terribly interested. Profound curiosity happens when they are young. I think physicists are the Peter Pans of the human race. They never grow up, and they keep their curiosity. Once you are sophisticated, you know too much—far too much. Pauli once said to me, '*Ich weiss viel. Ich weiss zu viel. Ich bin ein Quantengreis*'—'I know a great deal. I know too much. I am a quantum ancient.' "

Alamogordo suddenly transformed physics from a private academic discipline to one with enormous political and moral implications. The few physicists who were there, like Rabi, understood that fact almost immediately after the explosion. "At first, I was thrilled," Rabi told me. "It was a vision. Then, a few minutes afterward, I had gooseflesh all over me when I realized what this meant for the future of humanity. Up until then, humanity was, after all, a limited factor in the evolution and process of nature. The vast oceans, lakes and rivers, the atmosphere, were not very much affected by the existence of mankind. The new powers represented a threat not only to mankind but to all forms of life: the seas and the air. One could foresee that nothing was immune from the tremendous powers of these new forces. My own concern was to join in any efforts to contain these dangers."

Almost no one had known about the bomb project while the bomb was being developed. Very few people in the military had known, and even Harry Truman, who was then Vice-President, had not known. General Groves wanted to keep the test a secret, even though the explosive flash would be seen for a hundred and fifty miles. An elaborate cover story was prepared. It was a chemical explosion, an accident, some experiment that had gone wrong. The military people had even prepared a casualty list. (The actual release never made use of this list, but announced that an ammunitions depot had blown

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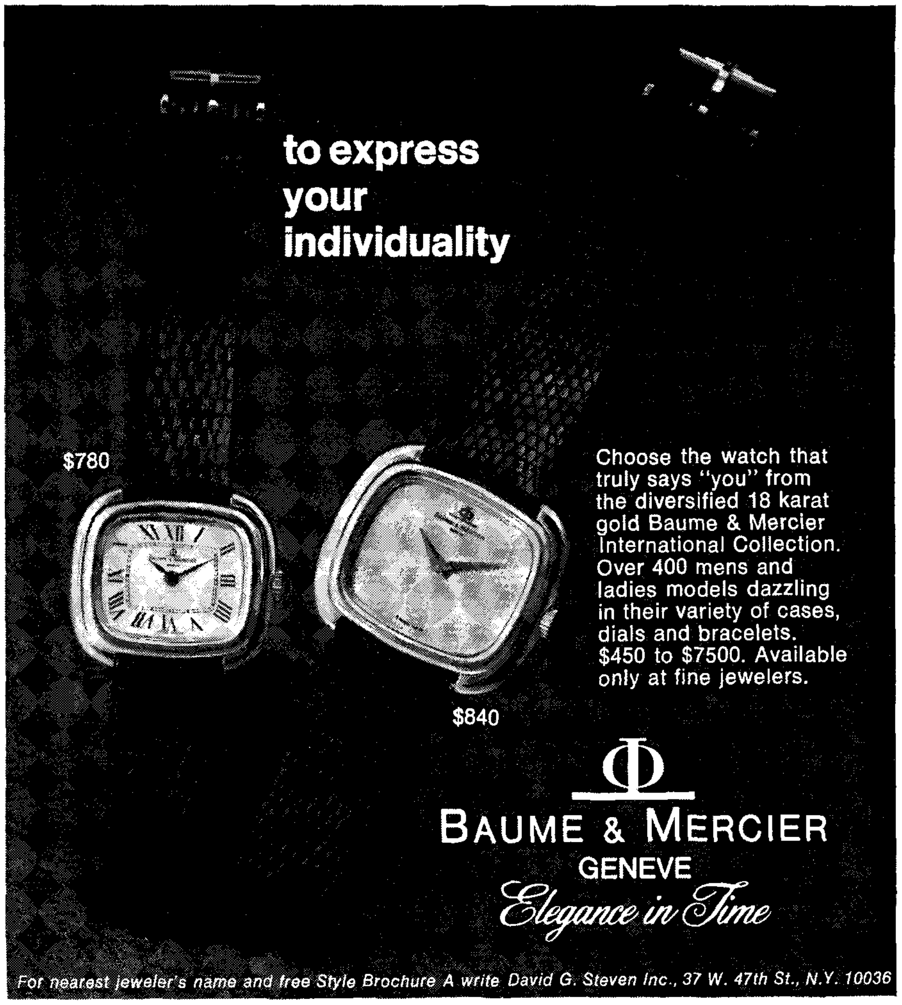

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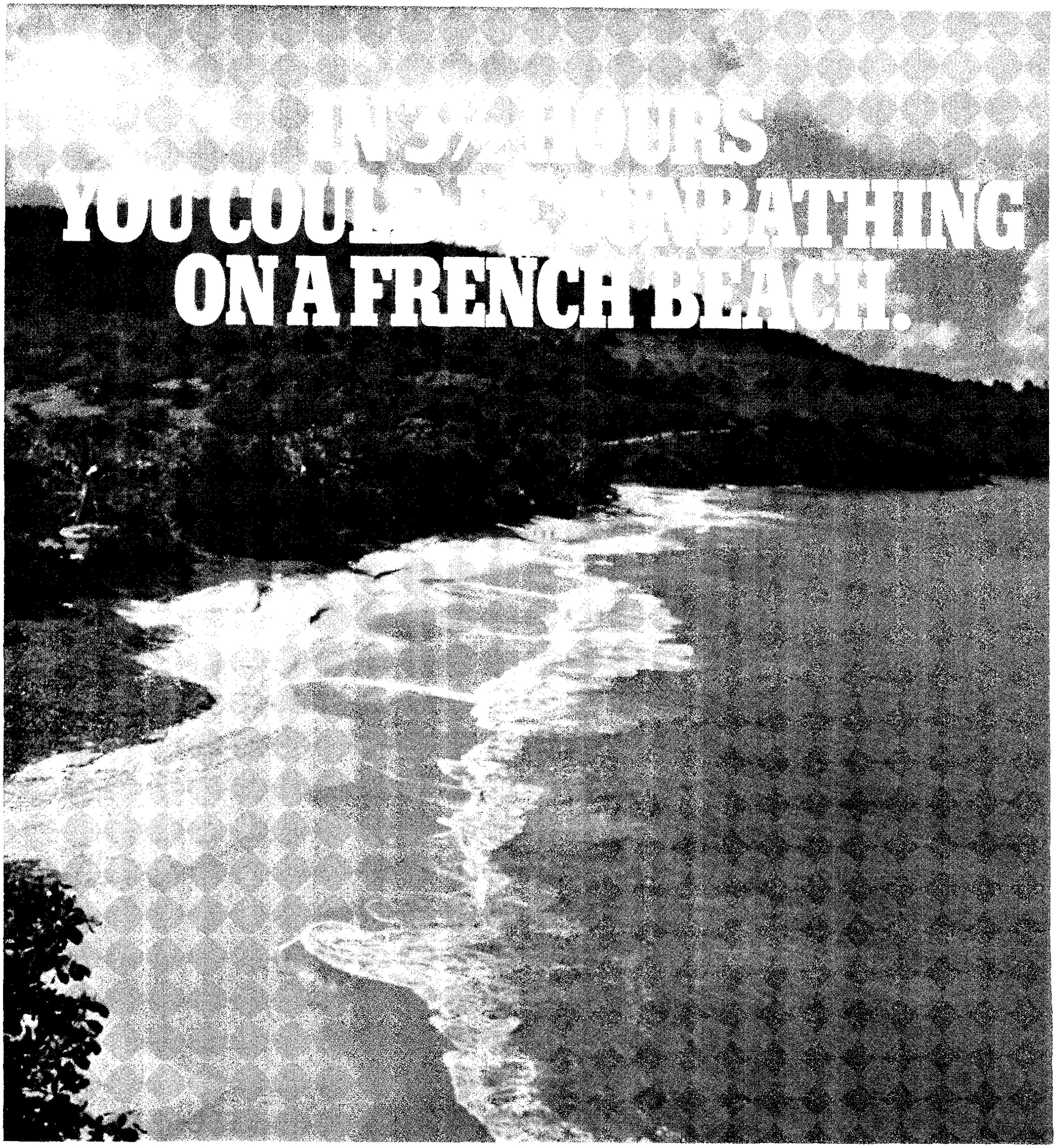

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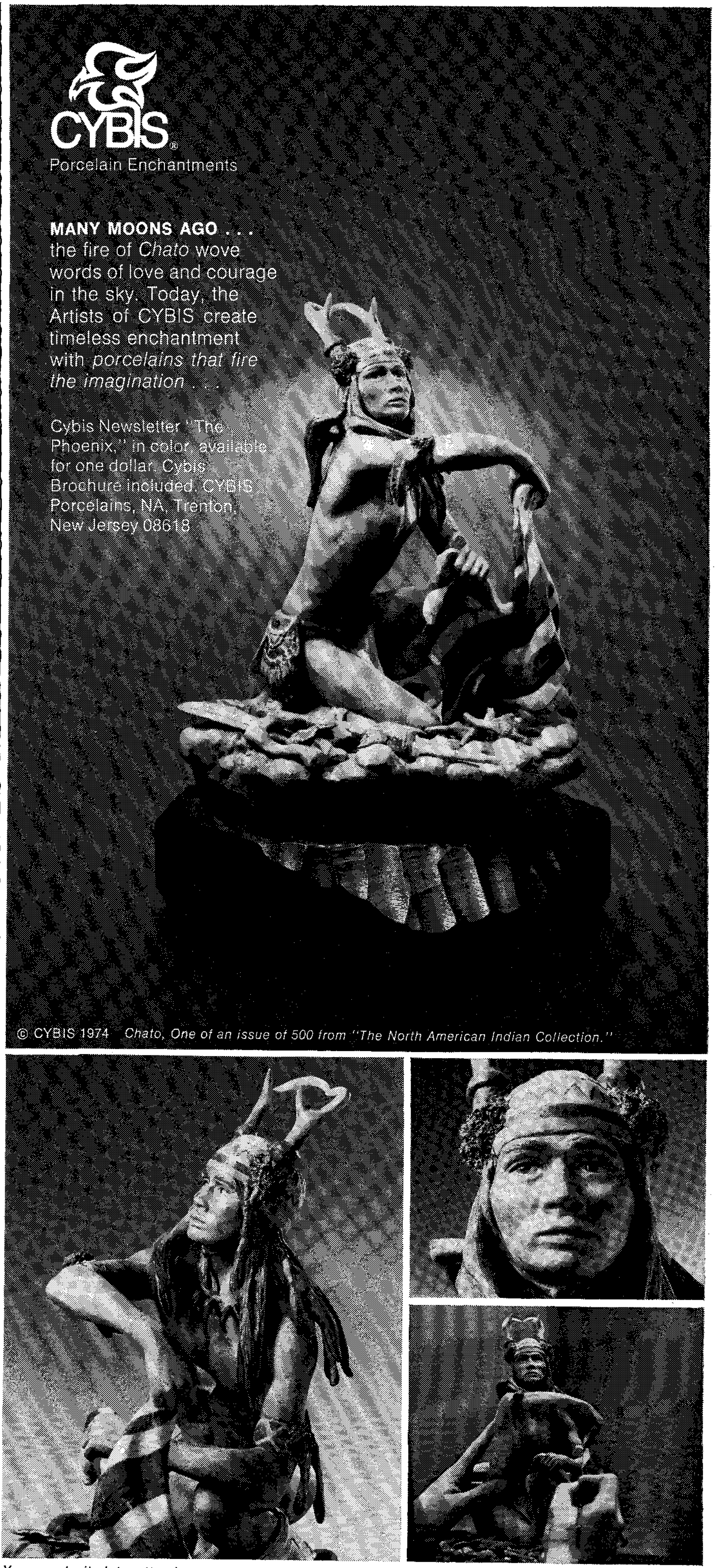
up and that there were no casualties.) One of Groves' assistants, who was told to insure the security of the test, remarked that it was like keeping the Mississippi River a secret. Of course, after the bomb was exploded over Hiroshima there were no secrets.

To physicists of my generation, coming into physics just after the war, the use of the bomb on two Japanese cities seemed unnecessary. It appeared to us that the Japanese had already lost the war. The moral issues looked to us, in hindsight, so clear. But we were not involved, and couldn't really put ourselves in the place of the people who were. I asked Rabi if he could remember how things had appeared to him at that time. He said that before the Germans surrendered American physicists who were working on the bomb were desperately concerned that the Germans might make the bomb before the United States did. They knew exactly who the German nuclear physicists were, but they had no way of knowing how far the Germans had gone. Then, late in the war, they found out that the Germans had never really gone anywhere. Once American scientists had produced the bomb, it was more or less taken out of their hands. No scientist was asked to advise the military on what to do with the bomb. On one occasion, after the war, Oppenheimer, accompanied by Under-Secretary of State Dean Acheson, went to see President Truman. He expressed some regrets to Truman about having made the bomb. "Mr. President, I have blood on my hands," he said. Later, Truman said to Acheson, "Don't you bring that fellow around again. After all, all he did was make the bomb. I'm the guy who fired it off." However, within the Los Alamos community, before Hiroshima, there was an enormous amount of anguished discussion, especially about the possibility of using the atomic bomb in some sort of non-lethal demonstration in the presence of the Japanese. Rabi did not see at that time how the bomb could be used in a demonstration. "Who would they send and what would he report? You would have to tell him what instruments to bring, and where to stand, and what to measure. Otherwise, it would look like a lot of pyrotechnics. It would take someone who understood the theory to realize what he was seeing. It was not a trivial point. You would have to have built a model town to make a realistic demonstration. It would require a level of communication between us and the Japanese which was inconceivable in wartime, and while they argued for weeks, or maybe



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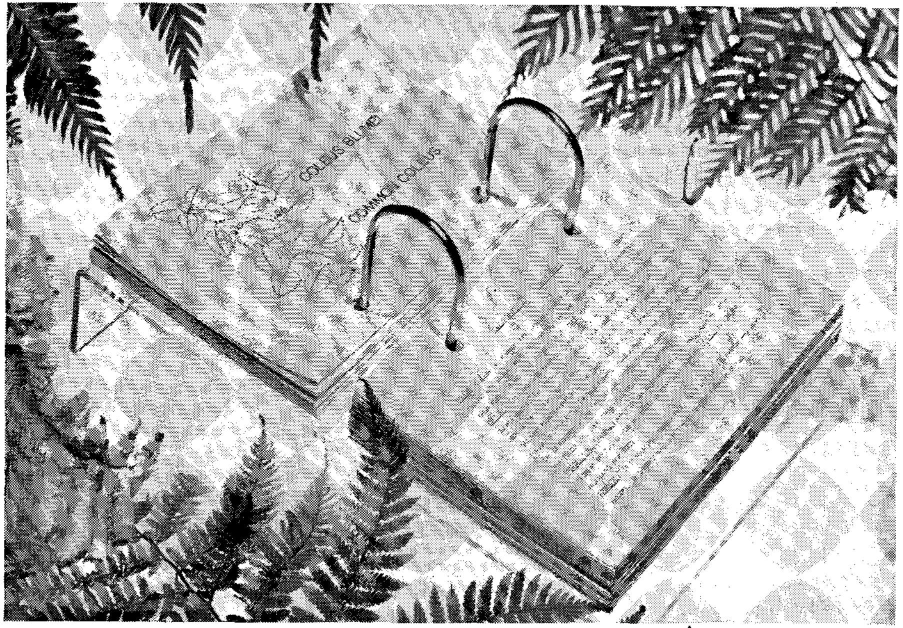

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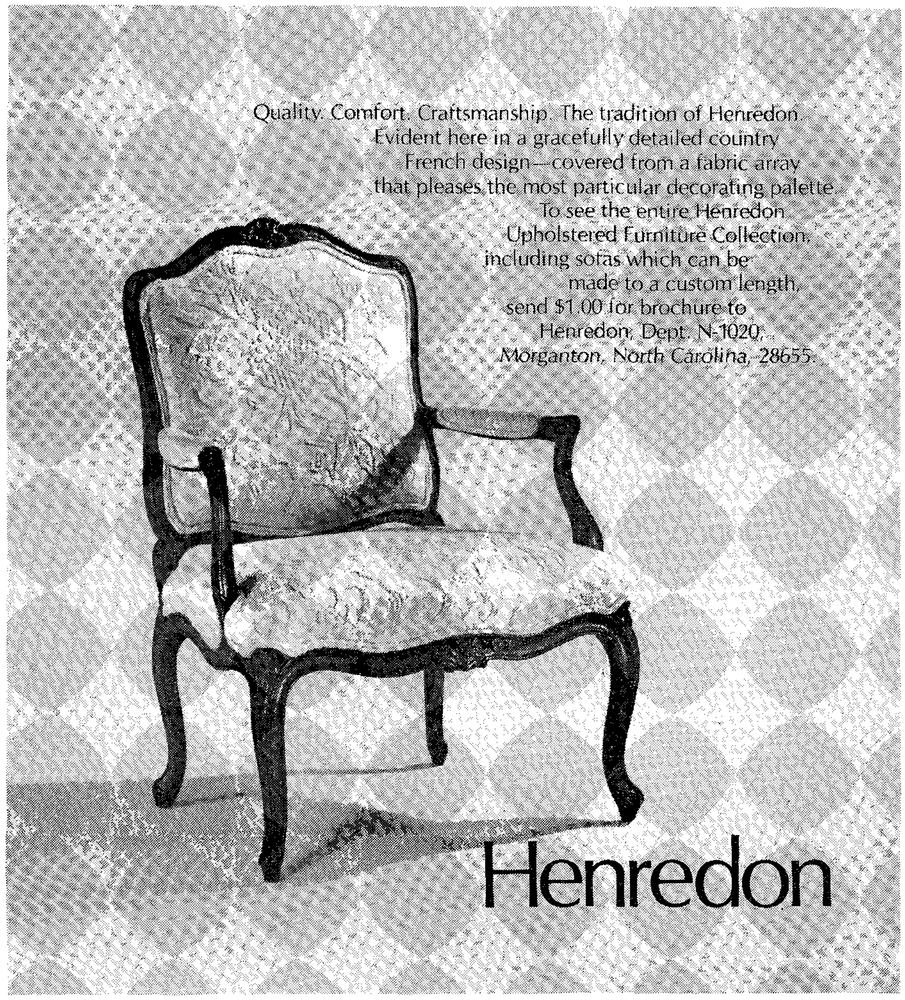

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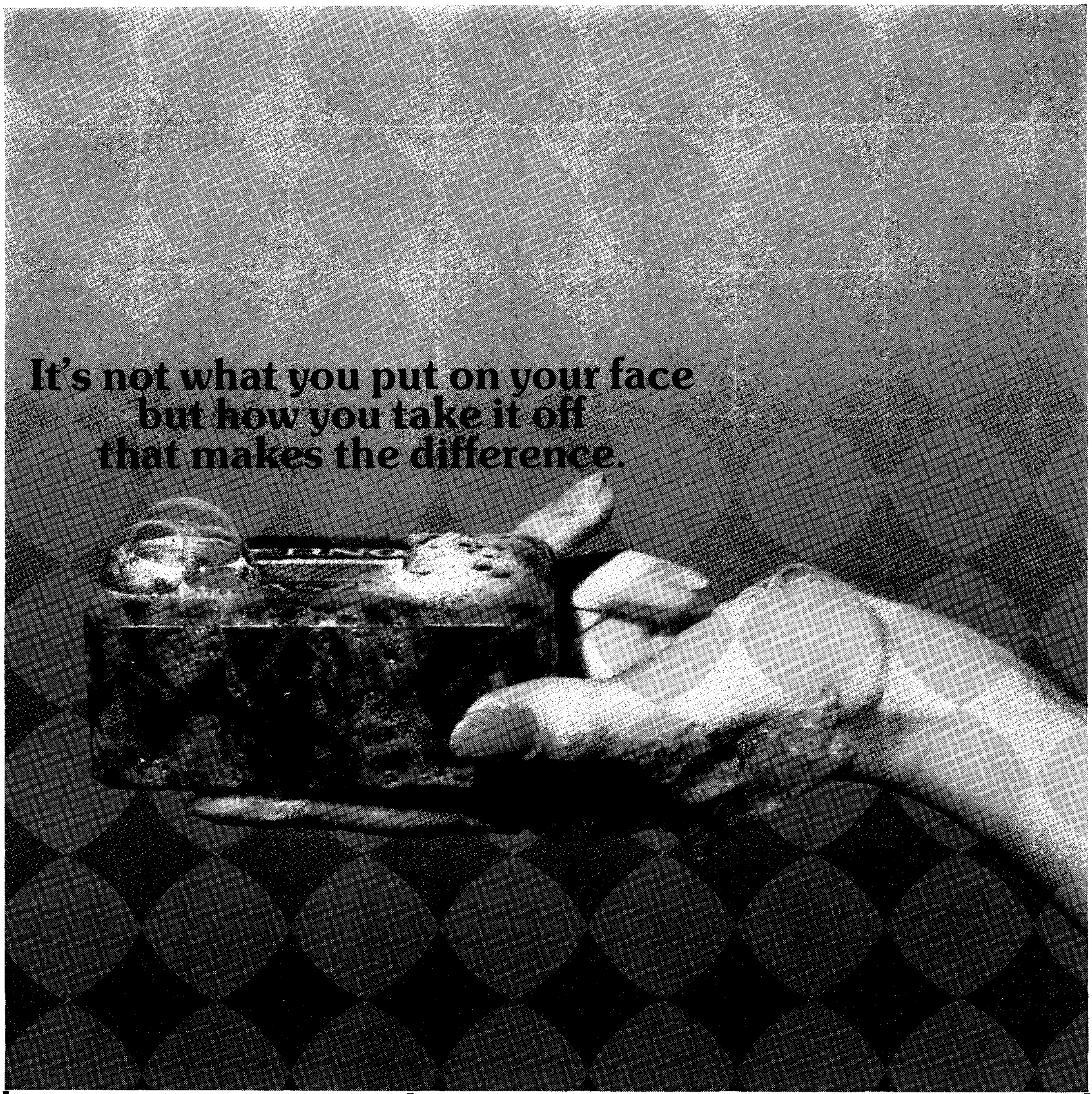
months, over the meaning of the explosion, we would be honor-bound to wait for an answer. And what would President Truman say to the American people afterward? How could he explain to them that he had had a weapon to stop the war but had been afraid to use it, because it employed principles of physics that hadn't been used in warfare before?" In any event, the bomb was used, and four weeks after the Alamogordo test the war was over.

Rabi returned to Columbia and became chairman of what was a badly depleted Physics Department. "We had lost Fermi and many others," he told me. "They all went to Chicago. Robert Hutchins—then chancellor of the University of Chicago—did a very adroit recruitment job. He promised them the world. We had gone from being one of the best departments in the world to almost nothing in terms of senior people. We had very promising younger people, like Lamb." Willis Lamb shared the Nobel Prize for physics in 1955 with Polykarp Kusch, who had left Columbia during the war and then returned; their work involved the measurement of subtle atomic effects predicted by the quantum theory of radiation. "I set out to bring in some senior people. Nobody came. I was offering people jobs at five thousand dollars a year more than my own salary, and I had the Nobel Prize—and yet I was being turned down. I never understood it. I was teaching a lot of the theoretical courses myself, and would bring people in on a part-time basis to teach some of the specialized courses. Kramers, for example, was sent to the United Nations by Holland for a debate on atomic energy, and he came to Columbia at night to teach quantum mechanics." H. A. Kramers was one of the most distinguished of the Dutch quantum mechanicians. "Finally, I decided that we would have to begin by developing our own young people and bringing in other young people. I felt that what I could do was to make sure they would have facilities that otherwise they might not have. New fields were opening up, like the study of elementary particles—the mesons, and so on. So I got money from the Navy to build what was then a large accelerator. I knew that if we had such a facility we would attract young people who wanted to work in the new areas. My own group in molecular beams—an extraordinary collection of people—was completely disrupted by the war. I never did succeed in building it up again to where it had been. One of the reasons was that I wanted the department to broaden, so I did not try to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hog the best students. In fact, I got very few of them. My own research efforts were a small proportion of the whole thing. But we became a very great physics department once again." Since the war, four present or former members of the Columbia Physics Department have won the Nobel Prize for work done during that period: Lamb and Kusch in 1955; T. D. Lee in 1957, jointly with C. N. Yang, for their work on the non-conservation of parity; and Charles H. Townes in 1964, jointly with the Russian physicists Nikolai G. Basov and Aleksandr M. Prokhorov, for their work leading to the development of the maser and the laser.

AT the end of the war, no one knew quite what to do with the atomic bomb and nuclear energy. There were two opposed points of view. Within the government and the military, there was a strong feeling that the essential thing was to maintain the American advantage in nuclear energy by keeping American work completely secret from the rest of the world. But within the scientific community there was an equally strong feeling not only that this was impossible but that we had a wonderful opportunity to open up the world community within the context of the newly formed United Nations by pooling a large part of our nuclear resources under international control. The Administration's view was embodied in a bill introduced in Congress by Senator Edwin C. Johnson, of Colorado, and Representative Andrew J. May, of Kentucky. The bill looked superficially satisfactory to the scientists, but as they came to understand more and more of its implications it began to appear worse and worse. It stipulated that a commission was to be appointed by the President to assume complete control of nuclear energy. There was no provision for a balance of civilian and military interests, and scientists feared that members of the military might dominate the commission. The whole tenor of the bill was in the direction of secrecy and, so it appeared, the military control of nuclear energy.

Until that time, the physicists and the others who had worked on the development of the bomb had never really tried to act communally as a political unit. But the May-Johnson bill brought them together. Led by such people as Leo Szilard, who had been one of the early researchers in nuclear fission, and E. U. Condon, who had been at Los Alamos and was now associate director of the Westinghouse Laboratories, they

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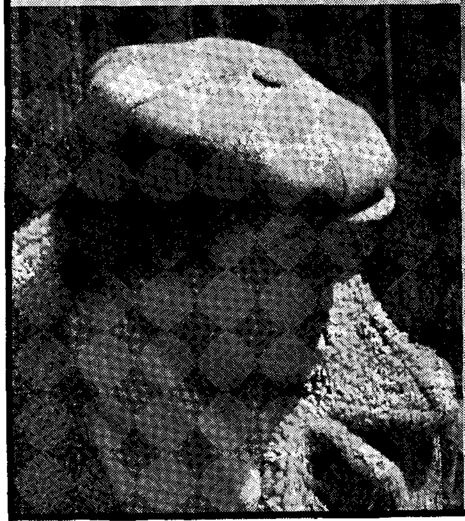

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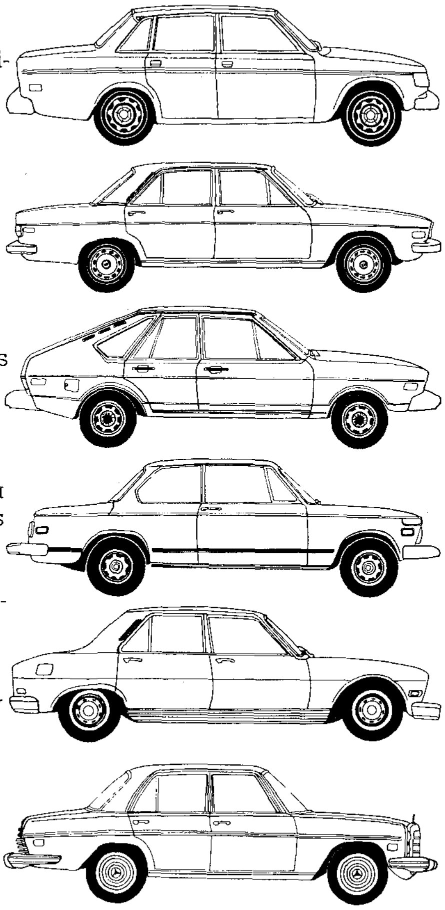

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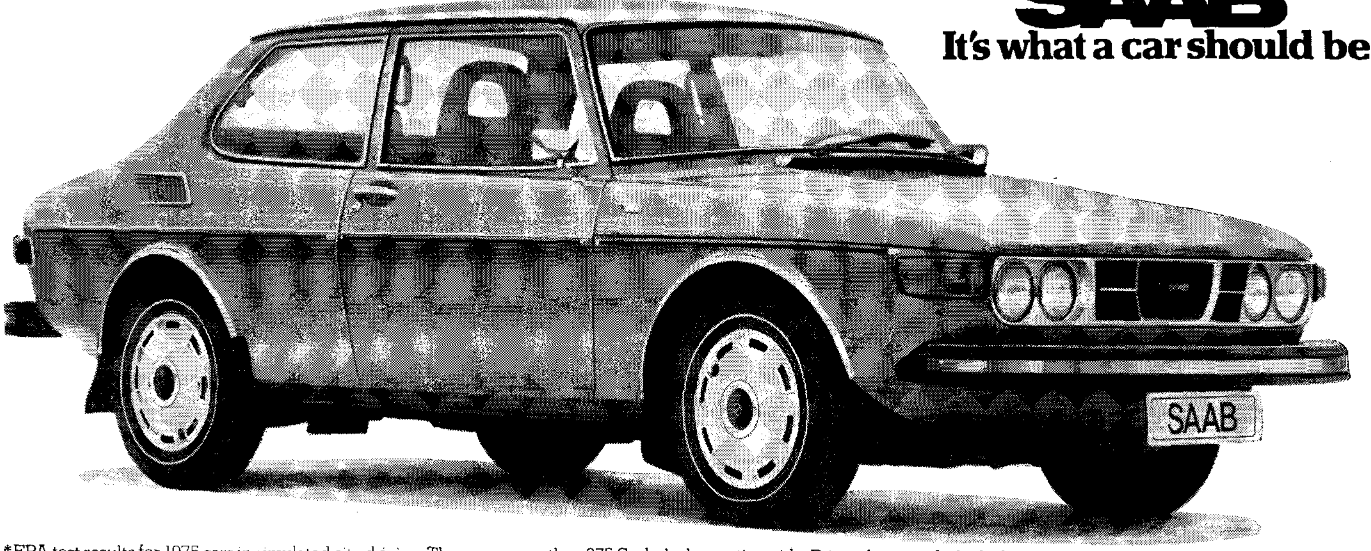

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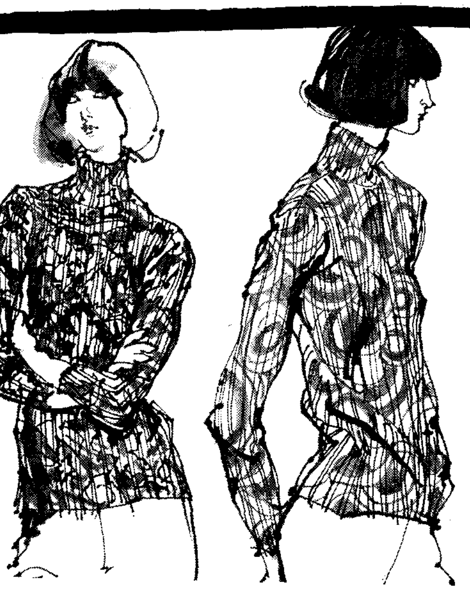

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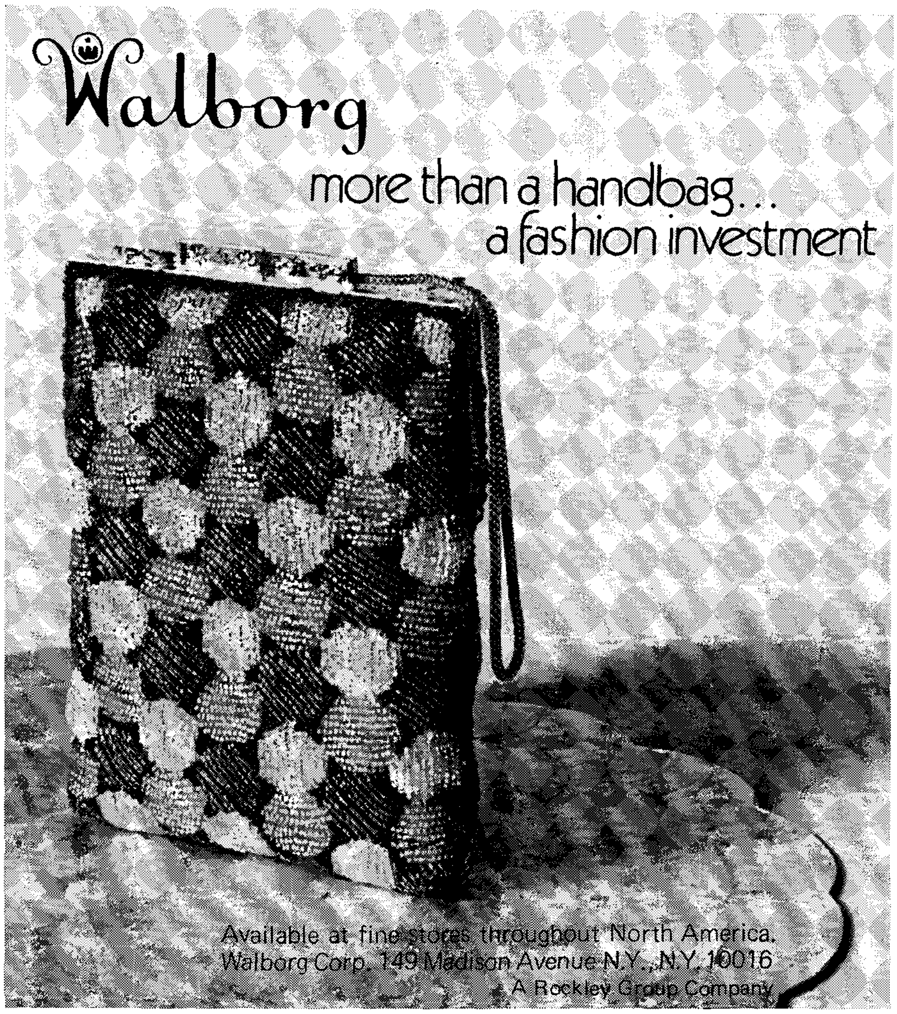

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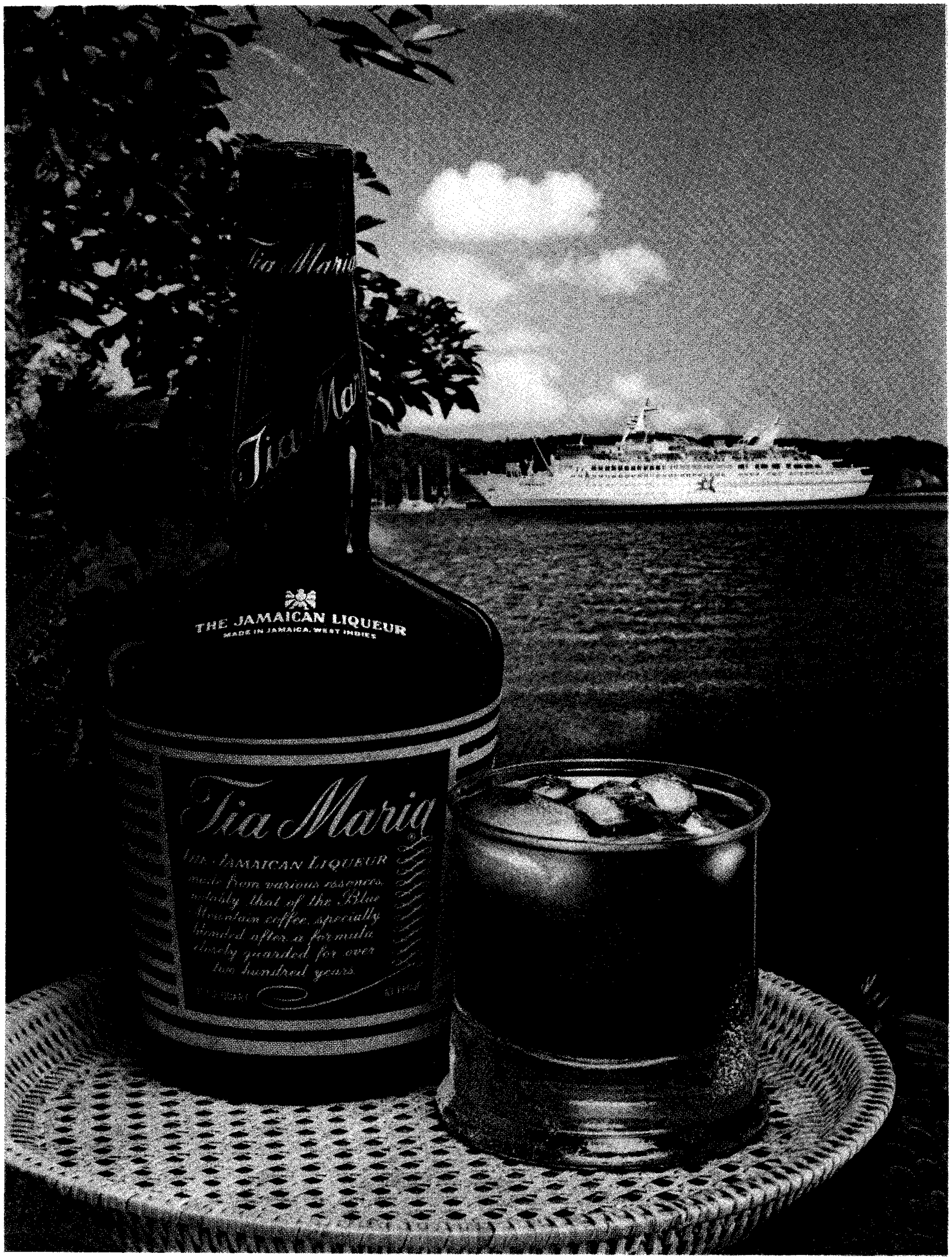
began a lobbying and educational campaign against the bill. The Federation of Atomic Scientists was formed, and speakers were sent all over the country to clubs, to church groups—to anyone who would listen—to try to educate people about the dangers of an autocratic commission whose members might end up being drawn entirely from the military. By December of 1945, enough opposition had been generated within the Senate to kill the May-Johnson bill. It was replaced by the McMahon bill, sponsored by Senator Brien McMahon, of Connecticut, and that bill passed in the summer of 1946. It created the Atomic Energy Commission—a civilian body. On October 28, 1946, President Truman appointed the first A.E.C., of five members, with David Lilienthal as chairman. Robert F. Bacher, a former Los Alamos physicist, was the scientific representative. None of this put the nuclear genie back into the bottle. The bomb was, and is, still with us. But it did mean that the scientific community had succeeded in shifting the emphasis more toward private research and the peacetime application of nuclear inventions.

The control of the atomic-energy program passed from General Groves to the civilian A.E.C. on January 1, 1947. Soon after that, the General Advisory Committee of the A.E.C. began its sessions. This was a powerful group, also selected by the President, whose purpose was to advise the commission on scientific and technical matters. Oppenheimer was elected chairman—it was all but inconceivable to the people involved at that time that anyone else would be chairman—and Rabi was soon asked to join it, and he did. Rabi told me, "I was very, very glad to do it, because I thought that by working from within, so to speak, we might be able to do something about getting rid of the atomic bomb. So I never participated in the external demonstrations—the newspaper ads, and things of that sort. It was my feeling that you had to be inside the government if you wanted to have an influence, especially on these military matters. Since there was all that secrecy, you couldn't know what you were talking about unless you were a part of it. So much in that business depends on the specific nature of the weapons—the processes, the means of delivery, some idea of the future developments and of what the other side is doing. I was all in favor of the people outside the government clamoring in a kind of blunderbuss way against the spreading of atomic weapons, and secrecy, and so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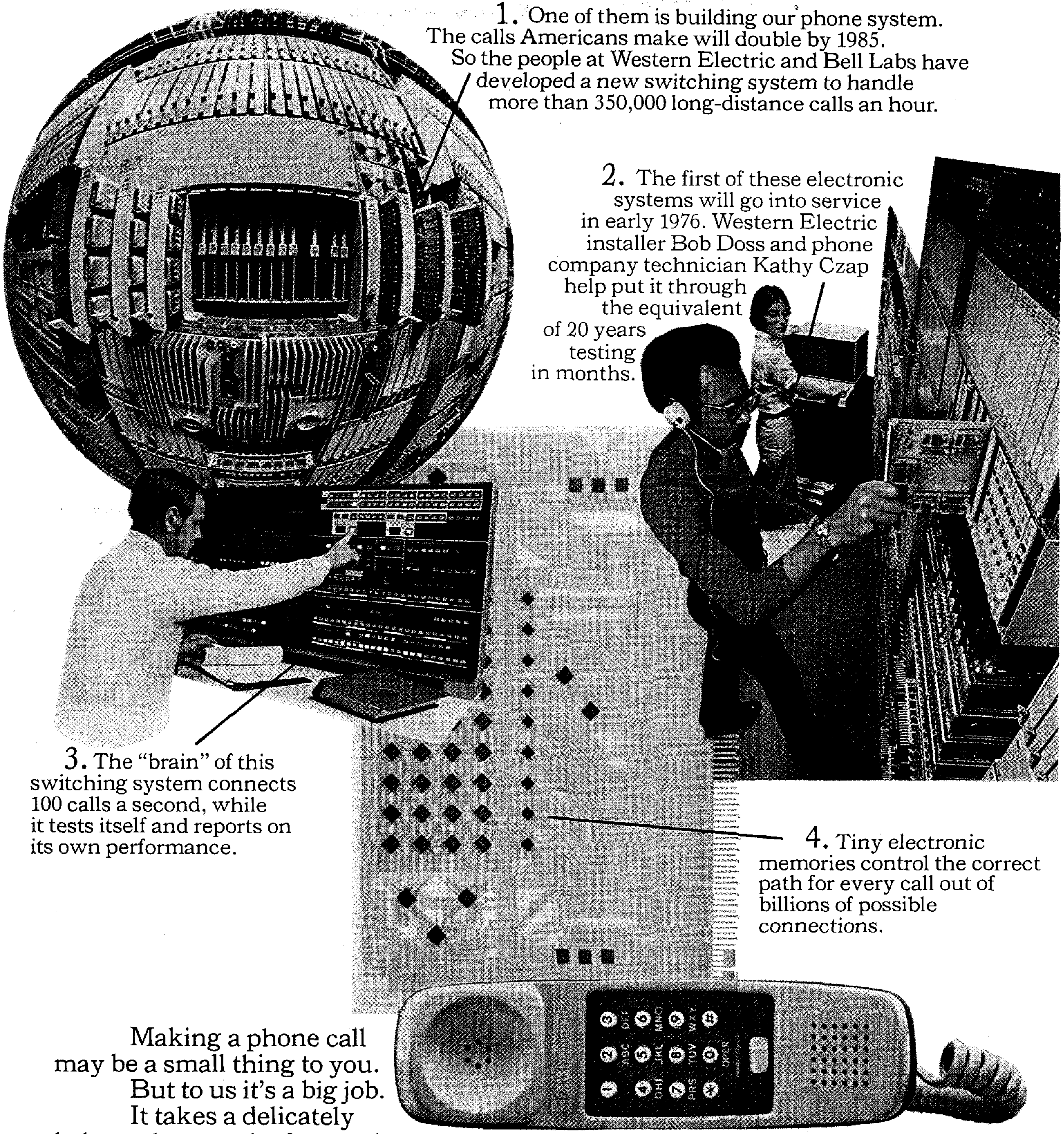

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on. But I thought that I could be more effective by working within."

Even before the A.E.C. was created, the atomic scientists had been considering the prospects for international control of atomic weapons. Rabi said, "Oppenheimer and I met frequently and discussed these questions thoroughly. I remember one meeting with him, on Christmas Day of 1945, in my apartment. From the window of my study we could watch blocks of ice floating past in the Hudson. We were then developing the ideas that became the basis of the Acheson-Lilienthal Report"—it was issued in March of 1946—"and, later on, the Bernard Baruch position, which the United States took in the United Nations. It was a most extraordinary kind of liberal position for the United States to take—that there be no private ownership and no national ownership of uranium and other fissionable materials. They should all be internationally owned under United Nations supervision. This was the actual American position, at a time when we had a monopoly on the atomic bomb."

In reading the Acheson-Lilienthal Report now—especially in the light of the nuclear-arms race, which appears to be spreading everywhere—one is struck by its sombre prescience. It has all the literary characteristics of Oppenheimer's style, and most people believe that it was largely written by him. A section entitled "The Elimination of International Rivalry" begins:

> It is clear that uranium and thorium are materials of great strategic importance to nations seeking to establish for themselves a powerful position in the field of atomic energy. The fact that rich sources of such materials occur in a relatively few places in the world, as compared, for example, with oil, creates a competitive situation which might easily produce intolerable tensions in international relations. We believe that so long as nations or their subjects engage in competition in the fields of atomic energy the hazards of atomic warfare are very great indeed. We assume the General Assembly of the United Nations, in setting up an Atomic Energy Commission, had this disturbing fact much in mind.
>
> What is true in respect to the dangers from national competition for uranium is similarly true concerning other phases of the development of atomic energy. Take the case of a controlled reactor, a power pile, producing plutonium. Assume an international agreement barring use of the plutonium in a bomb, but permitting use of the pile for heat or power. No system of inspection, we have concluded, could afford any reasonable security against the diversion of such materials to the purposes of war. If nations may engage in this dangerous field, and only national good faith and international policing stand in the way, *the very existence of*

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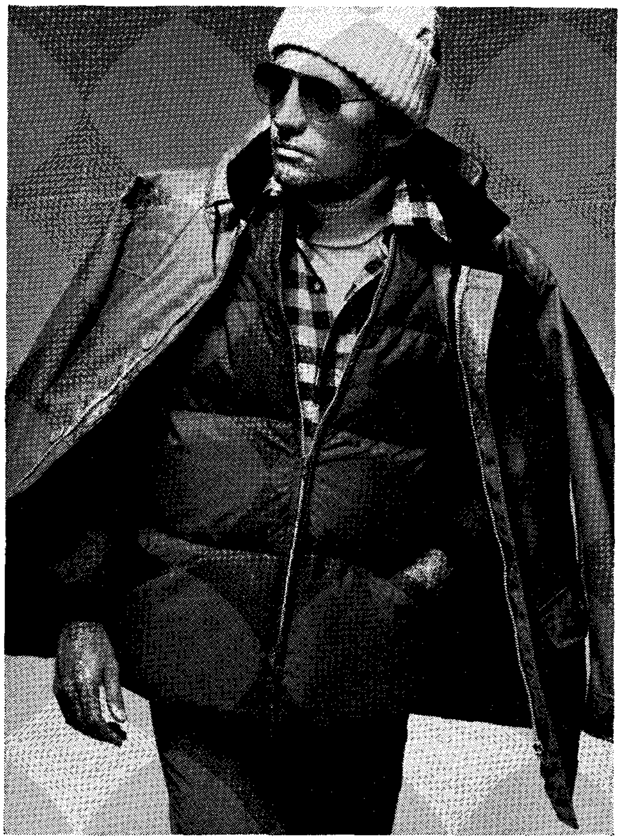

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the prohibition against the use of such piles to produce fissionable material suitable for bombs would tend to stimulate and encourage surreptitious evasions. This danger in the situation is attributable to the fact that this potentially hazardous activity is carried on by nations or their citizens.

It has become clear to us that if the element of rivalry between nations were removed by assignment of the intrinsically dangerous phases of the development of atomic energy to an international organization responsible to all peoples, a reliable prospect would be afforded for a system of security. For it is the element of rivalry and the impossibility of policing the resulting competition through inspection alone that make inspection unworkable as a sole means of control. With that factor of international rivalry removed, the problem becomes both hopeful and manageable.

The American proposal for international nuclear coöperation was submitted to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission by Baruch on June 14, 1946, but almost immediately Andrei Gromyko, on behalf of the Soviet government, began formulating objections to the plan, and it was eventually defeated. The reasons for the Soviet stand were certainly complex. It is quite likely that the Russians were, even at that time, well along with their own program for developing nuclear explosives—something that they may have begun during the war. (It is not generally realized that the British, too, had begun working on the development of nuclear fission before the organization of Los Alamos—indeed, long before the bomb project was taken seriously here. They were unable to proceed with the development, because they could not spare the resources during the war.) Besides, the Russians distrusted the Americans' motives. Rabi recalled conversations that he had at that time with Dmitri Skobeltsyn, a Russian physicist, who was with the Soviet United Nations delegation, and who came to see Rabi at Columbia informally. "Skobeltsyn was a good physicist and an intelligent man," he told me. "He would come to me with a copy of some fire-eating speech made by some senator. I would try to tell him not to pay any attention to it. But how could he believe me? I think they just didn't trust the whole thing. They thought that it was some capitalist trick and that we wouldn't adhere to the agreements. They felt that it was all a way of stopping them, and this belief was probably reinforced by the rather belligerent way in which Baruch actually presented the proposal. Or I think they felt that, and certainly it was natural for them to feel that." In any event, the nuclear-weapons race

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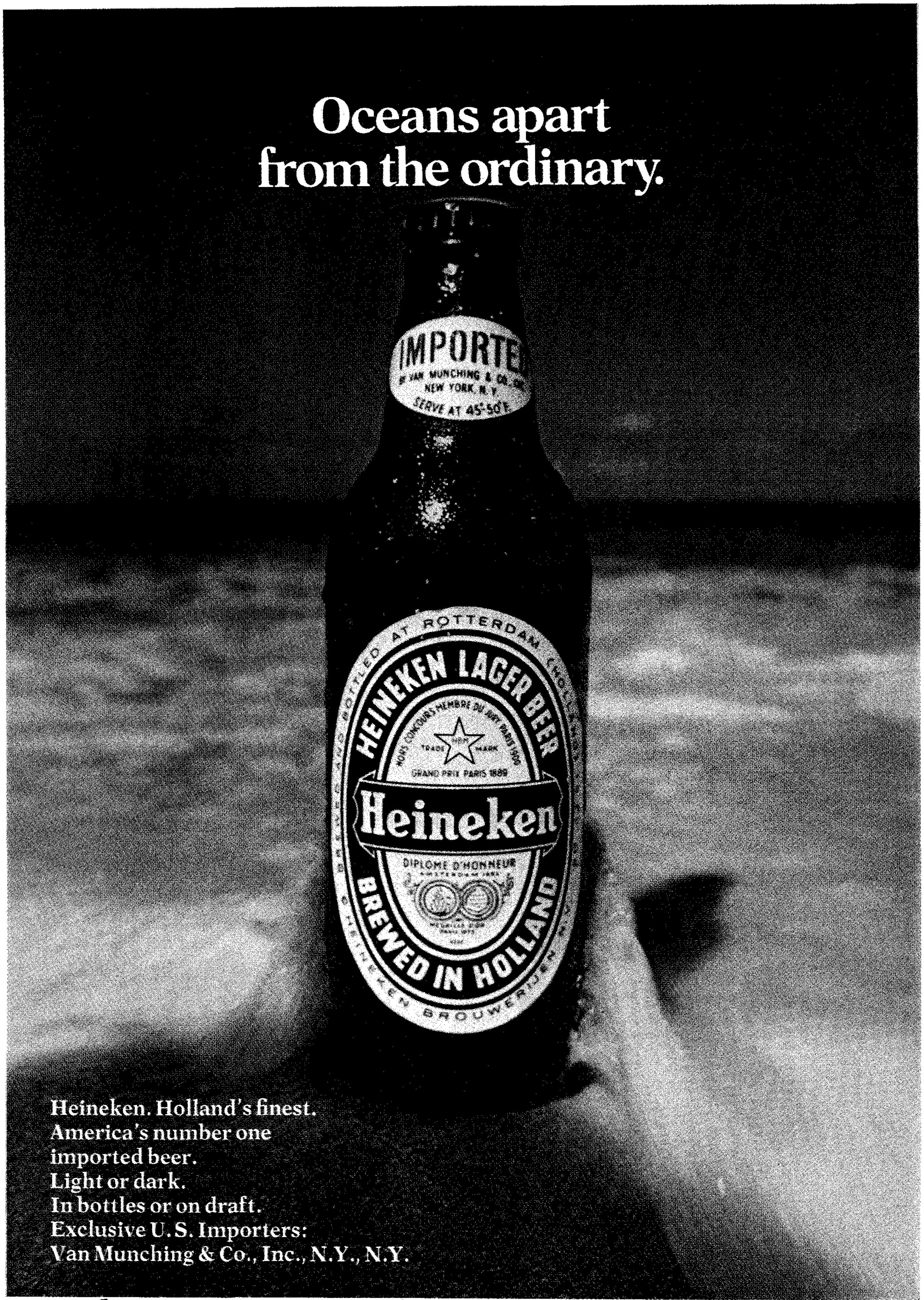
was on. In the summer of 1949, the Russians exploded their first atomic bomb, and the world has been living with the proliferation of nuclear weapons ever since.

On September 23, 1949, President Truman announced the Soviet atomic explosion. (After he left office, he indicated that he hadn't really believed that the Russians had exploded an actual bomb.) Among the people concerned with our own program, the Soviet test precipitated a crisis. Several influential physicists, including Edward Teller, of Los Alamos, and Ernest Lawrence and Luis Alvarez, of Berkeley (Lawrence won the Nobel Prize in physics in 1939, for having invented the cyclotron; Professor Alvarez won the prize in 1968, for his development of techniques for the detection of subatomic particles), felt that some decisive countermeasure was necessary, and that our government should begin a crash program to make "the Super"—a hydrogen bomb—since making such a bomb would guarantee our continuing vast superiority. It was the complex of events surrounding President Truman's decision, announced on January 31, 1950, that the A.E.C. "continue its work on all forms of atomic weapons, including the so-called hydrogen or superbomb," which led, four years later, to Oppenheimer's security-clearance hearing.

A great deal has been written about how the decision to make the Super was reached. Rabi, as a member of the General Advisory Committee, participated in the decision. I asked him what his recollections were of what had happened, and he said, "The Atomic Energy Commission was asked to give the President advice on whether or not to initiate a crash program to make a hydrogen bomb, and it asked the Advisory Committee." At that time—October of 1949—the members of the Advisory Committee, in addition to Rabi and Oppenheimer, were James Conant; Lee DuBridge; Enrico Fermi; Hartley Rowe, an engineer who had worked on materials procurement for the Manhattan Project; Cyril Smith, a metallurgist, who had been in charge of the metallurgy division at Los Alamos during the war; Oliver E. Buckley, president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and an expert on guided missiles; and Glenn Seaborg, of Berkeley, a noted chemist, who shared the Nobel Prize for chemistry with E. M. McMillan in 1951, for their discoveries of the transuranium elements. "It was a real crisis time, and the whole problem was so entangled that it is difficult for me to remember all the ins and outs of our debate. In fact, the debate was recorded but the tapes were deliberately destroyed soon afterward. It is a great pity that we cannot hear the voices of Fermi and Oppenheimer and the rest in that very fateful discussion," Rabi went on. "The problem that came up was this: All through the period at Los Alamos, and before, there had been a proposal for a bomb called the Super, on which work was being done. The general idea was to cause a fusion reaction involving hydrogen." Hydrogen nuclei (protons) are "fused" by confining them in close proximity at exceedingly high temperatures. When the fusion takes place, the resultant nucleus—deuterium, for example—is less massive than the sum of the masses of its constituents. This mass loss is converted into energy according to Einstein's formula $E=mc^2$, m in this case standing for the mass loss. "It was an interesting idea, except that whatever specific theoretical proposal was made didn't seem to produce a self-propagating chain reaction," Rabi went on. Such a reaction was necessary to generate enough energy to cause a large-scale explosion. "Beautiful and clever calculations were made about it, and even more brilliant calculations to show that it wouldn't work. It began to be more and more evident that if there were such a device it would have to be enormous. A ship would be needed to hold it. And then there was the question of how it would be set off. Would the fusion process spread—'propagate'—throughout the nuclear fuel or simply confine itself to a small part of it? Would it cool off after you got it ignited? Since it would be at a very, very high temperature, would the device radiate away that heat and cool off before it could explode? Nevertheless, after the Russian explosion, certain people thought that we did need some counterthrust. And Lawrence, Alvarez, and Teller felt that the only thing to do was to go full tilt for this Super. In fact, during the Los Alamos period some people felt that it should have higher priority than the ordinary fission bomb. 'We shouldn't dillydally with the fission bomb but go for the Super'—so said some very eminent physicists. Not very sensible, but very eminent. I wonder what they think about that now. Anyway, after the Russian explosion they wanted to go ahead with a specific Super model. This model is what came up before the committee. There were two objections to it. In the first place,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Water roaring through spillways at Ice Harbor Dam is no problem in the spring. In the fall, engineers try to avoid it, using computer control to conserve energy.

Saving energy in the Pacific Northwest

Three dams on the lower Snake River in Washington can generate over 1.2 million kilowatts—enough to supply 200,000 homes. An IBM computer makes sure they do it with the least possible waste of energy.

The spillways and turbines at each dam are linked to a single computer, which controls them automatically to get the most power and the least spillage from any given level of water flow.

"In the spring, when we've got plenty of water coming down, the control problem isn't critical," says project engineer Gordon Richardson. "But in late summer and early fall we don't want to spill anything if we can help it. The computer gives us the control to maintain the maximum head of water at each dam and still sustain our power load at the top levels."

The computer receives information about water height, rates of flow and power levels from 96 sensing devices at the three dams. It reacts immediately to open or close the spillways and direct water to the turbines.

"Things change too often to control these dams any other way," says Richardson. "You have to keep changing your calculations all the time to cope with what the river's doing. With the computer we can handle it and know that we're maximizing efficiency. We get the most power we can out of the water that comes down to us. And that helps to keep the cost of power down for all the consumers served by the Northwest Power Grid."

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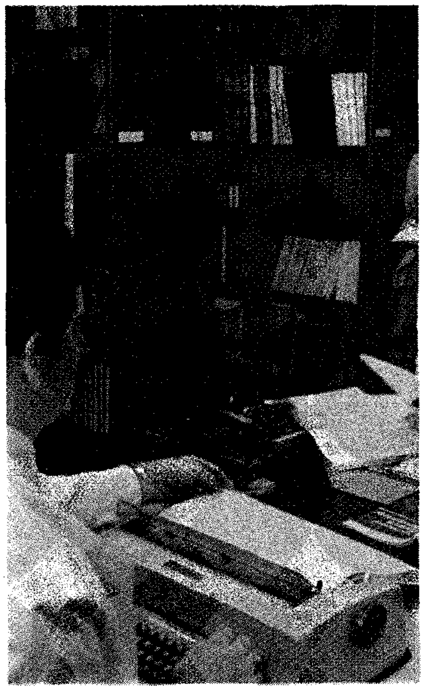
Today a doctor, research scientist, nurse or medical student can pick up a phone at a computer terminal in 300 bio-medical institutions throughout the U.S. and get a list of the latest articles on any medical subject in minutes.

The system is called Medline, and its center is an IBM computer at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. Medline contains detailed references to more than half a million medical articles published during the last three years. And 3,000 journals from some 70 countries are indexed regularly to keep it up-to-date.

In the past year Medline has been used more than 270,000 times. Agreements between the NLM and institutions in seven nations and the World Health Organization make these computerized reference retrieval services available to physicians and scientists in other countries.



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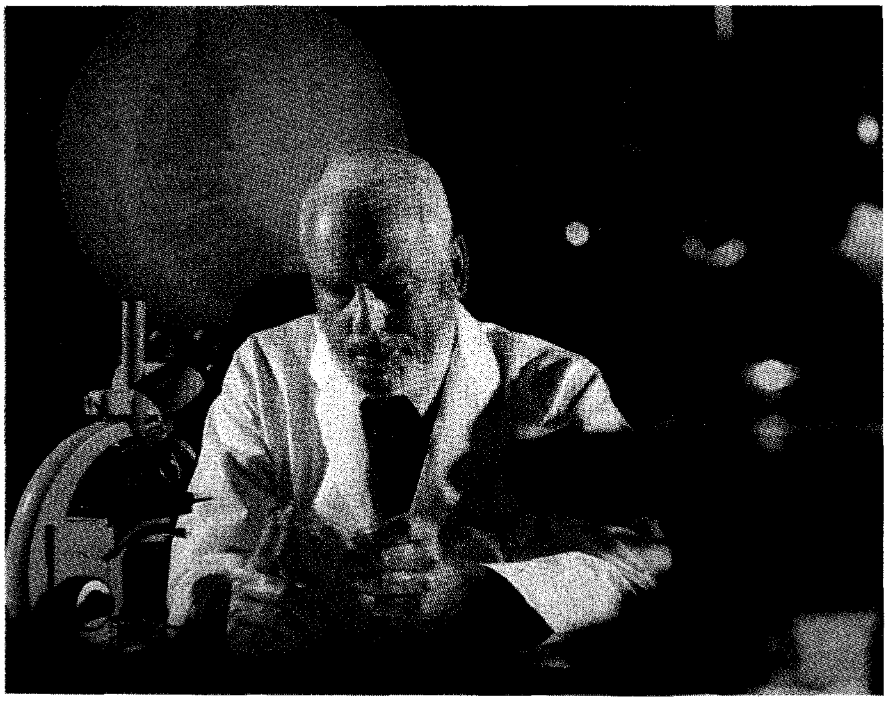


Pathologist Dr. Donald McGrew studies slide of a malignant melanoma (skin cancer).

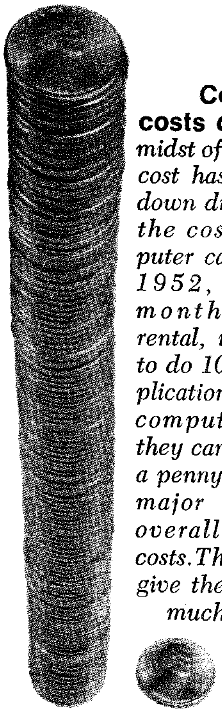
Cancer tracked in a hot climate

In Visalia, California, a small farming town near Fresno, Dr. Donald McGrew is using an IBM computer to record cancer cases and follow up on their treatment. He keeps the records for the Kaweah Regional Tumor Board, which is accredited by the American College of Surgeons.

A full report on each patient is stored in the computer, containing background information, diagnosis, treatment and current condition.

"The board reviews about four new cases a week," says Dr. McGrew. "The computer can summarize our experience in similar cases very quickly. And our experience here may differ from the norm. We have three blistering summer months here, with temperatures over 100 degrees, and we get more malignant melanoma than the average."

Doctors can use this information in arriving at diagnoses and prescribing the most effective forms of treatment for their patients.



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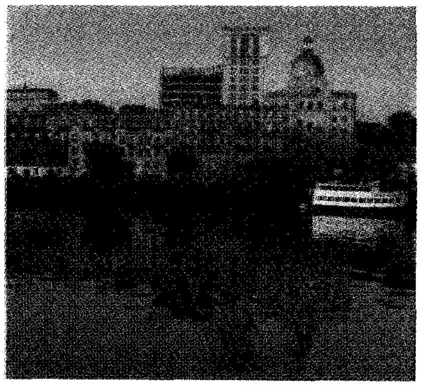
Keeping the pumps working in Savannah

Most of Savannah, Georgia, is only five to ten feet above sea level. This, plus the soft sandiness of the soil, requires shallow sewer depths. Sixty-five pumping stations are needed to transport waste water to the central water pollution control plant—making the reliable performance of the pumps critical.

To help assure their reliability, all 65 stations are monitored by an IBM computer.

Until 1974, when the computer was installed, the maintenance crews had to spend most of their time travelling in order to check all the stations just once a day.

"If something went wrong just after a check," says water pollution control administrator Don Bowman, "we wouldn't find out about it until the next day. But now our men can respond immediately. And they get twice as much time for normal maintenance, because of all the travel time we save."



A computer helps monitor the pollution-control pumps essential to the city of Savannah, which is just above sea level.

Toward more effective smog control

Most people who have ever lived in an urban center plagued by photochemical smog, which results from a combination of auto exhaust fumes and sunlight, would agree on two things—it is very unpleasant and ought to be eliminated. One problem is that the complex chemical reactions which produce smog are poorly understood.

Scientists Heinrich Hunziker and H. Russell Wendt have taken a step toward understanding at least part of the process. Working at IBM's San Jose Research Laboratory, they developed a method which identified the frequencies at which a key smog component, called the hydroperoxyl radical (HO_2), absorbs infrared light. This gives researchers, for the first time, an unmistakable way of identifying the presence of the radical, and thus may help in determining the reactions which create photochemical smog.

Other IBM scientists are using an IBM computer to predict the properties of HO_2 and related smog components, helping to build a better scientific basis for smog control.

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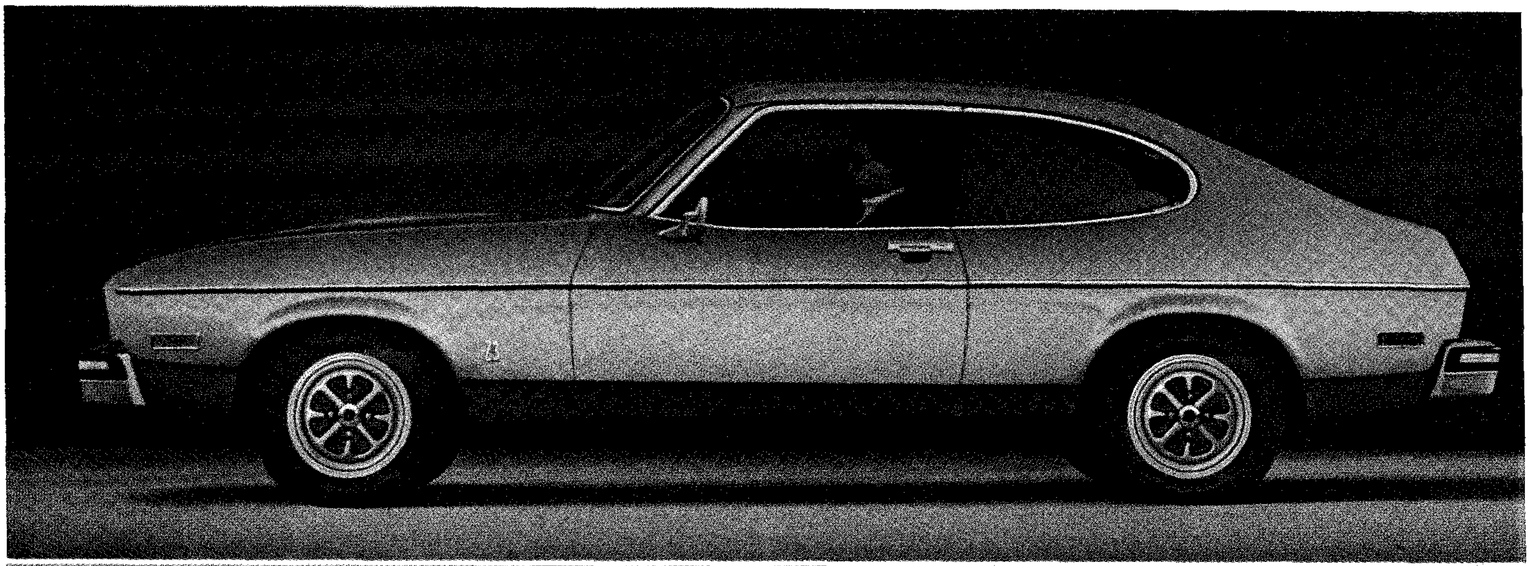

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it was a very chancy thing, because, basically, we didn't know how to make it. And then, just about this time, it was shown that it wouldn't work, it wouldn't propagate—at least, not that particular model. But the general kind of thing they were talking about would have been absolutely devastating if it had worked, because it was so big. Well, the Super people pressed the Atomic Energy Commission to give this program first priority. They wanted to try various configurations of this general type. There was no way we had of refuting these models in general. A man could come in with some configuration and be strongly in favor of it, and it might take three months or more of calculations, by some very brilliant people, to find out if it had a chance. There were no experiments, and the constants weren't known, or anything of that sort. It was like dealing with some of the perpetual-motion people. You show them why something doesn't work, and they say, 'Fine. Thank you,' and the next day they're back with a modification.

"In any event, there was strong agreement within the committee that we should not go ahead. We all agreed that if it could be made to work it would be a terrible thing. It would be awful for humanity altogether. It might give this country a temporary advantage, but then the others would catch up—and it would just louse up life. Fermi and I said that we should use this as an excuse to call a world conference for the nations to agree, for the time being, not to do further research on this."

Rabi and Fermi wrote, in an addendum to the full committee's report to the A.E.C., "The fact that no limits exist to the destructiveness of this weapon makes its very existence and the knowledge of its construction a danger to humanity as a whole. It is necessarily an evil thing considered in any light. For these reasons we believe it important for the President of the United States to tell the American public and the world that we think it is wrong on fundamental ethical principles to initiate the development of such a weapon."

"Fermi and I felt that if the conference should be a failure and we couldn't get agreement to stop this research and had to go ahead, we could then do so in good conscience," Rabi said. "Some of the others, notably Conant, felt that no matter what happened it shouldn't be made. It would just louse up the world. So the committee unanimously agreed not to go ahead with it with this high priority, especially since we were doing very

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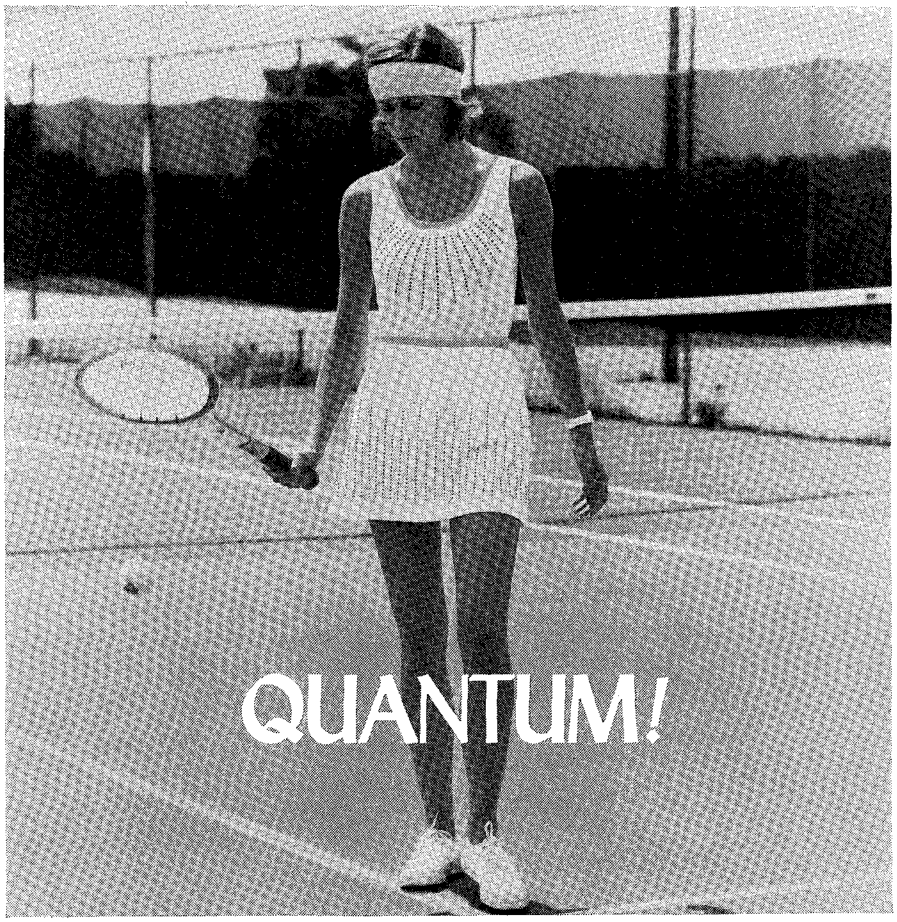

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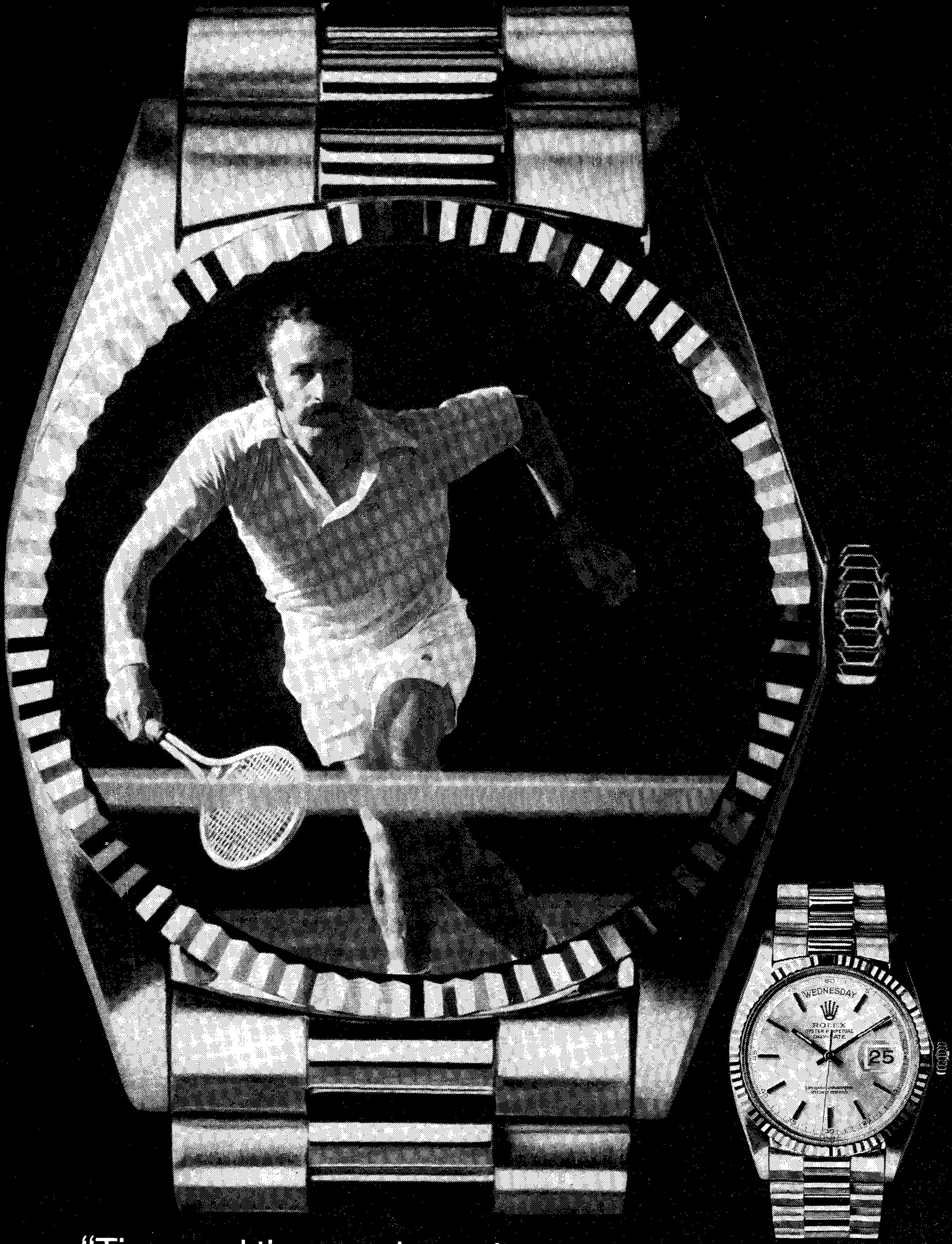
well in the development of the fission bomb. One member was absent—Glenn Seaborg—and I don't know how he would have voted if he had been there for the discussions. Well, the committee's report to the A.E.C. caused a lot of flak—a lot of consternation—in some circles, and especially with the Berkeley group and Teller. I think we persuaded some members of the commission, but one, Lewis Strauss, got into an absolute dither. The Berkeley people and Strauss went around and talked to newspapermen all over, and to the House and the Senate, and whatnot. Furthermore, it was just about then that Klaus Fuchs was arrested in London for espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union." Fuchs had been at Los Alamos from December of 1944 to June of 1946, working on, among other things, the primitive Super program. He was in a unique position to have complete knowledge of American efforts up to that point to make a Super. "All of this got to President Truman and built up such a head of steam that he was practically forced to declare that he was going to give the Super top priority. Now, around this very time, some experiments that were suggested by Teller and Ulam"—this was Stanislaw Ulam, a brilliant Polish-born American mathematician, who was at Los Alamos during and after the war—"gave rise to a new idea for making a thermonuclear reaction. It bore no relation to the original Super, and in a fairly short time it was shown to be a practical thing, which could be calculated. And the General Advisory Committee backed it—with reluctance, because of all the problems it would create. But it was not the horrendous first thing. It was a terrible thing, but not the original Super. It came not long after Truman's original decision, so the two devices got mixed up in people's minds. Now, I never forgave Truman for buckling under pressure. He simply did not understand what it was about. As a matter of fact, after he stopped being President he still didn't believe that the Russians had had a bomb in 1949. He said so. So for him to have alerted the world that we were going to make a hydrogen bomb at a time when we didn't even know how to make one was one of the worst things he could have done. It shows the dangers in this kind of thing. He didn't have his own scientific people to consult and give him an impartial picture."

IN 1952, Oppenheimer's term of office as chairman of the committee expired, and Rabi became chairman. In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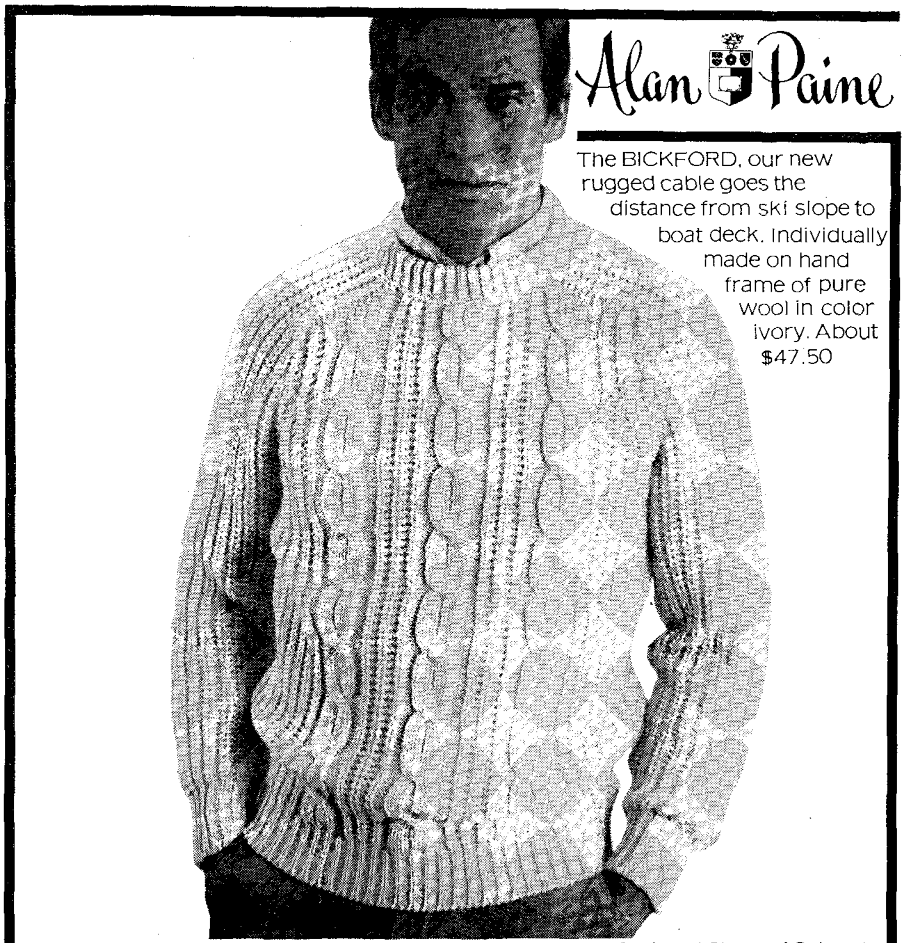
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addition, Rabi played a key role in developing the concept of a special science advisory service that would be responsible to the President and work directly with him. The concept had had its origins the year before in the Truman Administration. A Science Advisory Committee was set up under the direction, at first, of Oliver Buckley, from the General Advisory Committee of the A.E.C. The Science Advisory Committee met in the Office of Defense Mobilization once every few months. Rabi joined the group after it had been in existence for about a year. Rabi remembers going to see Truman and telling him he was about to write an article that would contain some ideas about lifting secrecy in the atomic-weapons field which might conflict with the President's own ideas. Recalling this visit, Rabi told me, "Truman said, 'I don't muzzle anybody. You go ahead and write what you think.' I didn't have much actual talk with him, but I was impressed by how direct a man he was. I could have seen much more of him if I had wanted to, but all the time I was in government I believed in working through channels. Since I was a professor at Columbia and had my job here in New York, I felt that if I tried to do something by going over the people's heads I wouldn't get anywhere. The full-time people were in Washington, and here I was in New York. I might have had some success in one thing or another, but then the man on the job can do all sorts of lobbying while you are away. Going over people's heads didn't seem like a sensible thing to do unless I wanted to move to Washington and be a full-time adviser, which I never had any desire to do."

To the surprise of many physicists, Rabi publicly supported Dwight Eisenhower in both his election campaigns against Adlai Stevenson, whose intellectual qualities appealed to most scientists. I asked Rabi if subsequent events had caused him to change his views. "No," he said. "I think Eisenhower, when it's really added up, will turn out to have been a great President in those difficult times. All I can say is that in the eight years of his Presidency, in spite of fantastically wonderful opportunities to go to war, and in spite of having Mr. Dulles around, who was a real fire-eater, and having Mr. Nixon as Vice-President, he managed to evade it. As soon as he stepped out, President Kennedy couldn't resist these confrontations—the beginnings of the Vietnam war—and, of course, President Truman, before

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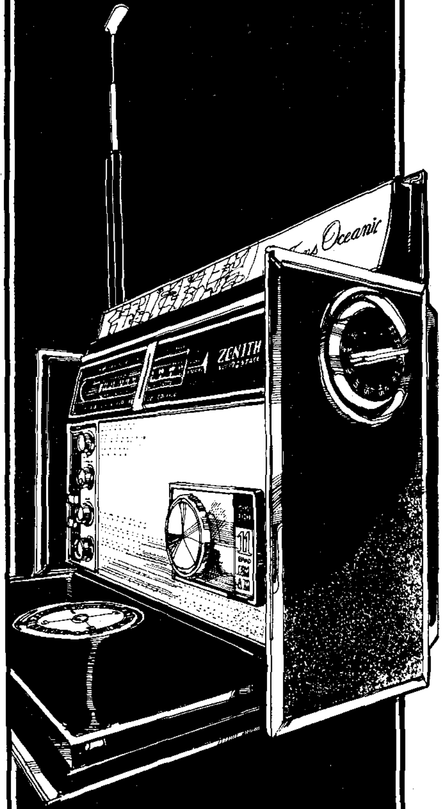

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him, couldn't resist going to Korea."

Rabi had an especially good rapport with Eisenhower, whom he had known from the years between 1948 and 1952, when Eisenhower was president of Columbia. "It was possible to talk openly with Eisenhower," he said. Rabi helped to convince President Eisenhower to create the position of Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology. "The job of the Special Assistant was to understand the President, his personality, his strengths and limitations, and then to try to advise him and to anticipate his problems, if possible, and to keep the President interested," Rabi said. "The job was not to be a great man around the place but to understand the President's problems and be helpful. During this period, I was chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee, so I was able to talk to Eisenhower about this. I told him that he should pick a person he liked and could get along with, who could be his confidant in many matters. The President himself cannot be expected to see the scientific aspects of the problems that come before him. He needs someone who is with him on an almost day-to-day basis. Otherwise, the various agencies of government—the Department of Defense and the other departments—can tell him anything, and he has no recourse of his own. If he had his own science adviser, he could say, 'Look at what these people are telling me. Can you find out more about it?' Then, through the science adviser and the President's Science Advisory Committee, the best scientific minds in the country could be marshalled for such problems on a purely ad-hoc basis and report to him. Furthermore, if he had some worries about how the departments were doing—particularly the Department of Defense, spending all that money and with all that technology—he could ask the adviser to look into it. I felt that all this was very important, and later Eisenhower said that he didn't know how he lived without it before—otherwise, he really couldn't know about these technological things. No President can. That's what so astonished me about President Nixon. He had this instrument working for him, and he just threw it away. It was unbelievable. To this day, I can't understand the thought processes that went into that—except that it may have been that clique around him, who were very intolerant about dissent from their views."

The first Special Assistant for Science and Technology was appointed in 1957, at the time of Sputnik. He was

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James Killian, the president of M.I.T. He resigned in 1959 and was succeeded by George Kistiakowsky, a chemist from Harvard, who, under President Kennedy, was succeeded by Jerome Wiesner. Rabi told me that as time went on he felt that the original purpose of the post, and of the committee, had been lost sight of. "The President's Science Advisory Committee went into more subjects than I thought we could really handle," he said. "Some of the members felt, for example, that we should do something about science education, and we set up a panel for education, and so on. We set up an Office of Science and Technology, with not a big staff—but still a considerable staff. And after we got what we thought were competent people into the scientific side of the Department of Defense, we took less interest in that side of things. So in a sense we moved away from and lost the ideal that we had started with—not to try to make policy but to advise the President. This narrow thing of advising the President. But it was effective anyway. People inside and outside the government who needed support for their scientific work had a representative—people, for example, from the Department of State or the Department of Commerce. So the committee may have moved away from its special function of advising the President, but it did represent a strong central focus for science. It raised the level of science in all the departments. Most of the Cabinet members came to have some sort of assistant secretary for science and technology. And another result was that most countries with whom we had to deal—England, France, Germany, and so on—set up ministries of science and technology along this general line. Now we're one of the few countries that no longer has such a thing. Of course, there was no way of making a President like his science adviser once he had been appointed, but still he didn't want to fire him. So he made less and less use of him and of the Science Advisory Committee, too. This is what happened during the Johnson Administration, and we had very little contact with Johnson. The committee was still useful, but not on this narrow thing of giving advice to the President. We were never once consulted, for example, on the war in Vietnam."

The beginning of the Eisenhower years was a bleak time for most American physicists. The Oppenheimer security-clearance hearing came at the height of the McCarthy period, when it was not at all clear that civil liberties—not to mention science—were going to survive in this country. The

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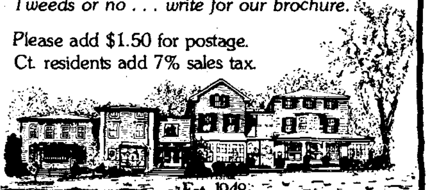

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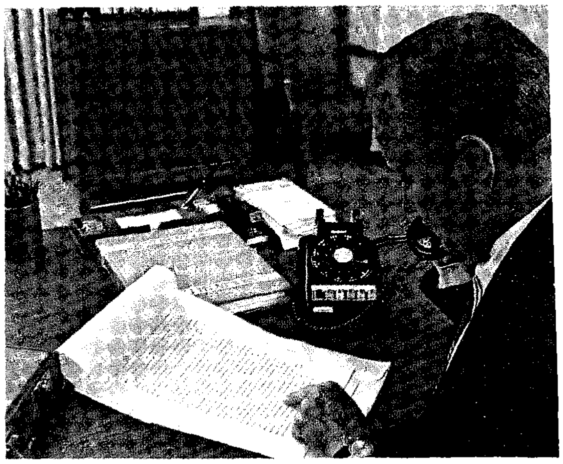

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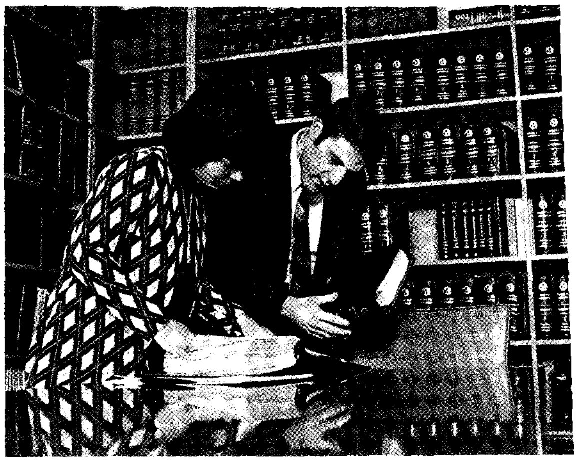

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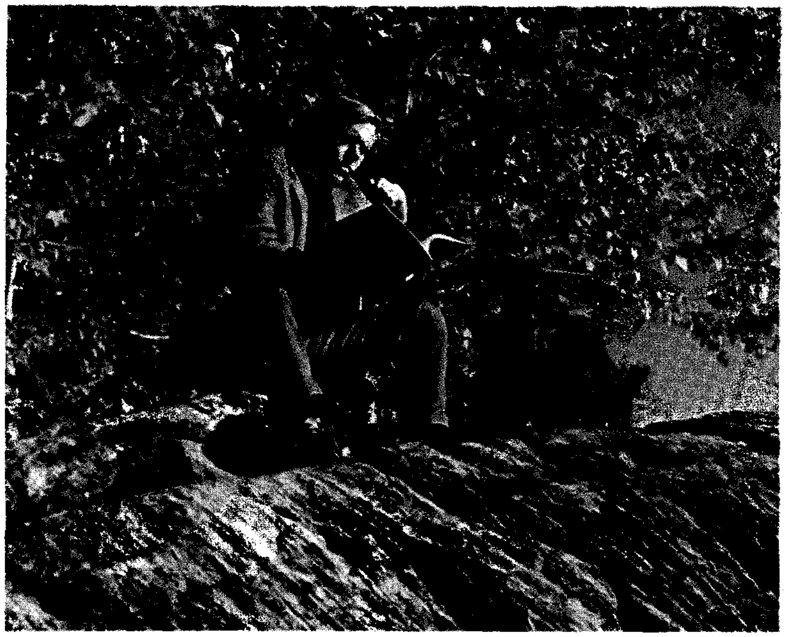

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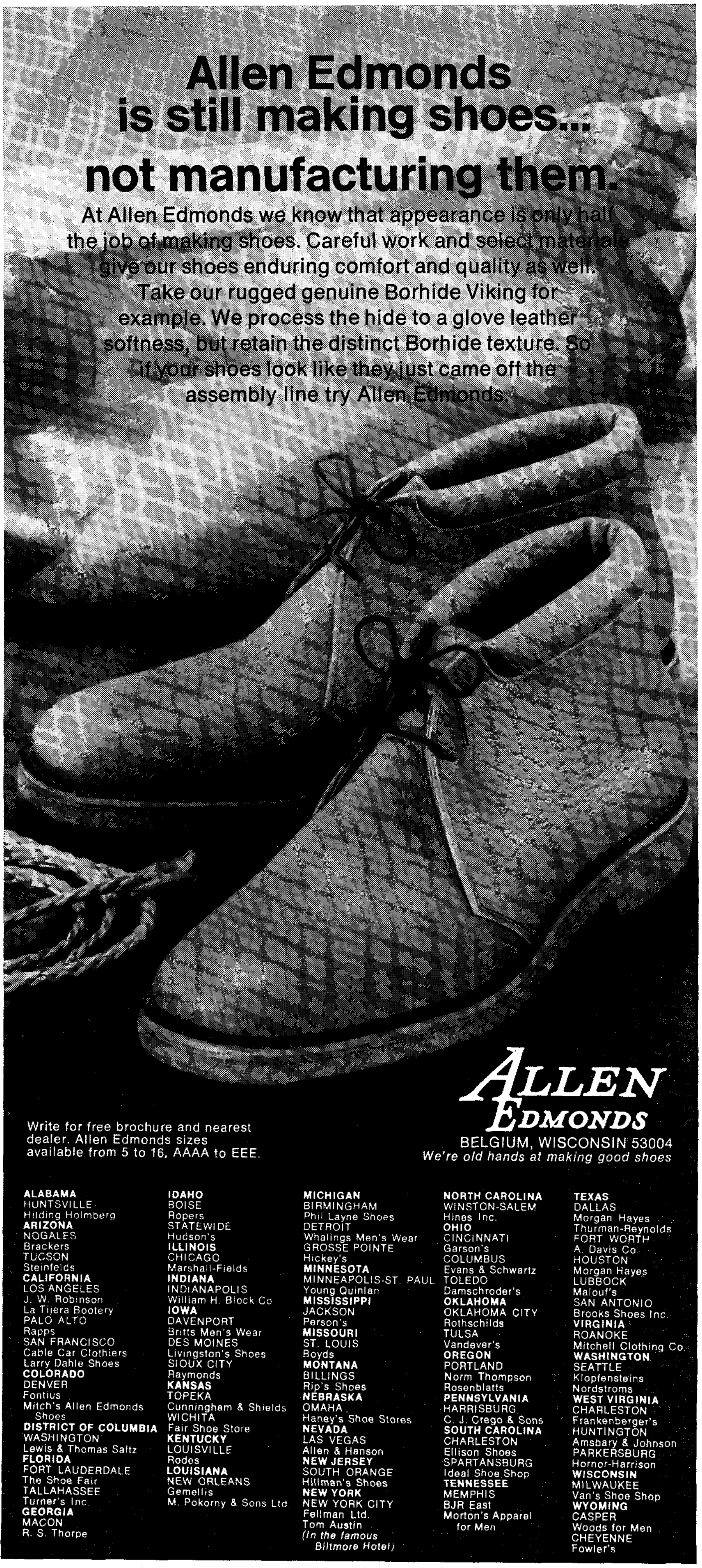
hearing itself began at the headquarters of the A.E.C. on April 12, 1954. It was conducted by a special panel of the commission, and the ostensible issue that the panel was to decide was whether or not to declare Oppenheimer a "security risk" and hence to deprive him of his clearance to work on classified material. In reality, essentially all the supposedly negative material brought out against Oppenheimer had been reviewed in numerous prior security hearings, in which Oppenheimer had been cleared. This fact, combined with the extralegal quality of the proceedings (courtroom rules of evidence were rarely followed), outraged most scientists—as did the absurd idea that Oppenheimer could be "walled off" from a set of ideas that he as much as anyone was responsible for creating. Nonetheless, on May 27, 1954, the panel decided against Oppenheimer, thus ending his government service and casting a shadow over him—a shadow from which he was never able to emerge. In 1957, when I was a visiting member of the Institute for Advanced Study, of which Oppenheimer was then the director, I once, by chance, took a train ride with him from Princeton to New York. I was not much more than a graduate student and, of course, I hardly knew Oppenheimer, but for some reason he began telling me about what he referred to as his "case." The principal thing that stayed with me from that conversation was his remark that throughout the hearing it felt to him as if it were happening to someone else. In a sense, he found it so unbelievable that, certainly at the beginning, he did not take it seriously—perhaps not seriously enough. But even if he had taken it seriously the outcome, in all probability, would have been the same.

Rabi was one of the strongest witnesses in Oppenheimer's defense. That testifying for Oppenheimer might prejudice his own governmental role was of no concern to him. At one point in the hearing, he was told—and this was fairly typical of the level on which the hearing was conducted—that "perhaps the board may be in possession of information which is not now available to you," but with no indication of whether or not there was such information or in what area it might be. Rabi agreed that there might be such information—some incident not specifically known to him—and then he said, "On the other hand, *I* am in possession of a long experience with this man, going back to 1929, which is twenty-five years." Any such specific piece of information, he pointed



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out, must be taken together with the "sum." And he went on, "That is what novels are about. There is a dramatic moment in the history of the man—what made him act, what he did, and what sort of person he was. That is what you are really doing here. You are writing a man's life." Unfortunately, that was not what the board was really doing. It was trying to get Oppenheimer out of government service with a maximum of disgrace, so that his influence would forever after be diminished—at least in the government. In this, the board succeeded completely.

It is an element of high tragedy that the selection of the victim is, somehow, never completely accidental. There were aspects of Oppenheimer's character that played into the hands of this kind of inquest. I asked Rabi for his opinion of how Oppenheimer had become vulnerable. Rabi said, "When I first met him, in late 1928, he was *absolutely apolitical*. He was an aesthetic man. He even contributed to *The Hound & Horn*—a very highbrow magazine that was then being put out by some group at Harvard. But in the Hitler period he sort of became interested in politics. I think he had some relatives in Germany. So, somehow or other, perhaps through friends, he got interested in teachers' unions and things like that. And you know Oppenheimer—once he got interested in something, he went right in to become the leader of it. Just as it was in physics—he would sit there in Princeton like a spider in the center of a web, with all sorts of lines of communication everywhere. I remember one time I was visiting Berkeley and I went up to a group of physicists and said as a joke, 'I see you have your genius costumes on.' The next day, in Princeton, Oppenheimer knew that I had said that. You can see that once he got into something he'd be in it with both feet. He was practically running the teachers' union at Berkeley in the thirties, with its left-wing connections. He became quite an expert—I don't know how much of one—on Marxist theory. In those days, he was sort of philosophical, deeply interested in religious things bordering on mysticism. I think he never lost that interest. He had that streak, which could sometimes be very foolish."

I remarked to Rabi that some of the things that emerged during Oppenheimer's hearing seemed to me to be the product of unfortunate human judgments on Oppenheimer's part.

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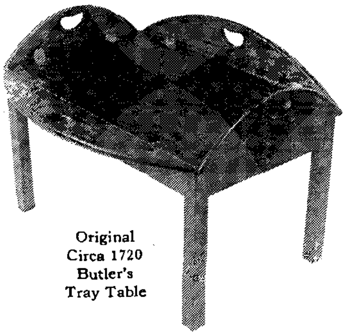

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times he just liked to tell tall stories," Rabi answered. "His being called for a hearing at all was due partly to his tall stories. He hated not to be in on anything. He was a very adaptable fellow. When he was riding high and had support, there was nobody more arrogant. When he felt that things were against him, he could play the victim, and he did. If you read the transcript of the hearing, you feel he was the victim. If you read some other things, like his testimony in the Senate, you find he was fantastic. You could see that the man was in complete control. He would answer a question in such a way as to provoke the next question, for which he was ready. It's a wonderful thing to read—he was a most remarkable fellow. After the hearing, I was asked into government service more than I really wanted to be. I could have got into a position of very great influence, which I didn't want. I was kind of modest about the amount of wisdom one could contribute on a part-time basis, and I was not ready to take one of those responsible administrative jobs. When Oppenheimer retired from the chairmanship of the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission, in 1952, I became chairman, and I remained chairman for four years and then retired. That position gave me the opportunity to contribute to what I think was the most important thing that we did, and was the real basis of our détente with Russia—organizing the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy."

Rabi told me that Dag Hammarskjöld had been of the opinion that the Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, which took place in Geneva in 1955, was the most important diplomatic event of the nineteen-fifties. "It made a very great difference in the whole idea of atomic secrets," Rabi said. "We and the Russians were forced to declassify a whole field of nuclear physics and technology in order to take a position at the conference. Declassifying the papers one by one would have taken forever. We simply opened up the field. There was an exchange of technical information that came to more than twenty volumes. It was the first time the Western scientists and the Soviet scientists had met together in an important international cause. It introduced a human as well as a scientific connection. Unlike the usual cultural exchanges—like sending a ballet troupe to Russia or getting the Bolshoi to come here, which I don't decry at all—this connected the posi-

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tions of power to these very important issues. It was the first time that such a group had been even thinkable. The scientists met, they got to know one another, and in this way they were able to influence their own governments. I think it changed the whole direction of things. My job was to persuade Strauss, who was then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, to persuade Eisenhower to have such a meeting. We then had to get the State Department to put it forth as a proposal at the United Nations. We had to persuade other countries not to oppose it in the U.N. My whole purpose was not just to get *people* together but to get the *governments* together—to get them to have a high stake in it, at a high level. It had to be a big conference. It had to have enormous publicity, and it had to involve national prestige. Unlike the papers at the usual scientific conferences, these papers were to be presented not as the work of individuals but by governments. I helped Dag Hammarskjöld select the seven countries that were to be on the organizing committee. We chose Canada, because it had a lot of uranium; Brazil, as a representative of the South American countries; India, which had some thorium sands, as the Asian representative; England and France; and, of course, Russia and ourselves. Then the committee met to decide what sort of conference it should be. The great danger was that it might lead to something terrible. So we had to have a conference that was run by countries, but with a kind of agreement that nothing political would enter the rules of procedure. That was a terrific thing to arrange. It took a full week for twenty-two simple rules of procedure to be agreed on. The Russians opposed us at every turn, and when the final vote came it was counted: 'One, two, three, four, five, six'—and then Hammarskjöld turned to the Russian delegation and said, 'You see, the vote is against you,' and the chief Soviet delegate said, 'But I haven't voted.' Hammarskjöld apologized profusely, and the Russians voted with the rest of the countries. To this day, I don't know whether the Russians objections to the rules of procedure were an attempt to be able to insinuate politics into the conference or were a test of the sincerity of the West to hold such a conference. But, believe me, the effort was tremendous."

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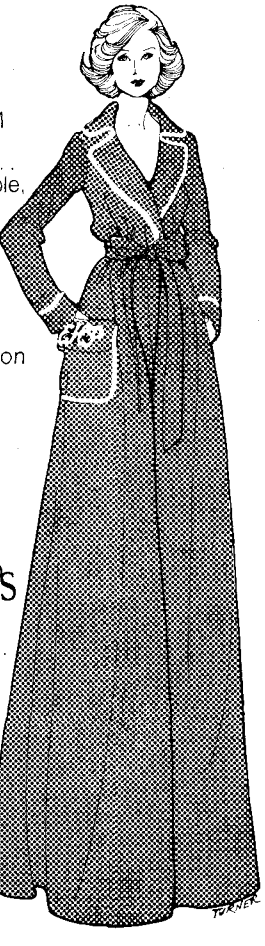

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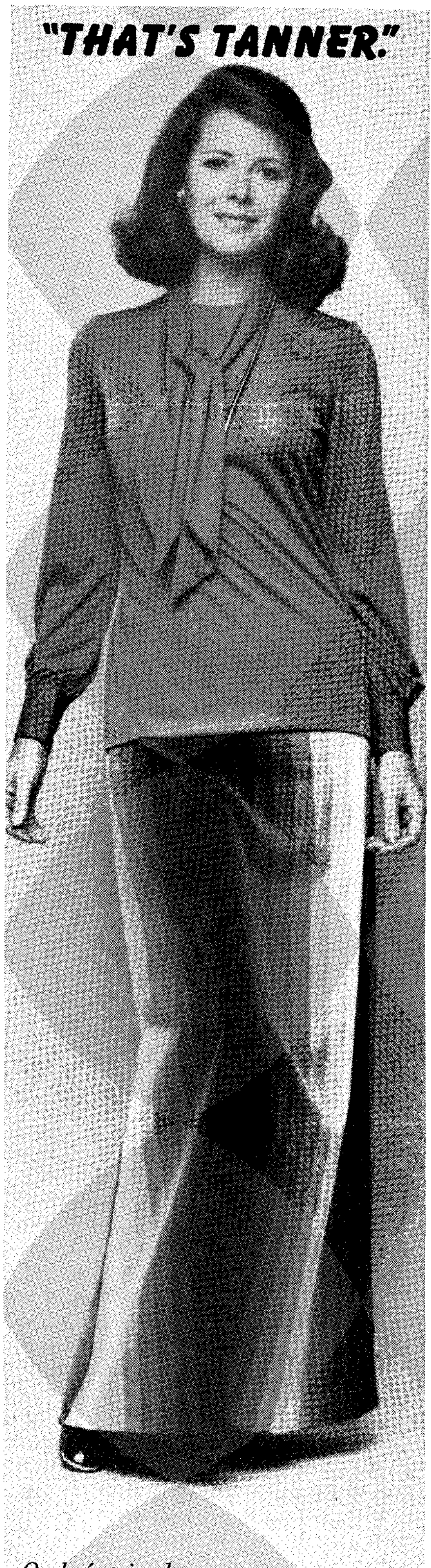
which allowed him complete freedom to do anything he wanted as far as teaching was concerned, and which he held for three years. Columbia professors must retire on the June 30th following their sixty-eighth birthday. Since Rabi was born on July 29, 1898, his retirement was on June 30, 1967, when he became a professor emeritus. "Retirement held no terrors for me," Rabi remarked not long ago. "I've been fortunate—had a very blessed kind of existence. I have seen what happens to older people—I can see that this kind of existence comes to an end. Although I have been basically retired, I have retained some connections with industry, many with government—things like the old President's Science Advisory Committee, the U.N., NATO, and the International Atomic Energy Agency. I am a member of various boards of trustees—the Hebrew University, in Jerusalem, and The Mount Sinai Hospital, here in the city. I am not bored at all, and I still have this close connection with one of the great physics departments of the world. On my free days, I can go over there and walk down the hall, and some of the greatest minds in the world are right there. I have not devoted myself to science lately—it's just plain too hard. As you know, I keep somewhat in touch with it, but not in a creative way. I don't think I could do that. I'm always afraid of being a stuffed shirt—making do with pretense rather than actuality. I have been too close to really good science. There are some cases of people who have done good things after they got the Nobel Prize, but if you set that standard the chance of doing something like that again is not great, and it's very hard to be satisfied with less. You have to face it: part of it is accident. You were there with an idea at the right time, and so had the opportunity to do the work. Great scientists usually show up when and where in the history of science they are needed. Of course, people don't just appear out of a zero environment. They usually have had a teacher—somebody in that field, somebody in that tradition. But they can appear at the wrong time. I know perfectly well that there are people living now who could have created quantum mechanics, but they were born too late. It had already been done. Nobody's going to rediscover Newton's laws of motion—and, in that sense, neither would you expect Newton to do it again. Although you might say that he almost did. Einstein was beyond anybody; he did three great things—rela-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tivity, gravitation, and the quantum theory."

I asked Rabi if he had been doing much lecturing in the last few years.

"Not very much," he replied.

"Do you like to give lectures?"

"Once I am started, I don't mind," he said. "I used to like to do it. Now it's a matter of going to a place for a short time and meeting all sorts of people for a short time. There is a general futility about it. One is almost an entertainer. In some cases, people do remember a lecture, and something comes out of it. You work for those cases. But they are very few. No, I'm not the kind to lecture, although I have got a great deal out of lectures that I have heard other people give. I think lecturing is a fine thing, especially for Americans, because we learn through the ear. In most of our education, that is the method. An Englishman is more likely to read, but we are not a country of readers. We'll even tolerate lectures on subjects for which a textbook exists. In England or Germany, this is unheard of. If somebody has written it down, why go to a lecture? But Americans will go."

I asked Rabi what had particularly struck him in the development of physics since the Second World War, and he answered, "Two things. First, the wonderful developments that have come out of the old physics—the prewar physics—as a result of the new points of view. For example, the whole new development of maser and laser physics came from Einstein's theory of stimulated emission, which he presented in 1917." This is the theory that when atoms are in excited states electrons can be stimulated to emit quanta by the presence of other radiation quanta. "It was an idea then, and now this whole new field has come out of it. All the new things in solid-state physics—like the transistor—came from the older physics. Plasmas, fusion, and the whole development of reactors came directly from the prewar physics with a new, sophisticated understanding. But the really new field to me is the field of elementary-particle physics, in which a whole new world is being opened up—a more profound view of matter and anti-matter. Most of this elementary-particle physics was totally unknown before the war, and had to await the development of entirely new instruments, like the giant accelerators, which were constructed only after the war. While we have been operating here with old concepts but in new

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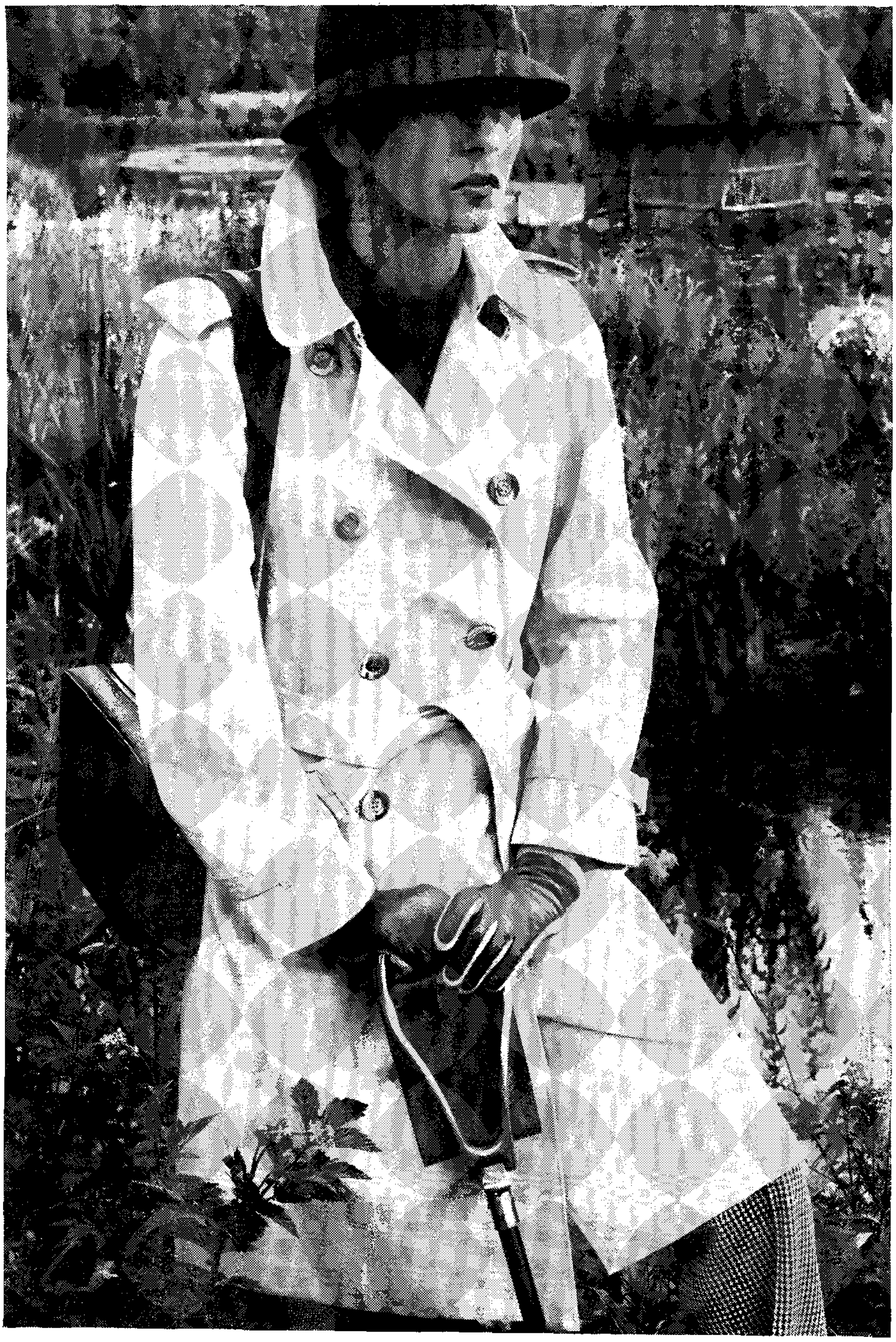

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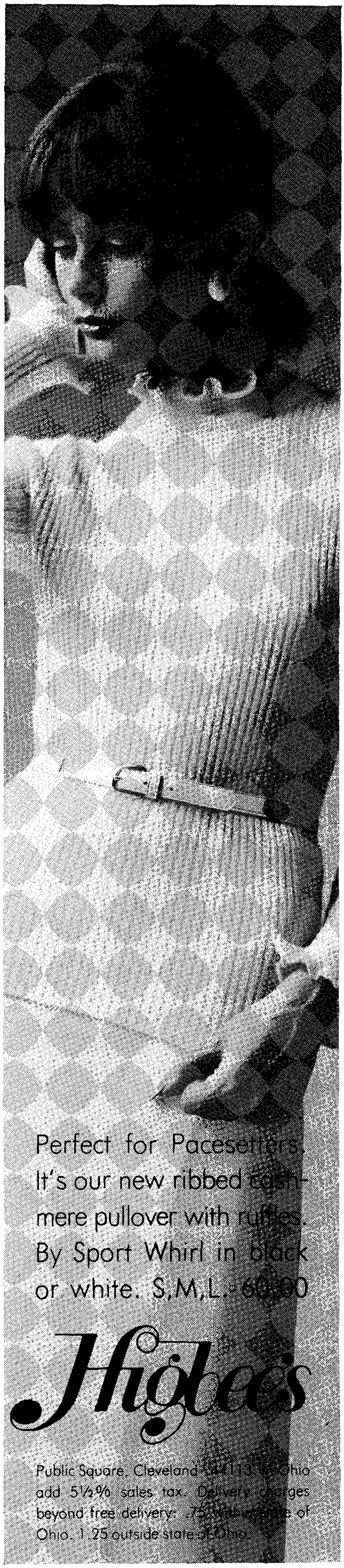
forms, I feel sure that there will be some entirely new insights and achievements. To me, that is the most exciting thing in the whole world of science. To me, that's No. 1. The biological discoveries, for example, like DNA, although they are of tremendous import—really marvellous—are understandable once they're stated. You can understand them on the basis of older ideas in physics and chemistry. But in the particle physics you have something entirely new—tremendously moving and mysterious.

"My view of physics is that you make discoveries but, in a certain sense, you never really understand them. You learn how to manipulate them, but you never really understand them. 'Understanding' would mean relating them to something else—to something more profound. But these basic things in physics can't be related to anything more profound. Everything has to be related to *them*. So in that sense you can never really understand them. They become tools for a deeper understanding of the basis of experience and existence. The remarkable thing is that this brain, which I suppose developed so that we would not run into trees and would be able to keep ourselves alive somehow or other, is capable of this very high degree of abstract thinking and of the investigation into itself and its own meaning; into the meaning of life and what is beyond the visible. Still more, it has enabled us to create all these extensions of the human powers: telescopes, radio-telescopes, microscopes, with which one can probe way beyond the powers of ordinary human vision into the very constituents of matter, and computers, which have enabled us to reach conclusions that we couldn't have done with the human brain alone. A modern man has at his disposal fantastic, undreamed-of powers with which to investigate further.

"Physics now is not just a development of the physics of twenty years ago. It is quite new. It turns corners. There are always surprises. Not the sort of surprises you find in investigating a mechanism, as in physiology, but surprises that evoke ideas that did not exist before. I don't think that physics will ever have an end. I think that the novelty of nature is such that its variety will be infinite—not just in changing forms but in the profundity of insight and the newness of ideas that will be necessary to find some sort of clarity and order in it. I think the only thing you can compare it to is the mystical idea of God with infinite attributes.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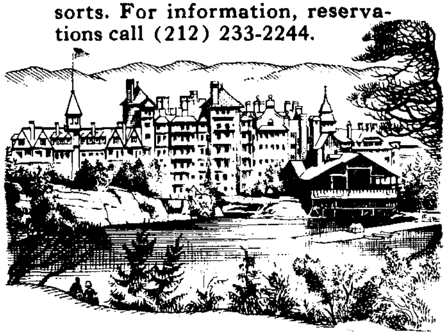
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Physics is that sort of thing in a tangible form. In addition, you acquire modes of thought that apply to other things—not only to physics. It opens doors to new forms of thought. It has not had any real application in our society, because the people who might use it, in politics and so on, just have no idea about it. They have not been educated in what exists and what is at hand. It's a great pity that the general public has very little inkling of the tremendous excitement—intellectual and emotional excitement—that goes on in the advanced fields of physics."

"How can that gap be bridged?" I asked Rabi.

"I think only by drastic action, and I think this is necessary to preserve the human race," Rabi responded. "It may come—but not in my lifetime. I think that physics should be the central study in all schools. I don't mean physics as it is usually taught—very badly, as a bunch of tricks—but, rather, an appreciation of what it means, and a feeling for it. I don't want to turn everybody into a scientist, but everybody has to be enough of a scientist to see the world in the light of science—to be able to see the world as something that is tremendously important beyond himself, to be able to appreciate the human spirit that could discover these things, that could make these instruments to inquire and advance into its own nature. I rate this so highly that I have a feeling that with this education people would find something above their everyday lives, above their nationality, even above their religious affiliations, and find a basic unity in the spirit of man."

"Don't you think that the same sort of universality can be got by studying the humanities?" I asked.

"No," Rabi answered. "Nothing near it. The humanities cater to some of your senses. We have a tremendous feeling for words, for speech—we have to have it—and the humanities develop that. They cultivate emotions and set up a hierarchy of values, whatever those values may be. The values can be harmful, and a large fraction of them are harmful to the further existence of the human race—excessive patriotism and things of that sort. However much I enjoy the humanities—and I do, vastly; they enrich my life—I don't think they are truly universal. They are universal only in the sense that every group has some form of the humanities in its history, no matter how primitive the group. The humanities have the purpose of keeping small groups together and perpetuating some

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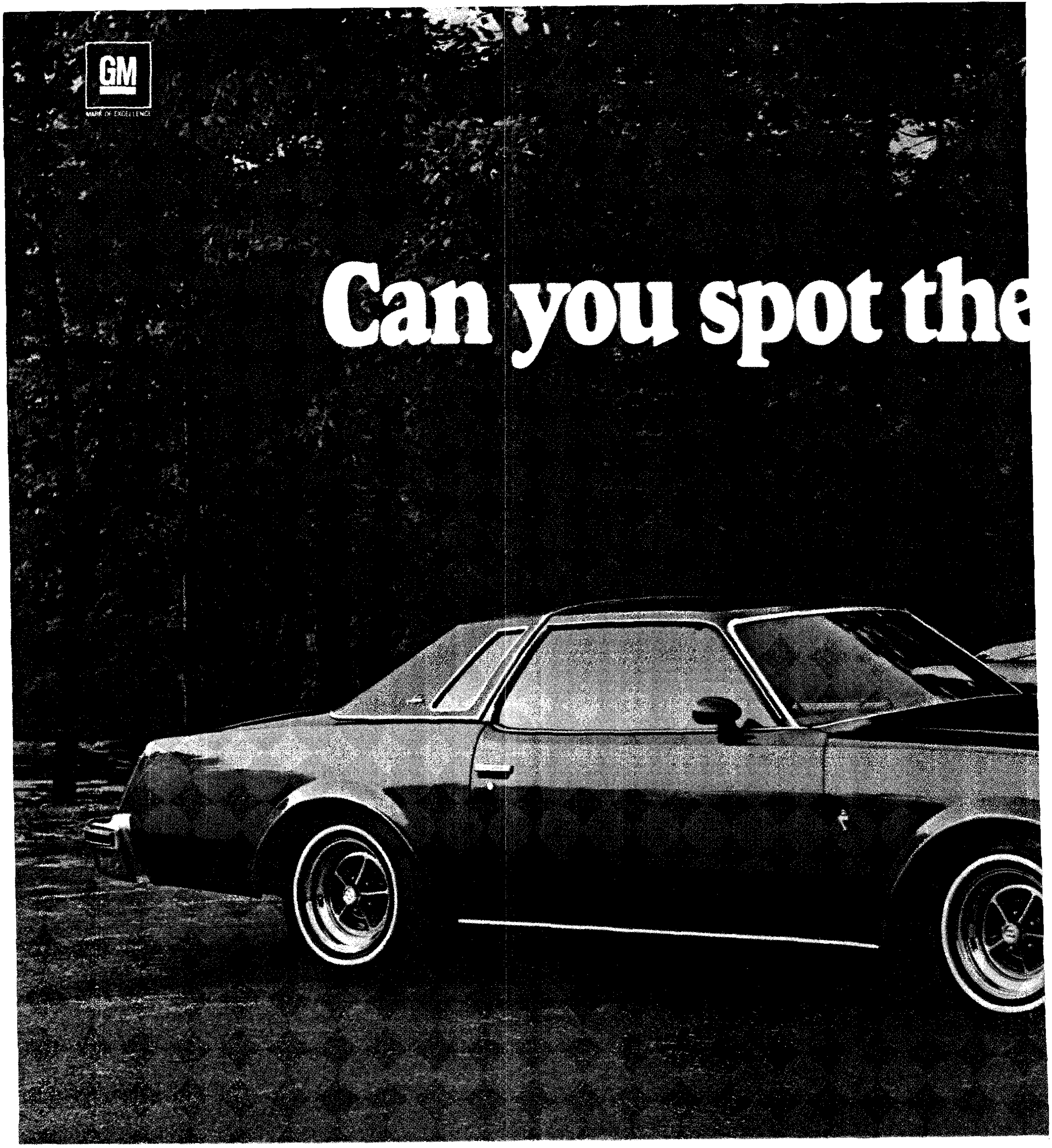

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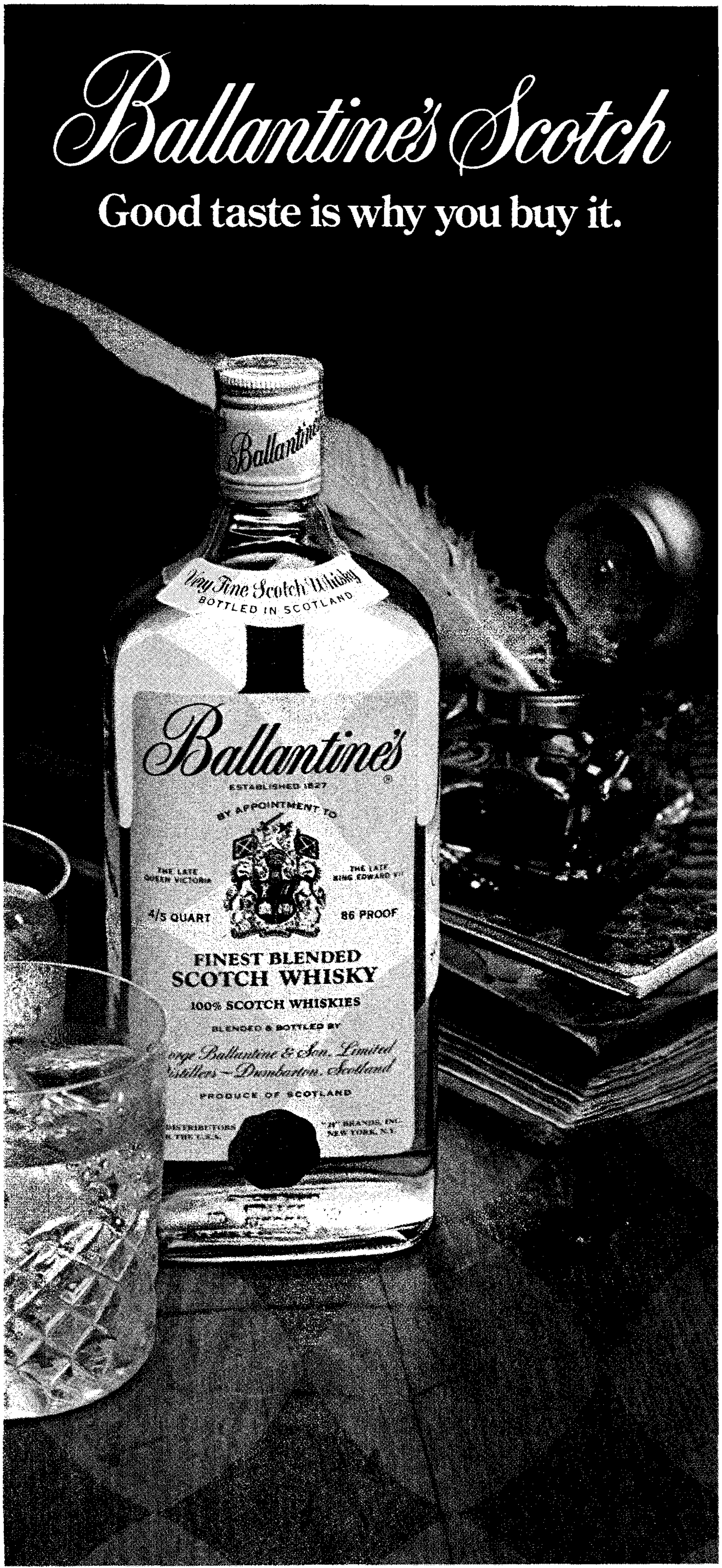
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cultures. Also, we have moved more and more in the direction of humanism in the service of practicality. There is an old Jewish saying that one should not use the Torah as a spade. If you teach science or the humanities as a model of how you would win an argument or carry on a transaction, you lose the feeling—in science, at least—for the inner beauty. So much of science is taught as a prelude to practical use, but I think there is something sacred about it, and unless it is taught that way you will simply miss most people—all except those who have some innate urge toward it and are not going to be dissuaded by any amount of bad teaching."

I asked Rabi if he felt optimistic about the future—the future of the human race.

"Not very much, from what I see at present," he replied. "The human race will have more and more the capacity for blowing itself apart, and the miracle will be if that doesn't happen. If you look at the whole postwar period, as our powers of destruction have increased we have been skirting closer and closer to the edge, instead of working full time to ease the situation. We keep returning to the old emotional bases of everything, as in the Cold War. We have defended to the death all sorts of secondary values, as in Vietnam—one regime over the other, when both were obviously bad. We have gone out of our way to defend certain principles that are not themselves well founded—not necessarily adapted to people. If you look through the whole postwar period, it has been one crisis after another, bringing us closer and closer to the ultimate danger—within arm's length. And I think the danger is going to spread. Not only from nuclear weapons but from all sorts of other devices. Nuclear weapons are not necessarily the ultimate in destruction. There is a whole realm of biology and chemistry that has great potential for doing harm.

"Also, I find the kind of leaders of these masses of humanity, whether here or in the Soviet Union or anywhere else, really distressing. Where are the great men who should be leaders of the world? Right now the leaders are nobodies. I find some kind of optimism in that I see people who will work very hard to give us time to stave off catastrophe with very little expectation of reward for themselves. It's on these people that the outcome depends. So, ultimately, you have to have hope for the human spirit, which, when called on, can reach great heights. But right now, if you compare the situation with what it was at the end of the Second World War, say, when I felt there was very considerable hope, you get discouraged. The catastrophe of the war had made people feel more responsible about the problems. Yet now, when the difficulties are greater, the men are lesser. You find great ingenuity exercised in the attainment of unworthy objectives.

"Of course, the individual everywhere is pretty decent. If he weren't, he probably would have been killed off when he was young. The number of actually wicked people is small. However, people may be decent, but they may be working in a civilization like ours, which sometimes drives people to the wall. It's a kind of rat race, where decency will kill you in certain circumstances. And the materialistic ideals in a country like ours make everything very difficult. How does a man achieve distinction? There are very few public honors. So he wants a bigger car and a house on the hill. If that's his aim—not even his own aim, but the expectation of people around him—he'll be as decent as he can up to a certain point, and then . . . I don't really blame him. But I do blame a system of education that makes those things the ideal. Sometimes, though, it's not the education but what societal organization brings afterward. There are lawyers, for example, who in law school have the very highest ideals of the law and what it means to human organization, but after they are out and in competition they find that the life of a lawyer and the life of the law are two very different and sometimes opposite things. It is only in science, I find, that we can get outside ourselves. It's realistic, and to a great degree verifiable, and it has this tremendous stage on which it plays. I have the same feeling—to a certain degree—about some religious expressions, such as the opening verses of the Bible and the story of the Creation. But only to a certain degree. For me, the proper study of mankind is *science*, which also means that the proper study of mankind is man."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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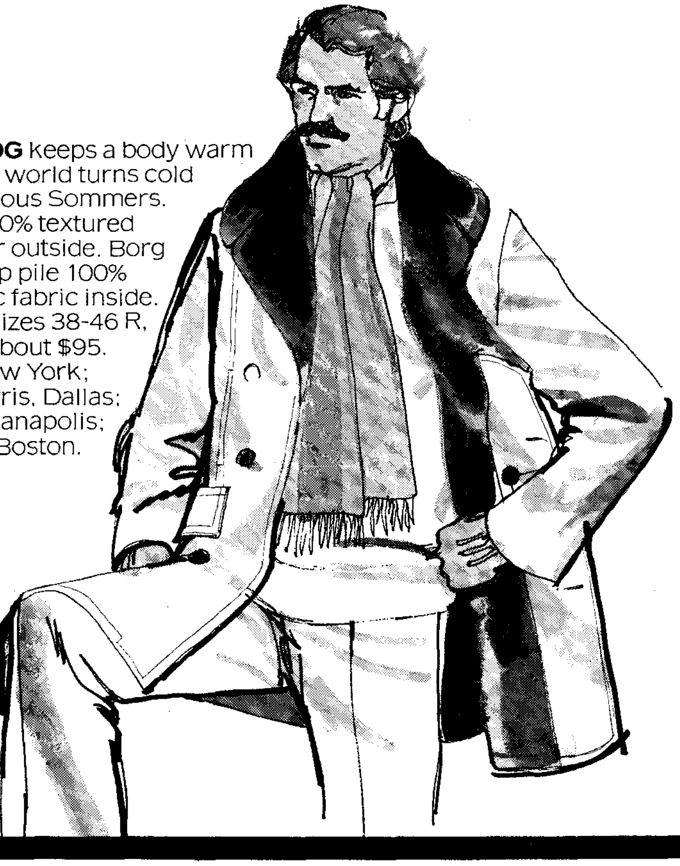
Congressman Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) has introduced a bill which would repeat the congressional pay raise that was passed by the House July 29.—*The Spectrum, State University of New York at Buffalo.*

It's a little soon, isn't it?



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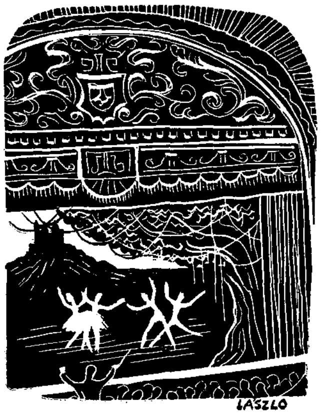
THE THEATRE

TWO FAIRY TALES

THE Acting Company, a national repertory group born of the Juilliard and presided over by that incomparable teacher-director-actor-writer John Houseman, is putting on a series of four plays here this fall. Its local base is the Harkness Theatre, which was remodelled a season or so back for the purposes of ballet, and which proves to be a very pleasant setting for other forms of theatre as well. (The interior decoration of the Harkness tends to make the John Waynes in the audience nervous. They must learn to relax; after all, our Founding Fathers *expected* theatres to resemble boudoirs.) The first of the Acting Company's four plays is "The Robber Bridegroom," which is based on an early novella by Eudora Welty and has been ingeniously transformed into a musical by Robert Waldman, who wrote the catchy "country sound" music, and Alfred Uhry, who wrote the book and the neatly turned lyrics. It must be Mr. Uhry, by the way, who has punched up the text with a four-letter word intended to convey, in the permissive seventies, a barnyard earthiness of utterance that one doesn't readily associate with Miss Welty. This was not only aesthetically unnecessary but also injurious, since Miss Welty's work is a fairy tale, and for a long time now it has been commonly accepted that the scatological, and even obscene, origins of fairy tales, sedulously bowdlerized over the centuries, are among the chief reasons for their exceptional power. The more immaculate such tales are, the more grossness they are likely to conceal: once it was the case that the glass slipper proffered to Cinderella was neither of glass nor a slipper, but the story moves us today precisely to the degree that we are prepared to accept it at face value.

"The Robber Bridegroom" is a double- or perhaps triple-distilled curiosity—a manipulation of our literary past of a sort that I usually don't much enjoy. It is a sophisticated version of Miss Welty's sophisticated version of a story, or commingling of stories, that goes back in folklore for almost as long as any written evidence exists. Moreover, "The Robber Bridegroom" is staged in a fashion that evokes for me unwelcome echoes of that relentlessly hearty false folk tale "Oklahoma!" In spite of which, I found that the members of the large cast went about their labors with such youthful winsomeness that only a Scrooge could have resisted them for long. Under Gerald Freedman's able direction, they sang and danced and spooned (one notes that total nudity and copulation now fit cozily under the rubric of "spooning"), and so worked their way with irresistible sunny energy through a plot overflowing with preposterous sudden turns of fortune, both good and ill. I forgave everything I disliked, because I was in the presence of indisputable talent and skill: the Acting Company is a company that acts. I was in the presence, too, of an especially charming set by Douglas W. Schmidt and delightful costumes by Jeanne Button. Of the principals, I admired in particular Kevin Kline and Patti LuPone as the lovers and David Schramm as a muddled Mississippi planter. Oh, yes—the scene is said to be Mississippi, though in fact it is Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. Where else are theft, kidnapping, rape, and murder merely manifestations of high spirits?



"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" with which the New York Shakespeare Festival has opened its season at the Vivian Beaumont, is also a fairy tale, but one that is unlikely to become immortal. Arthur Wing Pinero wrote it in 1898, and I suspect that it died sometime in the early twenties. It is a gruesomely affectionate sketch of backstage life, in which the warmheartedness of penniless actors is contrasted with the coldheartedness of wealthy members of the bon ton. The play is trash, and A. J. Antoon has abdicated his authority as director by permitting the actors to read their grotesque lines as broadly as possible, nearly always with gestures. What an assortment of acting styles is on display here! I ought to mention that poor Marybeth Hurt, in the role of Rose Trelawny, does her best to remain modest and affecting; she plays an actress who has become the star of the seedy Wells Theatre and who, through unluckily falling in love with a young man above her in station, loses her ability to act. The young man is played by an actor named Mandy Patinkin, who is gravely miscast; as the young man's grandfather and great-aunt, Walter Abel and Aline MacMahon tear their assigned passions to tatters.

The play is made even worse than it actually is by being translated from English into American. The circumstances remain as Sir Arthur set them down, but all the place names have been changed, presumably in order to make the action of the play easier for parochial New Yorkers to comprehend. Absurdly, we are not in Cavendish Square but in Gracie Square; references are made to Delmonico's, Tony Pastor's, even the Hamptons (a locution not in existence at the turn of the century). But these geographical alterations, which serve only to emphasize the preposterousness of the creaky old play, are all the more vexing because they are carelessly incomplete; when we hear of Wilmington, we hear also of the Royal Theatre in Wilmington. "Royal"? In Wilmington? And the grim great-aunt is named Trafalgar Gower. If she is to be turned into an American, then surely she cannot be Trafalgar—at the very least, she must be Mobile Bay.

The star of this unlucky occasion is the designer, David Mitchell, who has made brilliant use of the unusual depth of the Vivian Beaumont stage. His sets are well worth the price of admission, as are the amusing costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge and the tinkling music by Peter Link. But to the redoubtable Joseph Papp it must be whispered that when he speaks of bringing the classics to the Vivian Beaumont, Pinero should not be the first name that leaps to his mind. Pinero is not a classic—he is a corpse.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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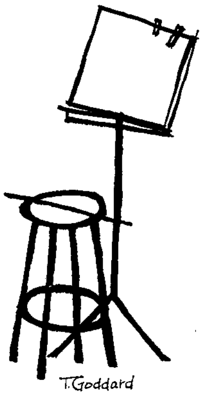
MUSICAL EVENTS

Here and There in Italy

OPERA performances in the Roman Arena of Verona began in 1913. "Aida" was played that year; the next year, "Carmen." The season grew, and now, for six summer weeks, the huge place is filled almost nightly. The Arena holds twenty-two thousand people. The acoustics are remarkable; the old Roman engineers evidently knew secrets unguessed by modern experts, who resort to amplification when audiences run into tens of thousands. Sometimes Arena opera can be a bawling match under the stars, but I have enjoyed delicate things there: Maria Callas's Violetta, the young Giuseppe Di Stefano's Nadir in "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," Montserrat Caballé's Elizabeth in "Don Carlos." Three operas and a ballet are the usual fare; this year, the operas were "Carmen," "Turandot," and "La Forza del Destino," and the ballet was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, set to movement by Maurice Béjart. Over the years, "Aida" has been the most popular piece, with a hundred and forty performances listed in the annals; "Carmen," with fifty-six, comes second.



Things are quieter now, but the 1968-69 season was a troubled time for Italian opera. Eggs were thrown at elegant first-night audiences; the very existence of opera companies became a matter of political polemics: Was public money justifiably spent on their support? And in 1969 "arena opera" was put forward as an unexceptionable, non-élitist form of the art. In Verona, Jean Vilar, a master of serious-minded open-air spectacle after his years with France's Théâtre National Populaire, staged a strong and simple "Don Carlos;" "Turandot" was done in a way to suggest that the audience and the chorus were all one mob, gathered outside the great wall of the Peking palace, just before moonrise, to learn the fate of the latest candidate for the Princess's hand; Luciano Damiani devised a stark, non-spectacular "Aida" (whereas in 1953, in G. W. Pabst's Arena production of the opera, elaboration had been carried to a point at which Amneris's barque, taking her to the Temple of Isis, beside the Nile, was afloat in real water). Instead of sporting massive scenery by the ton, the Arena was treated as, in Peter Brook's sense, an Open Space for dramatic action—and a magnificent one. Since then, Verona opera has been sometimes a conventional big show for the tourists, and sometimes a stern and striking "statement of belief" in opera as a social experience as salutary to modern audiences as Attic drama was to the ancients. From this year's offerings I chose "Forza," but I chose badly. True, there were impressive moments. The little dawn patrol in Act III, which on regular stages must either, like the troops of Midian, prowl and prowl around, or else enter, come to attention to sing, and then march off, here had space enough to keep up a convincing reconnaissance until its chorus was done. And the big finale of Act II—one of Verdi's recurrent attempts to rival the Coronation Scene of Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" (he added it himself to the Rivas play on which "Forza" is based)—came off splendidly: monks by the hundred, bearing tapers, filed from a monastery façade, set high on the Arena steps, to circle the huge stage, thunder their *maledizione*, and float "La Vergine degli Angeli" into the night sky. But for the most part it was a routine, unimaginative presentation, conducted without distinction by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, and directed by an old Verona hand, Carlo Maestrini, who made his Arena début in 1955, long before the new ideas about "arena opera" were hatched. Chance after chance was missed in the genre scenes, which Verdi deemed much the most important part of his opera. He once wrote severely about a performance in which the soloists had been superb and the solos and duets magnificently executed, but not "the varied, ampler scenes that fill half the opera;" as a result, "the work itself—the *opera*, the *dramma scenico-musicale*—was but imperfectly realized." The Verona cast, not exactly superb, was mainly good. Ileana Meriggioli, the Leonora, is a well-schooled, useful young soprano who sang her music truly and purely, without strain or stridency. Garbis Boyagian, the Carlo, has a dark, easy, effortless, and smooth baritone that we shall probably hear more of. But Carlo Bergonzi, the only big name of the

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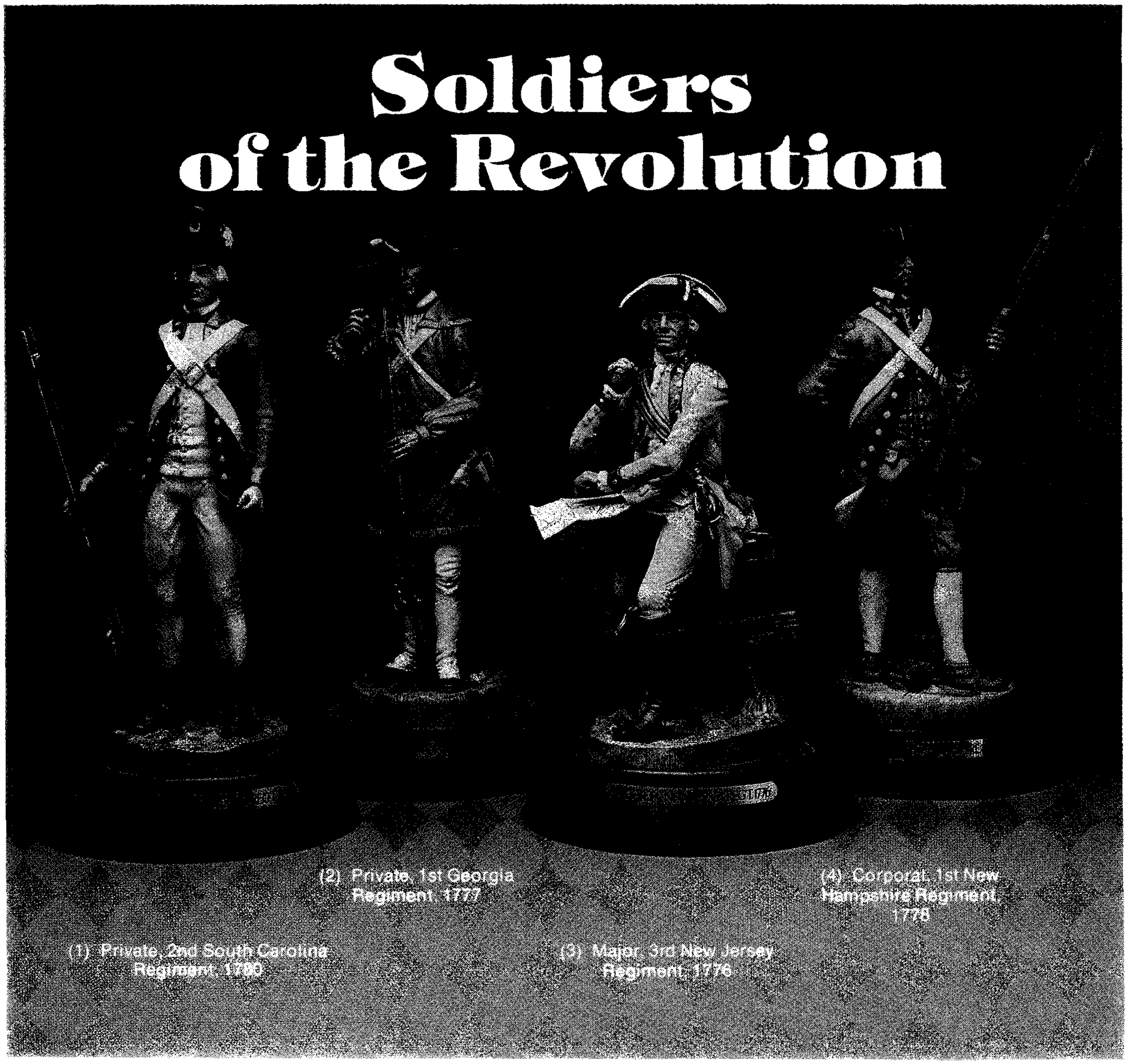
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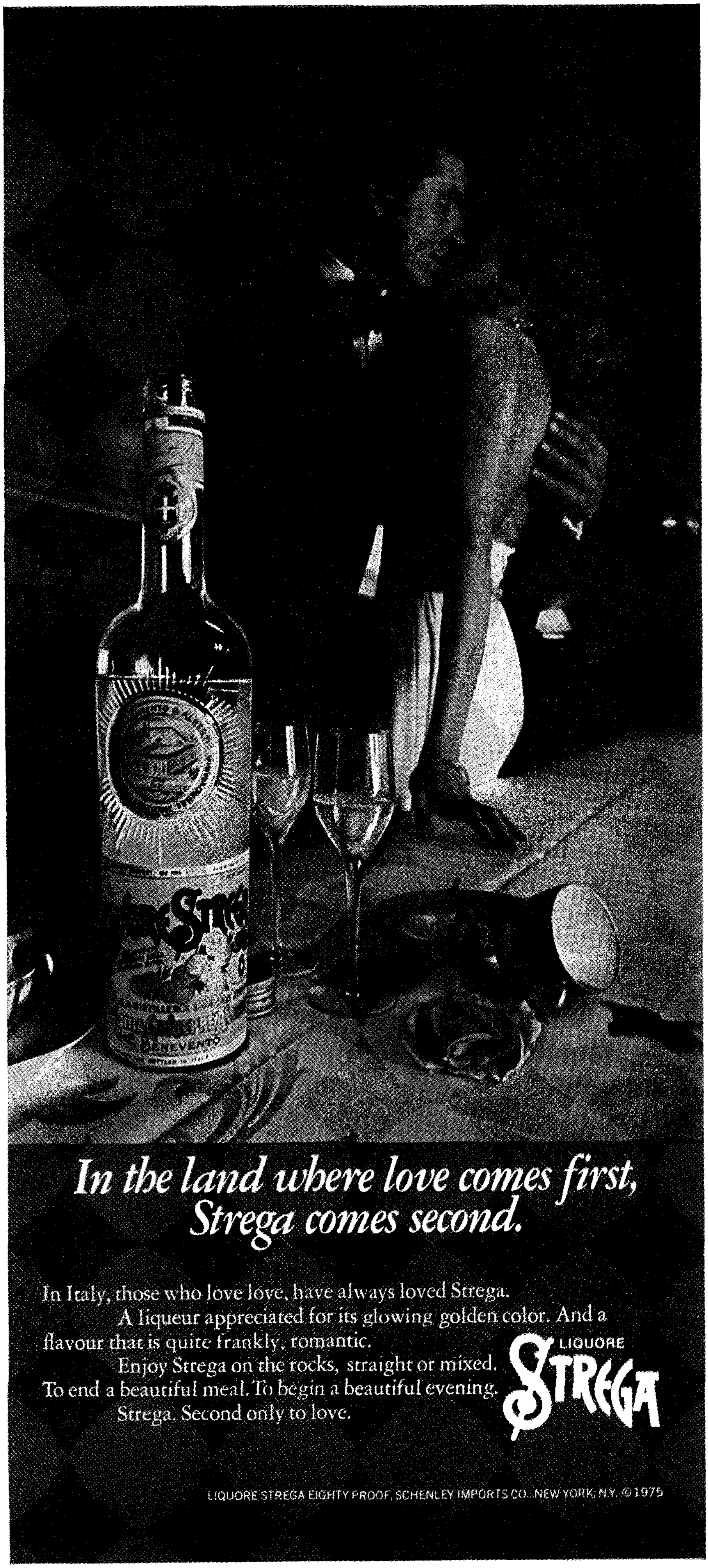
evening, turned Alvaro into a vulgar caricature of a Famous Italian Tenor concerned only with the sound of his voice and not at all with what might be taking place around him. On the simple level of a large show and a full-throated sing, it all made for a jolly enough evening, and I had a good time. But recent Arena developments had raised hopes of something more adventurous—and more Verdian.

OPERA itself began in Florence, and its origins are graphically explored in an important exhibition, "Il *Luogo Teatrale a Firenze*," set out in the Palazzo Medici-Riccardi. The show begins with fifteenth-century religious dramas, for which the churches of the city were equipped with elaborate aerial machinery (among the most celebrated, Brunelleschi's for an Annunciation play in San Felice—a skyful of singing cherubs, elaborate lighting effects, and an angel descending in a mandorla from the dome to the floor of the church). It continues with Medici pastorals, intermezzos, and Machiavelli comedies. Then, in 1586, Bernardo Buontalenti designed the great Teatro Mediceo, in the Uffizi. It opened with "L'Amico Fido"—words by Giovanni Bardi, music by Bardi, Cristofano Malvezzi, and Alessandro Striggio. Jacopo Peri's "Euridice" was the first real opera, in 1600, at the Pitti Palace. Three days later, Peri's rival, Giulio Caccini, brought out his "Il Rapimento di Cefalo" in the Uffizi theatre. And so the procession continues, to close in the mid-seventeenth century with sumptuous equine ballets in the amphitheatre of the Boboli Gardens. It is at once a show that brings textbook names, learned theses, and scholarly scores to life and a feast for any theatrical person who enjoys early solutions of problems that are with us still. Back in 1589, we find Bardi (whose claim to be the principal begetter of opera has ample support here), as author of the intermezzos in an opulent new production of Giroloma Bargagli's play "La Pellegrina," "striving with all his might" (in the words of a contemporary chronicler) "to ensure that whatever happens does so naturally; that, for example, if in an intermezzo people dance, or sing, the story should demand that they do so." We find Buontalenti, in his scenes for "Il Rapimento di Cefalo," seeking, like a modern Arena designer, to bridge stage and auditorium and make the spectators feel that they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and the action inhabit one space. Pabst may have flooded a section of the Verona stage for his 1953 "Aida;" in 1589, Buontalenti flooded the whole courtyard of the Pitti Palace, to stage a naval battle between Christians and Turks. That courtyard is used today for concerts; in the exhibition, one finds an account of how its acoustics were first tested by a singer in 1637. Large model reconstructions of the machinery and the lost theatres, librettos, stage designs, engravings, plans, old chronicles, portraits, scores, and musical instruments of the time are brought together in a rich display. The exhibition lasts till the end of October.

FLORENCE'S Maggio Musicale extends into June. For the rest of the summer there is music all over Tuscany. Arezzo, the birthplace of Guido, the great choir trainer, has its annual Polyphonic Competition, and there are related choral concerts throughout the province. In Siena, there is the Settimana Musicale. In Montepulciano, an improbable triumvirate of the tenor Mario Del Monaco, his son, and the composer Hans Werner Henze is starting up a "festival." Lucca already has one, inspired by the many-faceted musician Herbert Handt. Barga, a small town in the Apennine foothills, boasts a Festival Lirico Internazionale in connection with its summer school of opera, and this year put on "Don Pasquale," Alessandro Scarlatti's "Il Trionfo dell'Onore," and a Ravel-Satie evening. Outside Grosseto, at Batignano, in an abandoned convent now being restored by the British designer Adam Pollock, there has been a week of Musica nel Chiostro. The principal event was Francesco Cavalli's opera "Ormindo," in the edition prepared for Glyndebourne—with an inventive hand—by Raymond Leppard, here rescored for a smaller band by Henry Ward, who conducted. (It is high time people started to look at what Cavalli actually wrote; and to perform an arrangement of an arrangement is doubly odd.) The cast—all British except for the Erisbe, Silvia Baleani, a clear, attractive soprano from the Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires—consisted mainly of young singers associated with Glyndebourne and Wexford; John Wakefield, who "created" the Cavalli-Leppard title role in 1967, undertook it once more. I was glad to hear again two rising singers who have been lately winning golden reviews in England, and impressed by the Sicle of Eiddwen Harrhy, who has

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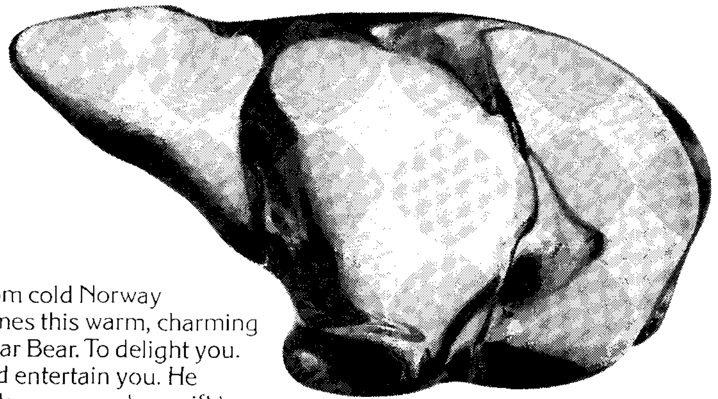

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1919. In the Park
1920. Mary with the Child Jesus
1921. Market-place
1922. Three singing angels
1923. Danish landscape
1924. The Christmas star over the sea
1925. Street scene from Christianshavn
1926. View of Christianshavns canal
1927. The ship's boy at the tiller Christmas night
1928. The Vicar-family on the way to Church
1929. The Grundtvig Church, Copenhagen
1930. Fishing-boats
1931. Mother and Child
1932. Frederiksberg Gardens with statue of Frederik VI
1933. The Ferry and the Great Belt
1934. The Hermitage Castle
1935. Fishing-boat off Kronborg Castle
1936. Roskilde Cathedral
1937. Christmas scene in Copenhagen
1938. The Round Church in Østerlars
1939. Expeditionary ship in the pack-ice of Greenland
1940. The Good Shepherd
1941. Danish Village Church
1942. Bell-tower of old Church in Jutland
1943. The Flight of the Holy Family to Egypt
1944. Typical Danish Winter Scene
1945. A peaceful motif
1946. Village Church
1947. The Good Shepherd
1948. Nødebo Church
1949. Our Lady's Cathedral, Copenhagen
1950. Boeslunde Church
1951. Christmas Angel
1952. Christmas in the Forest
1953. Frederiksborg Castle
1954. Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen
1955. Fanø Girl
1956. Rosenborg Castle
1957. The Good Shepherd
1958. Sunshine over Greenland
1959. Christmas Night
1960. The Stag
1961. The Training Ship Danmark
1962. The Little Mermaid at Wintertime
1963. Højsager Mill
1964. Fetching the Christmas tree
1965. Little Skaters
1966. Blackbird and Church
1967. The Royal Oak
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become a more passionate and intense artist; less so by the Amida of Peter Knapp (he sang Szymanowski's King Roger in London earlier this year), whose voice had some beautiful notes but others that sounded artificial. Still, it is not fair to judge any baritone in an alto role transposed down; no baritone sounds good, either, as Otho in the Leppard transposition of Monteverdi's "Poppea." Malcolm King, as the old King Ariadeno, a bass, was the best singer of all. Mr. Pollock designed and Patrick Libby directed an attractive production, which, along with the audience, moved from the cloister into the monastic barn for the Conjuration Scene. The feeling was of country-house opera got up by a party of talented professionals for their own and their friends' enjoyment. The fact that it was altogether a very pleasant excursion and evening pass-time—drinks served in the walled monastery garden during the interval—must not stop a critic from complaining that Mr. Ward had not coached his singers and players into that command of Cavalli's lines which should make his own role as conductor almost superfluous. Properly, a libretto was provided, and for some of the British Italian it was needed.

SIENA'S Musical Week, organized by the Accademia Chigiana, comes at the close of the Academy's celebrated summer courses. The town is filled with an international throng of young musicians. Simultaneously, the Academy and Siena University cosponsor a musicological congress; this year's theme was "Italian Musical and Theatrical Culture in Enlightenment Paris," chiming with two of the opera performances—"Iphigénie en Tauride," by Gluck, and "Iphigénie en Tauride," by Niccolò Piccinni. The Paris Opéra, cashing in on the famous feud between Gluckists and Piccinnists that gave Parisians something to talk about in the late eighteenth century, commissioned both works. Piccinni didn't get a fair chance then, for he was assigned the inferior libretto; and he didn't in Siena, either, for while Gluck's opera was staged, his was done in excerpt and in concert performance. Nevertheless, enough of his "Iphigénie" was heard to confirm the impressions left by his "Didon" in Alice Tully Hall earlier this year: that, after the lapse of centuries, the similarities between contemporary composers are apt to be more striking than the differences (will Schoenberg and Stravinsky sound much the same to the general

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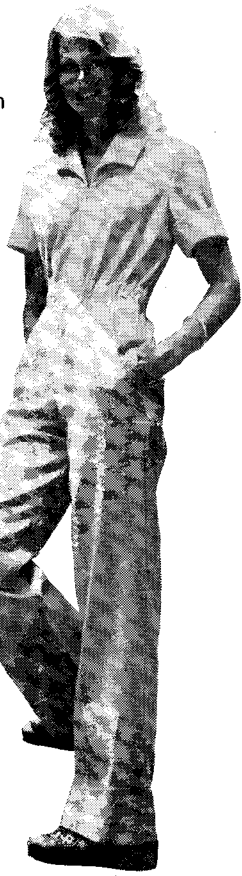

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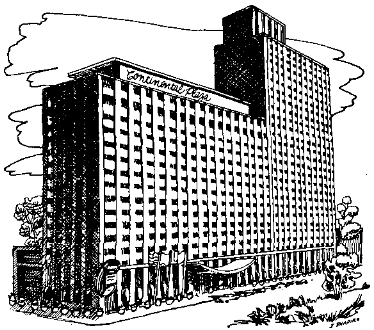

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public of two hundred years hence?); that Piccinni has Gluck's solidity and noble gravity but not his genius; that no more than Bononcini to Handel can Piccinni to his erstwhile rival hold a candle. The Gluck production, though clumsily staged (in décor derived from Piranesi prints) and not grandly cast, was powerfully affecting—largely because the conductor, Gabriele Ferro, adopted several unwontedly slow tempi. Anyone who has heard Alice Raveau's record of "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice," from "Orphée," will know the Gluckian eloquence that only at a slow tempo can be achieved. Many conductors, fearing that modern audiences may find Gluck's music dull, try to "inject vitality" by driving it along—with the result that it does indeed sound dull. Not so Mr. Ferro. His interpretation, unhurried and intense, made vivid a masterpiece often accorded lip service rather than loving appreciation from rapt audiences. Lynne Strow, the Iphigenia, has a large voice and a large, passionate style. Lajos Miller was a ringing, virile Orestes. As Thoas, Mr. Boyagian confirmed the good impression he made in the Verona "Forza."

But the most promising singer heard in Siena was another baritone, Alessandro Corbelli, the Thoas of the Piccinni "Iphigénie," and the Paolino in the third operatic offering of the week, "La Villanella Rapita." He provided that sudden, instantly recognizable, and not common pleasure of discovering a voice that hits every note plumb-center, with sharply focussed tone and quick, bright, forward attack. "La Villanella Rapita," composed by Francesco Bianchi in Venice, in 1783, shed some of its numbers and acquired others as it made its way around the opera houses of Europe. By the time it reached Paris, in 1789, there were additional or alternative pieces by Mozart (a quartet and a trio composed for a Burghtheater performance in 1785), Giacomo Ferrari (the chief architect of the Paris score), Giovanni Paisiello, Pietro Guglielmi, Giuseppe Sarti, and Johann Paul Martini. Contributions from all these composers figured in the composite Siena edition, prepared by Mario Salerno and given in concert form. The result was like a quick tour of some eighteenth-century minor masters grouped around a genius. The listener registered snap judgments (Bianchi, a pretty melodist; Paisiello, a thorough professional, with some Rossinian zip; Ferrari, someone who thought about his orchestra as well as his singers; Guglielmi, a man apt to

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overwork his attractive inventions; etc.), and then at Mozart's first chords heard a sonority, and in his first clauses a richness of musical incident, that made the rest seem thin stuff. Cecilia Valdenassi was the pretty heroine, most successful in her sentimental, slightly serious moments, for she seems to be a lyric soprano rather than a soubrette—more a young Elvira than a Zerlina. The conducting was shared between four members of Franco Ferrara's conducting course. Lorenzo Muti, who made his Broadway début, in 1958, as Trottolò, in Menotti's "Maria Golovin," was the most talented of them.

As usual, Siena was concerned with not only the eighteenth century (further represented by a chamber concert of Sammartini works brought to light by Newell Jenkins and Bathia Churgin) but the twentieth. The composer Luigi Dallapiccola, who died earlier this year, was a vivid presence at earlier Siena festivals. A memorial exhibition stressed his links with Schoenberg and Berg; with writers such as Thomas Mann, Eugenio Montale, and Carlo Emilio Gadda; with art that is at once adventurous, serious, and attentive to tradition. He was further commemorated in a concert at which eight compositions in his honor, by eight Italian composers, had their first performances. In this cross-section of contemporary Italian composition, the richest veins were struck in Franco Donatoni's "Lumen," a brief and delicately wrought chamber work for six players, and Carlo Prosperi's rhapsodic "Chant" for violin and piano. The long evening ended with Dallapiccola's last completed composition, the elegiac "Commiato." The performers were the Musicus Concentus, directed by Massimo De Bernart—an adept ensemble, which, I am told, has brought new life to the musical scene in Florence, where it is based.

Like all good festivals, Siena's has coherence and continuity. This was stressed by the publication, during the Musical Week, of the latest number of *Chigiana*, the Chigi Academy's annual collection of musicological studies. The volume includes the talk on Schoenberg that Dallapiccola gave there in 1973, and many important papers on Gluck, who—on that occasion, in relation to the Italian culture in the Vienna of his day—was the subject of the 1973 congress, and represented in performance by his opera "Paride ed Elena" and his ballets "Don Juan" and "Semiramide."

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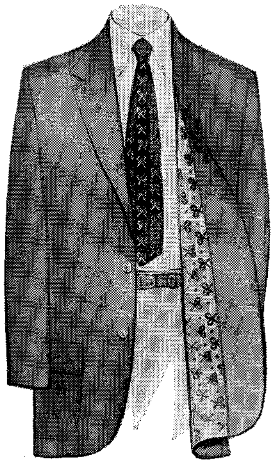

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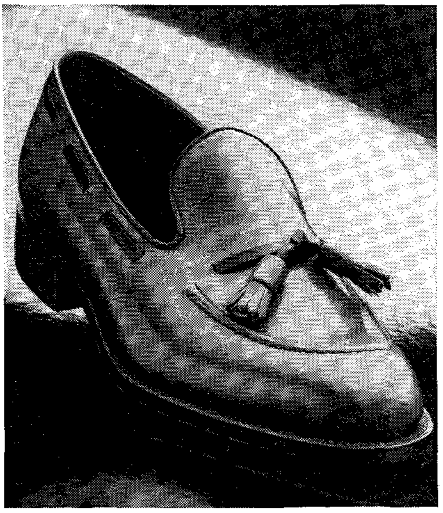

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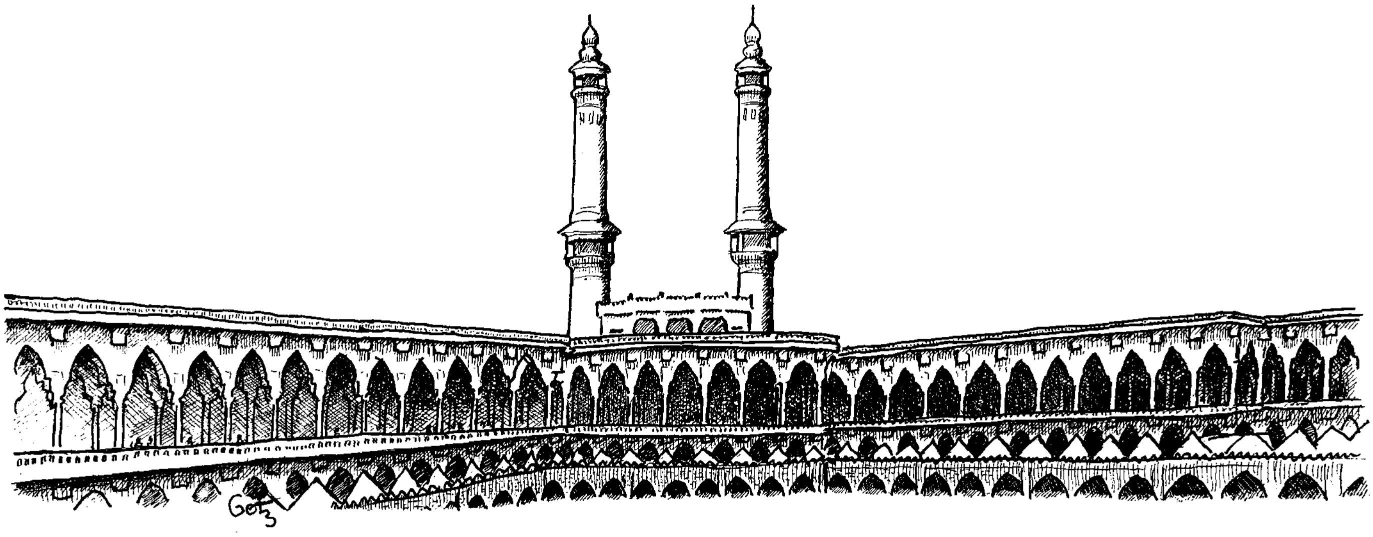

HALF a year after the assassination of King Faisal, "continuity" remains the official watchword in Saudi Arabia. Pictures of Faisal still hang in the counting houses of Jidda, by the Red Sea; in the dusty government offices of the inland capital, Riyadh; and in the headquarters of Aramco—the Saudi Arabian-controlled, American-operated oil company—on the shores of the gulf that we call Persian and the Saudis call Arabian. To anyone carrying on casual conversations with Saudis, official or unofficial, Faisal seems ever present. In answer to some questions that I submitted in writing to his successor, King Khalid, Faisal was cited three times by name and five times by pronoun in seven sentences. As one of Khalid's sentences was rendered by the royal translator, it said of Faisal, "In his wisdom and foreseeing, he used to give orders for meeting the requirements of his people before they could ask for them, as happens in other countries."

This last little bit of bragging testifies to an unconscious but sweeping change in the Saudis' outlook. Oil wealth, combined with the attention lavished on the royal assassination and the royal succession, has dramatically heightened invidious self-consciousness among them. "The eyes of the whole world are turned to this country," King Khalid said at the first meeting of the new Cabinet, on March 30th, five days after the assassination. As the Saudis see themselves reflected in the eyes of the world, they find an importance they had never noticed before. They exude confidence, even conceit, and they have jettisoned many of the inhibitions that Faisal imposed upon himself. They have put forward a grandiose new five-year plan for internal development. Because of their sparse population and the administrative weaknesses connected with dynastic rule, development implies dependence primarily upon the United States. But the Saudis are increasingly asserting—against American influence—a joint position with the cartel of oil-producing countries known as OPEC and, in general, a bolder foreign policy that emphasizes consensus with the poorer countries known as the Third World.

A first strong note of Saudi cockiness came my way when I was visiting a Western ambassador in Jidda, the booming port that houses the foreign embassies, the Saudi Foreign Ministry, and a considerable merchant class. The ambassador pointed out that Saudi Arabia cut a curious figure in the Arab world. The kingdom boasted none of the political window dressing imported from the West by some other Arab countries. There was no electoral machinery, no constitution, no legislature—not even a command council of self-styled revolutionary officers. Still, there had been impressive stability for half a century. "Whatever disease the other Arabs got, the Saudis are glad they didn't get it," said the ambassador. At that point, a Saudi diplomat was ushered in to join us, and I asked him to comment on the ambassador's views. He said, "I was educated in Egypt during the time of Nasser, and when I came back I went into the Army, because I thought that was the instrument of progress. But then I saw what was happening in Egypt, and in Syria and Iraq. I realized that we were left alone to fight the battle of liberty and free enterprise in the Arab world. So I joined the foreign service. Now ideology has been stabilized. We have proved to the world that we were right. The proof lies in the reception of this country's leadership in the Arab world. Saudi Arabia has become an economic and political model."

A Jidda merchant expounded a similar theme when I went to interview him in his handsome offices overlooking the port. He told me that his firm had branches around the world, that one of his children was in school in Switzerland, that another was in college in San Diego, but that he himself always preferred Saudi Arabia. I asked him why. He said, "We have been able to create here a set of conditions where the meeting of East and West does not have a negative result. When the two civilizations meet, the result is not the dislocation of Saudi life but the adaptation of the foreigners'. The foreign women here, even the Americans, don't wear the miniskirt. They have adopted the galabia, which our men wear. I know, because when I go to the tailor to have some galabias made the price is up and I have to wait for three weeks. As that example shows, we influence the people from outside, rather than the other way around. I remember once a group of foreign journalists came to see King Faisal. They told him about the virtues of a legislative assembly, and how each man, at least, should have the right to vote. They asked him when the men would vote in Saudi Arabia. He replied, 'When the women vote.' "

In Riyadh, an economist with an American Ph.D. who works at the Saudi state planning office pushed the argument a little further. "It is absolutely wrong to think of Saudi Arabia as an absolute monarchy," he said. "That's Nasserist propaganda. The fact is that the other Arabs should come to us for advice. We have an open government, with advisers and councillors, and a court, where anybody can come and tell the King his troubles. It's impossible for the King not to know what's going on. I once discovered that there was a shortage of heating gas in Jidda. I took the matter to the palace, but the King had already heard about it and had made provision. Even you Americans should understand that the fact that we don't have a Congress doesn't mean that our system is archaic. For example, we are beginning to develop a welfare program to take care of old people. But we will never send them to homes, as you do. It is degrading for an eighty-year-old to send him to a home. We give them subsidies, and we cut the prices for their water, electricity, and foodstuffs." At that point, the economist noticed that I was beating the air in vain efforts to drive away a pesky fly. He seized the opportunity. "I once saw King Faisal when a fly was buzzing around his head," he said. "He was a man in touch with his country. It didn't bother him."

A STRIKING break with Faisal's gradual approach to modernization—not to mention his tolerance of flies—is the five-year plan for 1975 through 1980, which was approved by the Council of Ministers on May 21st and provides for an expenditure of a hundred and forty-four billion dollars. That is more than fourteen times the amount spent during the first five-year plan, which began in 1970. It is about thirteen times the national income for the year 1973. As late as February of this year, the American Embassy was writing that the entire plan would involve only about sixty billion dollars. Now the first installment alone calls for an expenditure of thirty billion dollars this year. That compares with eight billion budgeted for last year, of which only six billion was spent.

The underlying strategy of the plan features diversification that will reduce the present total reliance on oil. A five-billion-dollar program is being launched to collect and utilize some six billion cubic feet of natural gas per day. The gas, an oil-well by-product that is now simply burned off, will be the base of a thirteen-billion-dollar industrialization program on the two coasts and around Riyadh. The capital city is to acquire grain elevators, flour mills, and factories to produce ceramics, glass, cloth, bricks, household appliances, and dry batteries. The port facilities at Jidda are to be hugely expanded, as is the capacity of the present refinery—it now turns out forty-five thousand barrels a day—and a new refinery, with a capacity of eighty thousand barrels a day, is to be constructed. A port called Yenbo‘, two hundred and twenty-five miles north of Jidda, is to be the site of a new industrial complex, including a refinery, a petrochemical plant, and a cement factory. On the Gulf, at Dammam, near the present Aramco complex at Dhahran, grain elevators, flour mills, two fertilizer plants, and a cement factory are to be built. About fifty miles north on the Gulf, at the port of Jubail, a new industrial center will include three petrochemical plants, two new oil refineries, an aluminum plant, and a steel mill. The last, which will produce three and a half million tons annually—ten times the country's current production—typifies the variegated international flavor of the whole project: According to present plans, natural gas will provide the fuel; the ore will be shipped by tanker from Brazil in a semi-liquid form called slurry; the plant will be half owned by a consortium of American, German, and Japanese companies, with Petromin, the oil company set up by the Saudi government, owning the other half.

On the nonindustrial side, more than twenty billion dollars is allotted to manpower recruitment and training. Associated with that effort is a program for the construction of two hundred thousand new housing units, at a cost of ten billion dollars additional. In education, the aim includes raising school enrollment from six hundred thousand students to a million, and university enrollment from twelve thousand to thirty-one thousand. Agriculture will receive twelve billion dollars, which is to go mainly for developing new water sources and increasing arable land, through irrigation, by about a quarter. Finally, there is to be a doubling of the country's road mileage and expansion of the electrical grid by a third.

Few outsiders believe that the Saudis can even approach these targets. "It's more a document than a plan, if you know what I mean," one official said. Whether document or plan, the goals run up against basic constraints imposed by an environment that in all respects except oil resources is decidedly harsh. Manpower is perhaps the most immediate problem. The exact size of the Saudi population remains a mystery. The American Embassy, in a fact sheet prepared for visiting dignitaries, asserts, "Saudi government estimates indicate there are eight million inhabitants, al-

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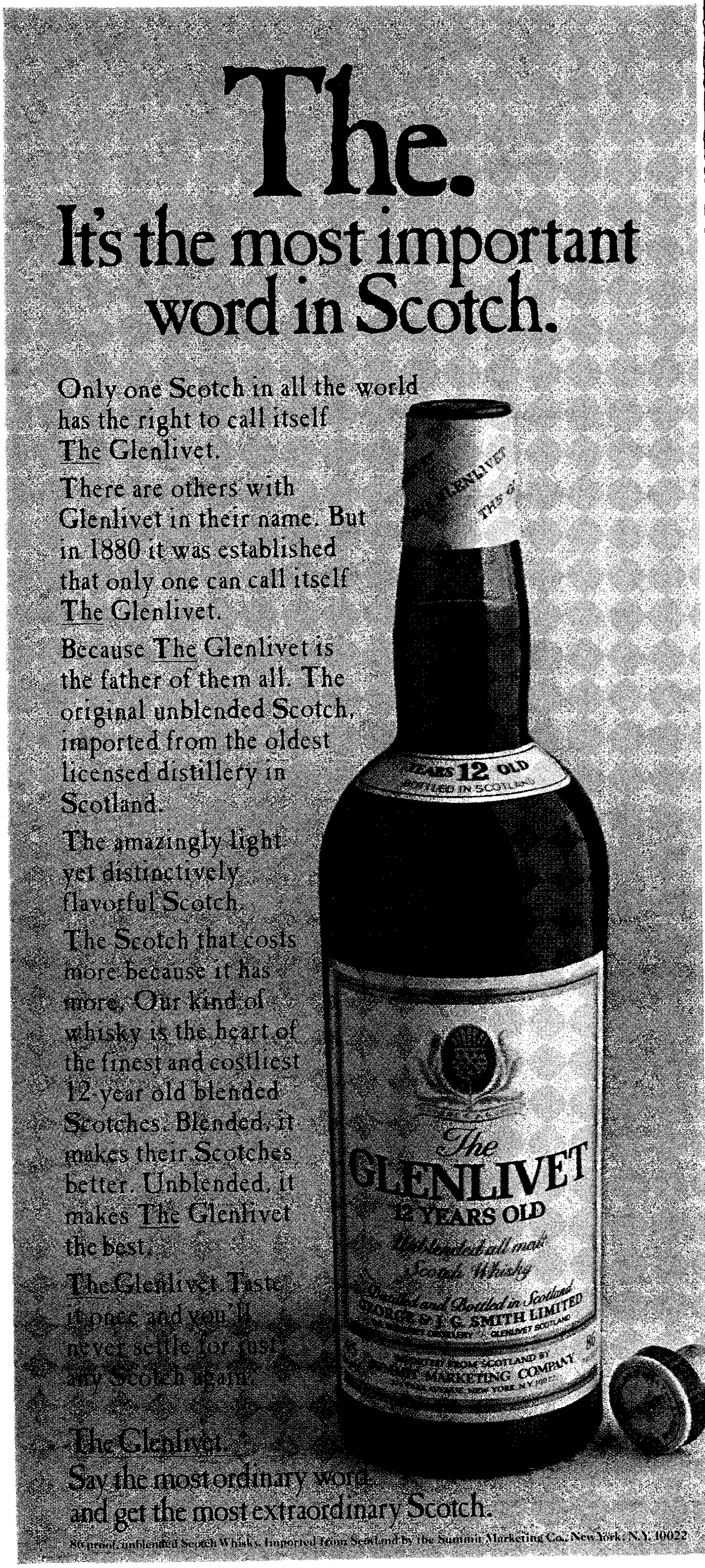

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though other estimates range as low as four million." The London *Economist*, in a special survey on the oil countries, lists the Saudi population as four million, with a question mark. I was assured by Saudi officials at the Central Planning Organization in Riyadh that a recent census showed a population of five million six hundred thousand, and I tend to believe them. That figure, however, is not to be made known officially in Saudi Arabia, it was explained, because publication of it within the country would call into question appropriations based on population claims for various regions.

Whatever the precise population figure, it appears certain that well over half the total consists of minors and women, the latter thoroughly restricted in their activities by custom. Very few women work, and their effectiveness even as housewives is limited. They go veiled in public, it is illegal for them to drive cars, and those who do work outside their homes are restricted to jobs with other women. Much of the heavy or dirty labor is done by immigrants (chiefly from Yemen), who come in under contract for assigned jobs to be completed in limited periods. Palestinians and Egyptians do much of the office work, Syrians and Lebanese a good deal of the trading. The "guest workers" are said to number about a million. The native work force is truly minuscule—probably about five hundred thousand, in a country about a third as large as the continental United States. The new five-year plan calls for bringing in six hundred thousand additional workers—and not just any old workers, either. What the Saudis want are engineers, carpenters, computer technicians, truck drivers, forklift operators, electricians, teachers, doctors, accountants, and clerks—the kind of people who expect modern housing, abundant food and water, and provisions for recreational and cultural activities. But all Saudi urban facilities are already choking as a result of growth.

Jidda is a case in point. The city developed as a port for the entry of pilgrims to Mecca. It has a long and cosmopolitan history. T. E. Lawrence, who passed through Jidda during the First World War, wrote of it in a well-known passage in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom":

> It was like a dead city, so clean underfoot, and so quiet. Its winding, even streets were floored with damp sand solidified by time and as silent to the tread as any carpet. The lattices and wall-returns deadened all reverberation of voice. There were no carts, nor any

streets wide enough for carts, no shod animals, no bustle anywhere. Everything was hushed, strained, even furtive. The doors of houses shut softly as we passed.

The town that Lawrence described has been completely commercialized and motorized in the past few years. Banks, merchant houses, offices, and shops dominate a wide, paved street that runs along the seafront and several parallel streets back from that. Many of the great international companies—Daimler-Benz and General Motors and Toyota, General Electric and Siemens, Michelin and Goodyear, First National City Bank and Lloyd's—are represented. The offices of most of them occupy four- or five-story buildings, many of which, although put up only in the past ten or fifteen years, are marked for an early death. The architectural wave of the future looms two streets behind the waterfront—a modern high rise known (because it is owned by Faisal's widow, Iffat) as the Queen's Building. Its tenants include the Canadian Embassy, Mobil Oil, and numerous investment companies under *noms d'occasion*. Hard by the Queen's Building is a watch store, displaying chiefly the latest timepieces from Patek Philippe. I went in and questioned the Indian proprietor about his wares. The price range was from twenty-five hundred to four thousand dollars per watch. I asked him about sales volume. "We sell three or four a day," he said. "Mainly to the royal family. Whenever a prince comes in, he buys something. Sometimes a new watch for himself, because he's lost his or forgotten it that day. Sometimes one for a friend. As you Americans say," he said with a faint smile, "it's too much."

Along the shore just south of the commercial center lies a huge tract of land fenced off and guarded—the docks. The day I was there, a dozen ships, including vessels from Japan, Germany, and the Netherlands, were being unloaded at the piers. Acres of ground were piled high with commodities, from sugar to cement. Automobiles and heavy construction equipment from Japan, the United States, and Europe had been delivered and unloaded but had not yet cleared customs. So great is the congestion that ships with nonperishable cargo, such as cement, have to wait two months to unload. The customs paperwork is formidable and contentious. I was told of one shipment of 1974 General Motors vehicles that had yet to clear customs.

North and east of the commercial center stretch mile on mile of nondescript stucco villas. The main avenues

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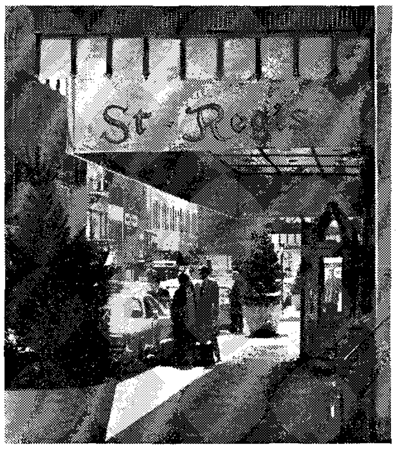

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are paved with asphalt, but the connecting streets are rutted dirt roads, often unmarked. Most of the foreign embassies occupy such villas. The American Embassy occupies a whole compound of villas, amidst which is a nine-hole golf course, with sand stiffened by oil for greens. The headlong sprawl of the city has engulfed Jidda Airport, which had been about three miles to the northeast but is now almost in the middle of town, and where traffic is intense at all times. During the time of pilgrimages to Mecca, known as the hajj, which occurs this year in December, Jidda Airport becomes one of the three busiest in the world. Huge blocks of flats to accommodate the pilgrims surround the airport, as do knickknack stores with bizarre names—My Body, for women's wear, for example, and Sparkling Scuba, for swimming equipment. A new airport, said to be the world's largest in area, is under construction about twenty miles north of town. Though none of the airport buildings are up, the road leading to it is already dotted for miles with billboards hailing the products of General Electric, Pepsi-Cola, General Tire, Toshiba, Zodiac Watches, and Nissan Motors.

Recreational facilities for Westerners are relatively well developed in Jidda. Besides the golf course at the American Embassy, there are a tennis club and a sailing club. There is swimming and magnificent snorkeling in the Red Sea, which abounds in varicolored fish and magnificent coral. There is amateur theatre and a chamber-music group. Movies are shown regularly at many embassies. Officially, no non-Muslim religious services are allowed, but some embassies circumvent the ban discreetly. At the American Embassy, the term "welfare meetings" is a euphemism for religious services. When the service is Protestant, the term is followed by "(P);" "(C)" indicates a Catholic service. The preacher is called a lecturer, and when the announcement says that the lecturer will be available for private interviews, that indicates confession. Though liquor, too, is officially banned, this ban is not easily enforced in a port city like Jidda. Even the Saudis do not avoid hard drinks, unless someone else raises the issue. A high-ranking Saudi official who came to a dinner given for me ordered a gin-and-tonic as a matter of course. He was sipping away and conversing easily when another Saudi—a newspaper editor, whom he did not know—came in. The editor ordered a 7-Up. After the waiter had brought it, he

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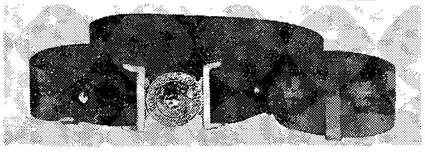

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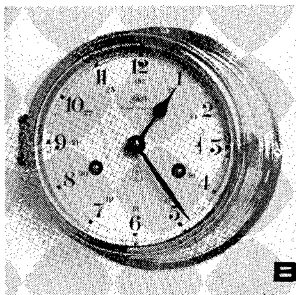

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turned to the diplomat and asked if he wanted a refill. "Yes," the diplomat said in a loud voice, with a look of only slightly veiled distaste for the editor, "I'll have another 7-Up."

No amenities, however, can soften the intense drive of life in Jidda—the constant competitive push for space and for labor which has come with the onset of boom times in the past three years. No offices are available downtown, and even banks such as Chase and oil companies such as Aramco have had to set up offices outside the commercial center. A three-bedroom house that rented for sixty-five hundred dollars a year in 1974 rents for twenty-five thousand now. Building lots outside town that sold for two thousand dollars two years ago now go for more than fifty thousand. Downtown land that went for twenty-five thousand dollars two years ago now costs a hundred thousand. Wages for trained people have grown apace. A British banker told me that in a six-month period wages for a bank clerk had jumped from under five hundred dollars a month to more than seven hundred. A Saudi merchant told me that he had just lost an office boy to an American construction firm, which raised the boy's salary from three hundred and eighty dollars a month to six hundred and forty. Some things, moreover, are simply unavailable. Early in April, for instance, serious flash floods and high winds struck all across Saudi Arabia. In Jidda, the water system, which was built largely by the Turks before the First World War and relies on aqueducts connecting the city with distant wells, was badly damaged, and was not fully restored for months. Available water dropped from an estimated fifteen million gallons a day to three million gallons. The American ambassador was reduced to taking showers outdoors with a hose, so the runoff would spill over his plantings. When I went to call on the British banker, he offered me the ritual cup of tea, and then, to my surprise, added, "*Insha'allah*" ("God willing"). It developed that there was no tea, because there was no water.

IF Jidda illustrates the difficulty of managing growth in Saudi Arabia, Riyadh demonstrates the intrinsic weakness of the whole managerial system. The Saudi capital has expanded in the past two decades from a village of several thousand people to a metropolis of several hundred thousand. Modern boulevards—as broad and straight as American highways, with electric lights

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overhead and planting down the middle—stretch out from the center. Lining some of them are huge, fortresslike government buildings, surrounded by walls: the Ministries of Education, Petroleum, Agriculture, Finance, and so forth. One of the avenues turns into the road to Deraiyeh, a onetime mud village that was the original home of the ruling House of Saud. Along that road stand some of the marble palaces belonging to leading members of the royal family—King Khalid, for example, and Crown Prince Fahd. The intersecting streets are fringed with villas that serve as homes for officials and offices for foreign businesses. Many of the streets remain unpaved, and several elegant new homes sit in isolation, unconnected by even a path to any street. Half-finished buildings surrounded by huge cranes and derricks are plentiful. Still, construction has not kept pace with demand, and rents have risen faster than the price of oil in the United States. A Riyadh villa that rented for three thousand dollars last year rents for more than twelve thousand now.

But Riyadh remains unmistakably a desert town. Dust and sand frequently fill the air, piling up relentlessly against buildings and imparting to the whole place a greenish-gray tint. Some of the original mud buildings at the center of town still stand, among them a small, crenellated fort with a wooden door that bears the marks of swords and spears wielded by the desert warriors of the House of Saud when they took the capital from the rival Rashid tribe only seventy-three years ago. The creed of the desert warriors, a sour, puritanical form of Islam known as Wahhabism, still thrives in Riyadh. The call to prayer sounds from the mosques five times a day, whereupon shops close and religious police armed with small canes urge laggards on to worship. Almost no amenities break the harshness of the religious discipline. A ban on films and drinking is tightly enforced. There is only one major hotel in town—a new Inter-Continental. The only good restaurant, the Shangri-la, serves Chinese food. When Muhammad Ali, the fighter, came to Riyadh several years ago, he uttered the *cri de cœur* of thousands of visitors: "Doesn't anyone ever sing or smile in this town?"

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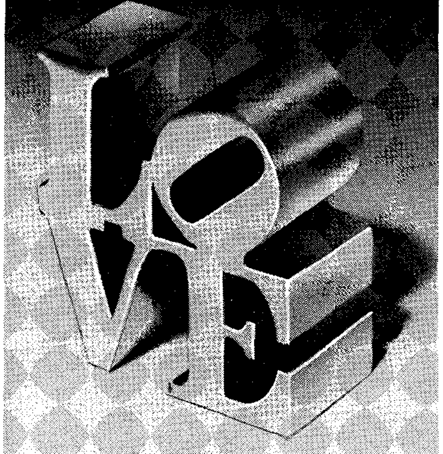

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several families that claimed to rule the central part of Arabia, the Nejd. In 1902, Abdul-Aziz conquered Riyadh, which led to the control of the Nejd. Subsequently, he gained control of the eastern province along the Gulf, and then of the Hejaz, including Mecca and Jidda, on the Red Sea. He supplemented the work of the sword on the nuptial couch. Before his death, in 1953, he had married more than a dozen wives, many from prominent local families, and sired more than forty sons. The royal family of Saudi Arabia, which includes the children and other descendants of the three brothers of Abdul-Aziz, is by now uncommonly large; estimates run from two thousand to seven thousand members.

The King is the head of the family, and the inner politics of Saudi Arabia are family politics. These are intrinsically obscure, because of the critical role played by personal relations rooted in a remote past. Secrecy further veils most important business. For example, generous stipends from a huge privy purse are paid, both on a regular basis and as need arises, to all members of the royal family, including infants, but no outsiders know the size of the privy purse or the amount of the stipends. Still, the purposes of family politics are clear. While from time to time the family has to elect a ruler, at all times the family has to protect its dynastic privileges, often against the ruler himself. The basic idea is to constrain and trammel leaders who, in the name of efficiency or modernization, go against the traditions that sustain the family. The continuing objective is to disperse or stamp out rival power groups. Thus, there is an intrinsically defensive quality to Saudi politics. The King is obliged to rule the family by consent associated with respect and seniority. There are many players in the family political game, and several veto groups.

The main players are the sons of the founder, Abdul-Aziz. Three of them have, in order of seniority, succeeded their father: Saud, who ruled from 1953 until 1964; Faisal; and Khalid. Twenty-nine other sons survive. These are clustered in groups of full brothers—that is, sons of the same mother. The best known of these sibling groups is the clan of seven brothers called, after their mother's family name, the Sudeiri Seven, and headed by Fahd, who is now Crown Prince and First Deputy Prime Minister. A second important clan comes from a Jiluwi mother, with important

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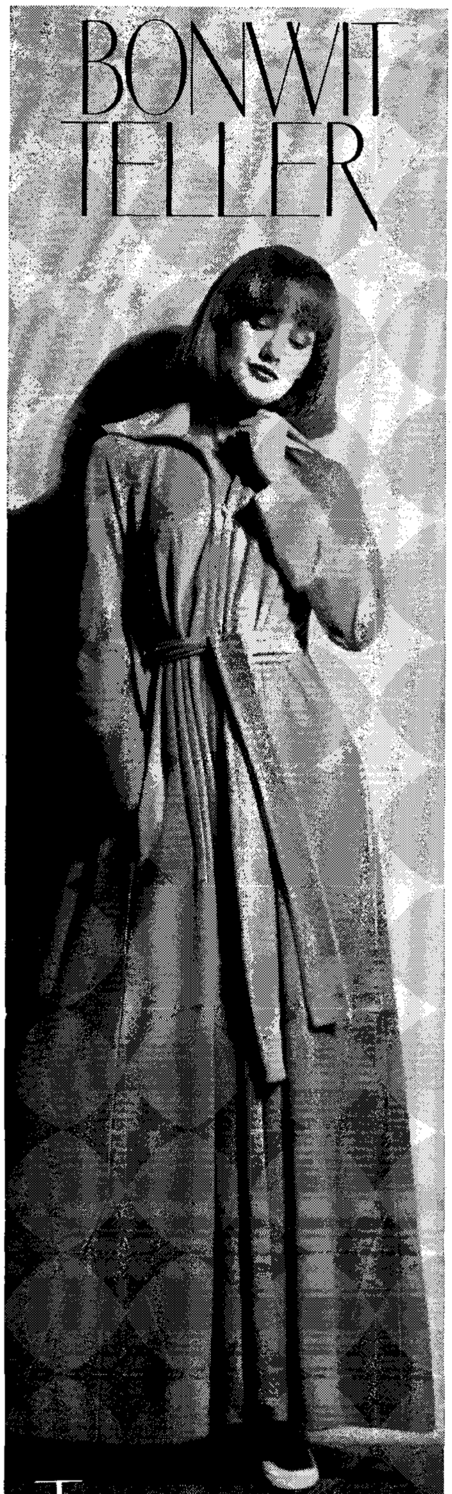

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connections among the tribes of the eastern province. King Khalid and an older brother, Muhammad, also have Jiluwi connections. Abdullah, the Second Deputy Prime Minister and head of the National Guard, is believed to be close to the Jiluwi clan, too, and is widely supposed to be closely allied with King Khalid. As for the veto groups, the most powerful comprises the surviving brothers of Abdul-Aziz, uncles of those who succeeded him as King. The uncles include Musa'id, who, as Minister of Finance, is thought to control the privy purse for the entire royal family and government, and Abdullah, who was born in 1900 and is now the senior member of the royal family. He is known to Americans in Saudi Arabia as Uncle Abie.

Consensus is achieved in various family get-togethers, sometimes formalized in the Committee of Senior Princes. The style of decision-making is best exemplified by the two recent successions. In 1964, King Saud was driven out by organized pressure from various princes, including two who went to live in Egypt in symbolic protest against his erratic ways and lavish spending. (He died in 1969.) Faisal, his brother, who had been Crown Prince and Prime Minister, became King. The next-oldest prince, Muhammad, disqualified himself from the succession—because, it is said, of a drinking problem. Khalid, his younger brother by the same mother, became Crown Prince. Khalid had no taste for politics and meetings, so he passed the duties of First Deputy Prime Minister on to Fahd, the head of the Sudeiri clan. All through the first part of the nineteen-seventies, rumor had it that Fahd would supplant Khalid as Crown Prince, but that never happened—apparently because there was no family consensus for Fahd. Immediately after Faisal was assassinated, on March 25th, the succession was settled at a meeting in Riyadh of five senior princes. Three were well known to the outside world: Muhammad, Fahd, and Abdullah. Two virtual recluses—Nasir, who lives much of the year in Italy, and Saad—were there, too, because, while younger than Khalid, they were older than Fahd. Surmise has it that the first decision, driven home by Muhammad, was to leave undisturbed the arrangement whereby Khalid was to become King. The next decision was to name Fahd Crown Prince. For that to be put into effect, the two almost unknown princes had to abandon their claims to the throne. Apparently, the business was done in a matter of

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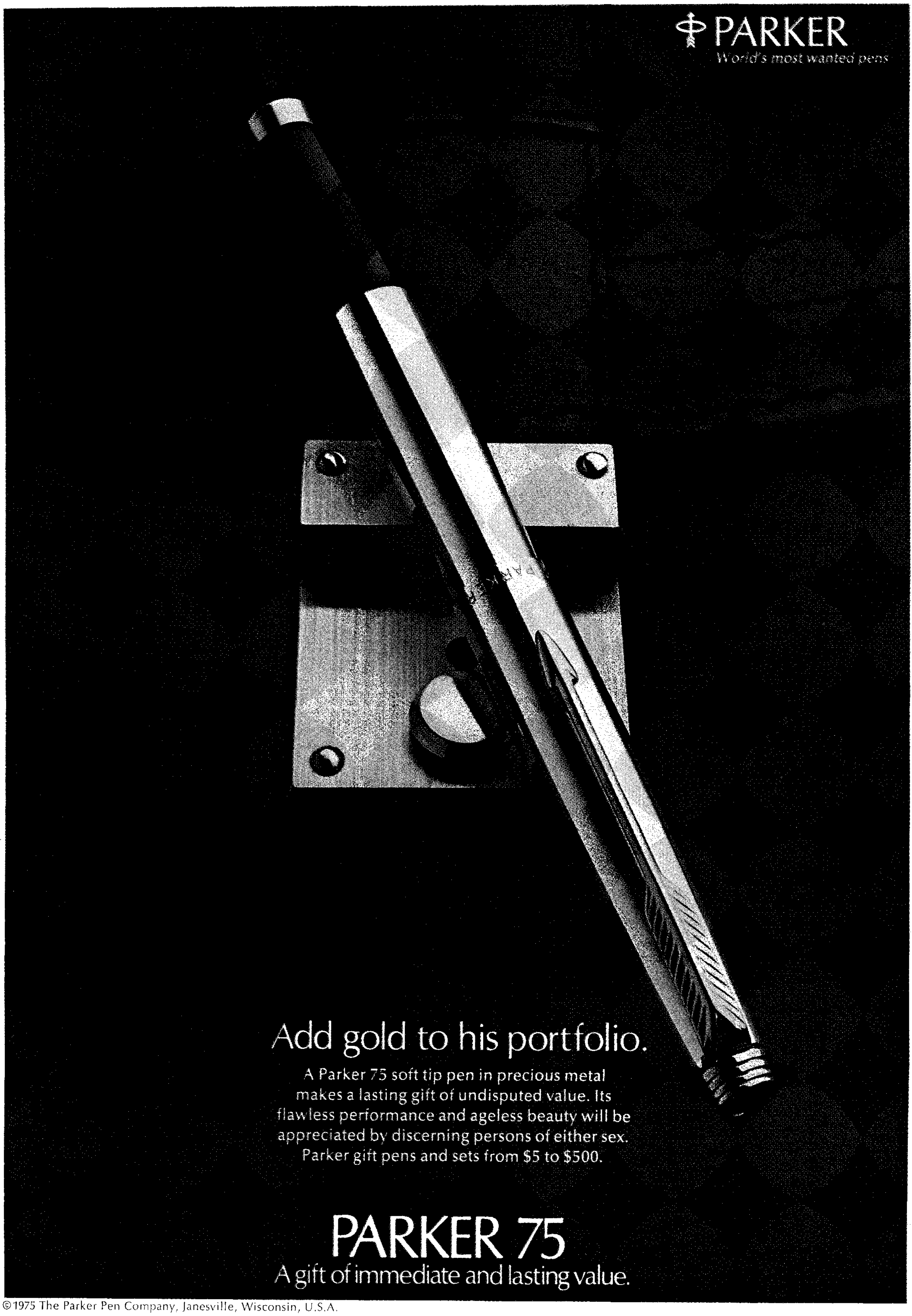

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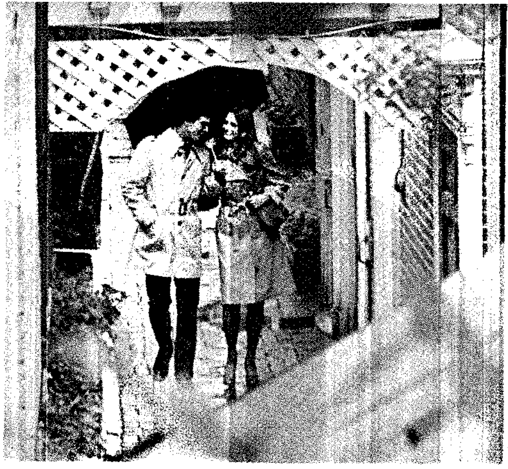

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minutes. The succession was announced within an hour of the assassination, as if it had never been in question.

Most other decisions affecting the survival of the royal family are made just as quickly. There seems to have been no argument about executing the assassin—a grandson of Abdul-Aziz named Prince Faisal ibd Musa'id; the execution was delayed until June 18th only because the family wanted a thorough investigation to make certain that the murder was an individual act, not part of a widespread plot. On the other hand, choices affecting the traditions upholding the dynasty divide the royal family and occasion formidable infighting. Faisal met strong opposition when he started schools for girls, and was obliged to put them under the direction of religious leaders. There were demonstrations by members of the royal family, among others, when he inaugurated television. Sometimes modernization is adopted almost exclusively for the benefit of royalty, with an understanding that the rest of the country will participate much more slowly. The King Faisal Specialist Hospital, in Riyadh, a hundred-million-dollar complex with all the most modern equipment, will probably serve mainly the Saud family. Rather than risk serious division, the family often simply postpones action. (The Shah of Iran once complained to me that he could never get a decision out of King Faisal.) On other occasions, decisions are not taken formally; instead, an innovation is simply allowed to occur bit by bit. The appearance of women on television is a case in point. Initially, they were heard as voice-overs on programs featuring recipes. Now their hands appear on the screen, cutting beans or washing lettuce. In time, resistance will ease, and women will undoubtedly be seen—first with veils up to their eyes, then with veils dropping lower and lower, and eventually unveiled.

The family instinct for monopolizing all issues affecting custom pervades national politics. Most of the major ministries are held by princes of the blood. Khalid is not only King but Prime Minister and Foreign Minister. Fahd is not only Crown Prince but First Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior. Abdullah is Second Deputy Prime Minister and head of the National Guard. Sultan, who is, after Fahd, the second Sudeiri, is Minister of Defense and Aviation. Another Sudeiri, Nayif, runs the Department of the Interior for Fahd as Minister of

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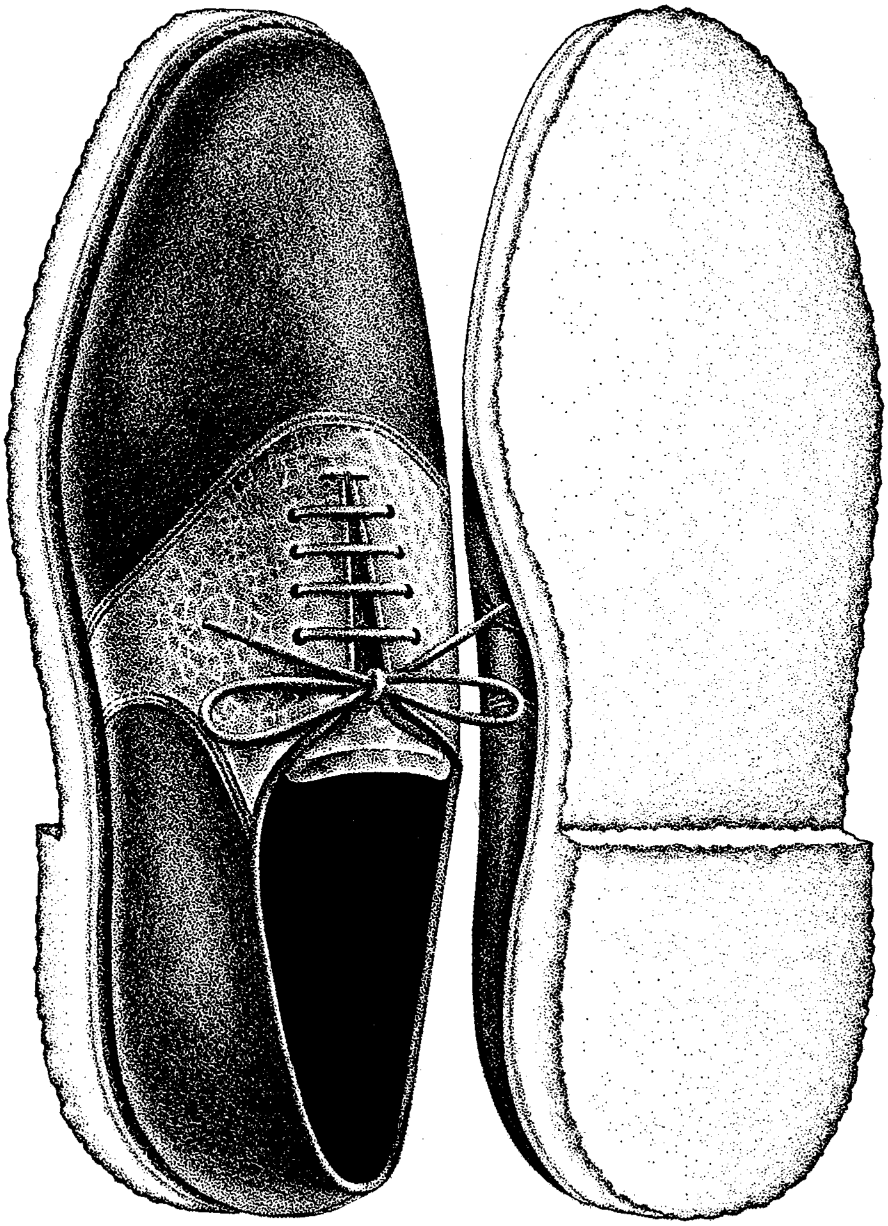

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State. A fourth Sudeiri, Turki, is Vice-Minister of Defense. A fifth and a sixth, Salman and Ahmad, are Governor of Riyadh and Deputy Governor of Mecca, respectively. (The seventh, Abd al Rahman, who handles the Sudeiri family's financial affairs, is known in the foreign community as Prince Moneybags.)

Beneath the royal ministers are a group of highly educated technocrats. The best known of these, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, who bears the honorific title of Sheikh, heads the Petroleum Ministry. Three other important posts are held by commoners: Hisham Nazer is the head of the Central Planning Organization; Abdul Rahman al Khail is the Minister of State for Finance; and Abdul-Aziz al Quraishi is the head of the Monetary Agency, or central bank. Between this quartet and the royal ministers there is a constant back-and-forth of alliance and opposition.

Prince Fahd is, by all accounts, the dominant figure in the national government. He is usually mentioned in the same breath as King Khalid, and is said to rule while the monarch reigns. He regularly chairs the Council of Ministers, and he is a member of several important executive bodies, including the National Security Council and the Committee of Senior Princes. He also heads groups responsible for Saudi policy on oil matters and on capital investments. Fahd is said to be one of the more progressive members of the Saudi royal family. He is a major backer of the new development plan, and has been credited with pushing for improved living standards. He drinks and smokes, and has shown a taste for life's comforts. He is married and has four sons, three of whom he sent to the University of California. Though he conducts official business through an interpreter, he both speaks and reads English. A Western diplomat who knows him well described him to me as a confident, talkative, reassuring figure. "Being with him is like taking a hot bath," I was told. "You glow all over."

But his powers are clearly limited. Abdullah harbors misgivings about Fahd's bent for modernization—misgivings that are clearly shared by King Khalid. Sultan is said to resent the advancement of Abdullah. Yamani, who once had bad personal relations with Fahd, seems now to have rallied fully to his side. But Hisham Nazer, a former deputy to Yamani in the Petroleum Ministry, would like to push development at a slower pace. So would the other non-royal ministers. Given

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the divisions, every minister is reluctant to trust any other minister. As a means of curtailing individual power, ministries are permitted to make internally only decisions affecting less than a hundred thousand riyals, or about thirty thousand dollars. Larger outlays have to be approved by the Council of Ministers, and if there is no consensus in the Council, defensive politics assert themselves and the disposition is to postpone.

Nothing shows better how much Saudi politics are dominated by fear of rival power groups than the organization of the armed forces. In most underdeveloped countries, the military represents the only cohesive command structure. Many economists argue that the armed forces provide the best possible vehicle for administration and development. But in Saudi Arabia, because the population is so thin, the forces are tiny. According to American military advisers, the total number of men under arms in Saudi Arabia amounts to only about a hundred thousand. Moreover, in order to prevent military coups, so widespread in the Arab world, the existing forces are divided, dispersed, and kept firmly under family control.

A little more than sixty thousand men (constituting an Army of about forty thousand, an Air Force of about fifteen thousand, and a Navy of about three thousand) are under the control of the Ministry of Defense, with the sole mission of protecting the frontiers and coastlines. Of a total of four infantry regiments in the Army, one is stationed in the southwest corner of the kingdom, near the frontier with the Yemen Arab Republic; a second is based in the far north, at Tebuk; a third is in Jordan; and the fourth is in Syria—both of the last two serving presumably as potential reinforcements against a new outbreak of fighting with Israel.

A wholly separate force, the National Guard, has been organized for internal-security purposes. Its members are chosen from tribes known for loyalty to the royal family. Recruits have to be recommended in writing to the commander of the Guard by a tribal leader. Promotions of enlisted men are made by the commander—Prince Abdullah—while promotions of officers are made by the King himself. Recently, the Guard retained a group of advisers from an American industrial-security organization, one of whom told me that even the highest-ranking officers of the Guard did not know where any units but their own were stationed. According to him, the Guard

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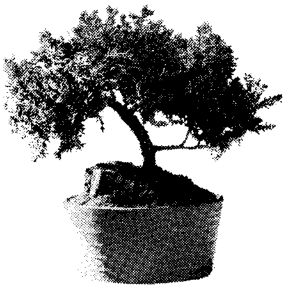

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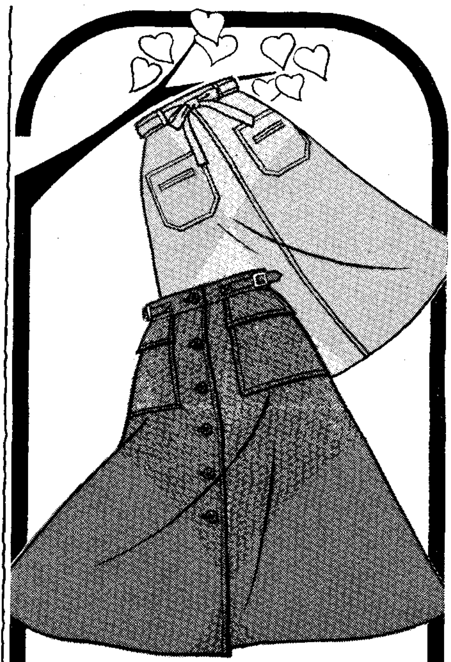
is ordinarily deployed at bases situated between those of the regular forces and the main population centers.

BESIDES the civil and military bureaucracy, the Saudis have a third instrument for building the country. The merchant firms centered in Jidda are vast semi-public enterprises—quasi state companies. They bear to the regime the same ambiguous relation that the Hudson's Bay Company and the East India Company bore to the Crown in the building of Britain's eighteenth-century empire. Most of their work is done for the Saudi government, and it is thanks to their efforts that the country has been developed as much as it has. One major firm, Juffali & Brothers, for example, brought electricity to Mecca. It also built the telephone system for Jidda and started the country's cement industry. It acts as the sales agent in Saudi Arabia for about three hundred major international companies, including I.B.M., Kelvinator, Borg-Warner, Siemens, Michelin, the Fluor Corporation, Volkswagen, and Daimler-Benz. Another firm, the Saudi Research and Development Corporation, whose chairman is Ghaith Pharaon, has done most of the work on the streets and sewers of Mecca and Jidda. A third company, the Triad Holding Corporation, headed by Adnan Khashoggi, has served as a go-between in much of the military business.

The Jidda merchants seemed to me to be well trained, astute, and as responsible as businessmen in most places. Ghaith Pharaon was educated at Stanford and the Harvard Business School. In Jidda, he works in a cool, modern office with handsome Scandinavian furniture, and he travels by company jet to branch offices in Paris and London. He has the vision to deal on equal terms with the biggest international companies, and he also has the detailed know-how of a good foreman. But an unmistakable touch of corruption taints the merchant firms. Many that have grown rich owe their good fortune in no small part—and by no mere metaphor—to friends at court. The original Juffali was a friend of the patriarchal King Abdul-Aziz. Ghaith Pharaon is a son of a close adviser to King Faisal. Adnan Khashoggi is the son of a physician to the Saudi royal family. The role of agent with unspecified duties for giant Western companies, moreover, intrinsically lends itself to hanky-panky. Kamal Adham, a brother-in-law of Faisal, contracted for a million-dollar fee for helping a Japanese company to



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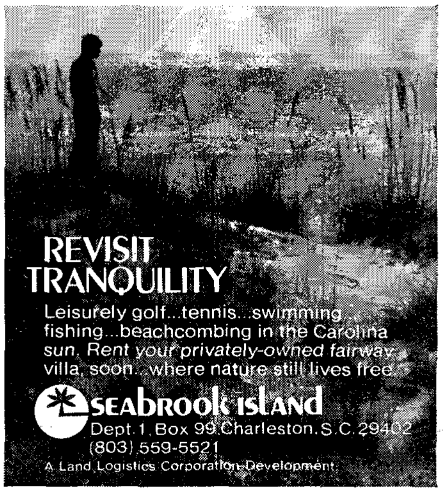

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an oil concession. Aramco won its original concession in part by paying a bribe to Harry St. John Philby, the famous Arabist, who served as an adviser to King Abdul-Aziz. Recent hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations have disclosed that the Northrop Corporation, which in 1975 alone has concluded some nine hundred million dollars' worth of contracts with the Saudi Air Force, paid through its agent, Adnan Khashoggi, a bribe of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two Saudi generals. Khashoggi's fee for one Northrop contract is believed to have been about forty million. That transaction inevitably attracted the attention of the Pentagon. Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert Ellsworth wrote the Saudi Defense Minister, Prince Sultan, raising the question whether any legitimate service could justify such a fee. Sultan wrote back saying that Saudi Arabia opposed agent's fees for defense equipment, and further indicated that if the fee had been paid to Khashoggi the contract would be invalid. Khashoggi then put out a story to the effect that the bribe had been suggested by Northrop, not himself, and that he pocketed the money to avoid embarrassing the Saudi generals. He therefore, he said, felt entitled to retain his commission. Defense Minister Sultan did not accept that version, but Khashoggi seems to have had a friend in Prince Fahd. The Prince denounced the whole bribery story as a Zionist concoction, and the matter has yet to be resolved. While not exactly straitlaced about bribery, some high-ranking Saudis are plainly concerned over the extent and atmosphere of corruption. King Faisal made his uncle Prince Musa'id Finance Minister to hold down the spending. Prince Fahd's stock dropped badly last year when it became known that he had lost several million in a fling at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. The highly publicized exploits of Adnan Khashoggi and his Triad Holding Corporation—particularly their move to take over a bank in San Jose, California—disgust some Saudis. There is a distinct limit to the confidence that the Saudi leaders have in the merchant class. At the very least, they want to balance their influence against that of some other force. For that purpose, Saudi Arabia has turned mainly to the United States.

PROBABLY no feature of life in Saudi Arabia is more striking to the foreign visitor than the semi-official role played by every American in the

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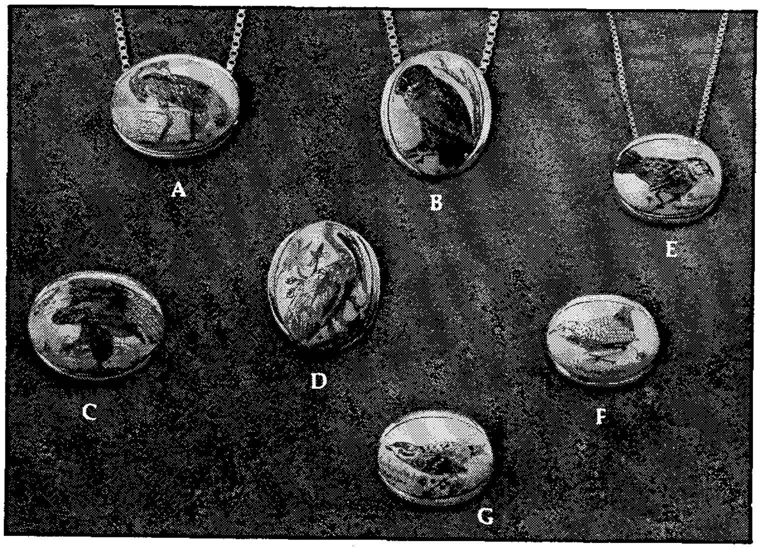

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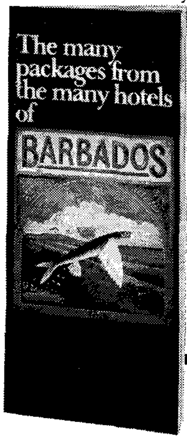

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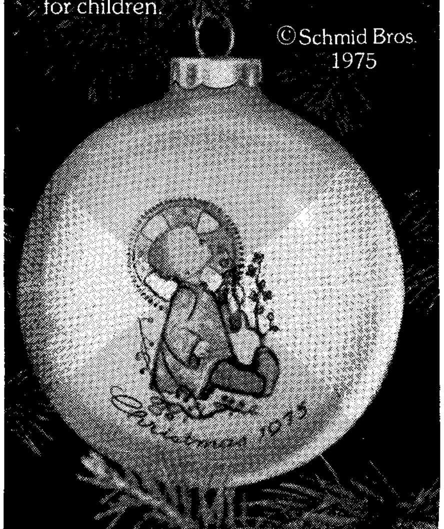

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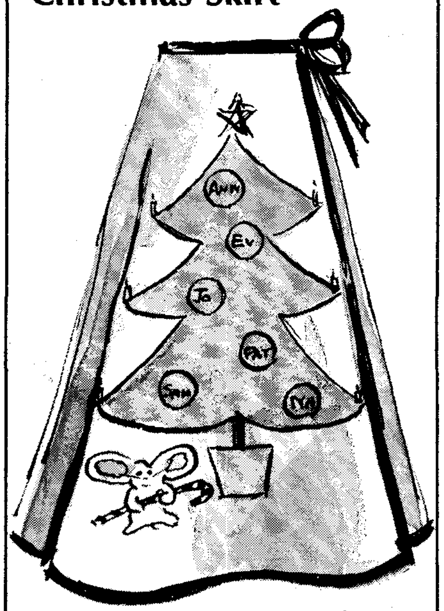
country. When the Jidda water system was knocked out last spring, for example, Fahd's reaction was to telephone the American ambassador, James Akins. Ambassador Akins spoke that night to Colonel George B. Gray, Jr., commander of a local unit of the Corps of Engineers, which had been building military installations for the Saudis. Next day, Colonel Gray led a party that surveyed the water-supply system by helicopter. He reported extensive damage, and suggested that the Corps undertake repairs. Washington approved, provided that the Saudis put up a cash deposit against the cost. On April 20th, the Saudis handed over a check for twenty million riyals, or about six million dollars, made out personally to Ambassador Akins. The engineers then moved ahead. Emergency repairs brought the water system back to adequate working order by May 15th.

That pattern seems to obtain in virtually every domain of life. The five-year plan was drawn up with extensive help from the Stanford Research Institute, with an assist from the Arthur D. Little company, the business consultants. Most of the road building has been planned by Wilson-Murrow, an overseas branch of a company based in Salina, Kansas, one of whose founding partners was a brother of the late broadcaster Edward R. Murrow. The new airport at Riyadh is being designed by the Bechtel Corporation, of San Francisco. The new grain elevators and flour mills near Dammam will be operated by Pillsbury, which is also supervising their construction. The Hospital Corporation of America, a Nashville firm, operates the King Faisal Specialist Hospital. The Corps of Engineers has an estimated two billion dollars' worth of construction work under way or planned, including a military academy, a new Air Force headquarters, two naval bases, and three military hospitals. American defense contractors have made arrangements to sell the Saudis roughly a billion dollars' worth of weapons. Northrop has sold a hundred and ten F-5s to the Saudi Air Force and has the contract to train the crews. Lockheed has sold ten C-130 transports, at nine million dollars each. T.W.A. manages Saudia, the Saudi Arabian Airline. Chase Manhattan serves as an investment adviser to the Saudi Ministry of Finance. American military advisers are shaping the Saudi armed forces. The Vinnell Corporation, of Alhambra, California, which has a contract to train the National Guard, has hired a number of

Christmas Skirt



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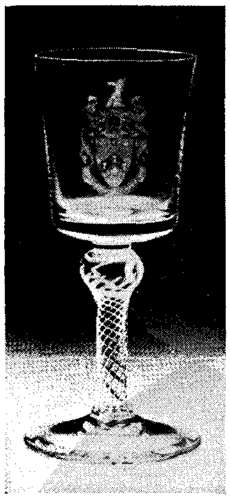

Vietnam veterans—most of them mild-mannered logistics experts, rather than the swashbuckling mercenaries depicted in newspaper stories—to school the Saudis in such matters as the use, care, and storage of modern weapons and their spare parts. American Army and Air Force officers serve as advisers to the Saudi Ministry of Defense and Aviation. When I asked one of these to describe his job, he said, "Well, the first thing we have to do is help the Saudis develop a basic strategy."

The supreme example of the connection is, of course, Aramco, the largest oil-producing company in the world today. Last year, its four parent companies—Exxon, Texaco, Standard Oil of California, and Mobil—were obliged to yield sixty per cent of its control to the Saudi government. I flew from Riyadh to the Aramco complex on the Persian Gulf in the company of Bill Mulligan, a genial Aramco public-relations man. Just after takeoff, Mulligan pulled out an Aramco map to show me the line of flight. I noticed and remarked on the fact that the map showed Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Iraq but did not include Israel. "We've had problems with political things like that," Mulligan said equably. "For a long time, we had complaints because our maps mentioned the Persian Gulf. Now we call it the Arabian Gulf." Our route passed over the Ghawar oil field, the largest in the world—some hundred and fifty miles long and twenty-five miles across at its widest point, with a productive capacity of five million barrels of oil per day. We swooped low at Hofuf, a huge oasis town, where large quantities of alfalfa are being grown and some ambitious rice-growing experiments are taking place. "We're rather proud of what our Saudi friends have done in Hofuf," Mulligan said. About twenty-five miles west of the Gulf, we passed Abqaiq, the starting point for the great Trans-Arabian

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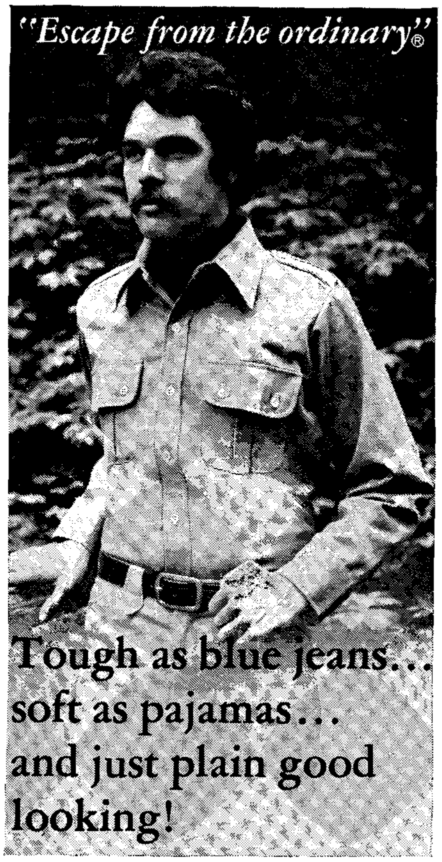
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pipeline (or Tapline), which brings oil a thousand miles north to the Mediterranean. Suddenly that warm-water fjord the Gulf came into sight, and there arose what seemed to be a wondrous and incongruous mirage. Concentrated in a small corner of the desert are the Aramco headquarters at Dhahran; the huge non-oil port of Dammam; the oil port and refinery, perhaps the largest in the world, of Ra's at Tannūrah; a deepwater port some fifteen miles out in the Gulf serving the world's largest tankers; and the modern commercial town Khobar, with a spanking-new hotel. The airport of Dhahran, a fine example of Islamic architecture, with light and air let in through graceful Arabian arches, was designed by a Japanese-American architect, Minoru Yamasaki, at the edge of a field that was first cleared by the United States military. Adjoining the commercial terminal is an Aramco hangar, which is home base for a fleet of nine planes, including two executive jets. Mulligan drove me from the airport on an informal tour of the Aramco complex. We passed a golf course, a driving range, and a putting green; many tennis courts and baseball diamonds; a hobby shop; a library; a barbershop; a beauty parlor; a yacht club, with sloops on the blue waters. The Aramco headquarters is a low, U-shaped building divided into hundreds of small offices. Nearby flow curving roadways flanked by two- and three-bedroom ranch-style homes, well landscaped, with clipped hedges and carefully sprinkled lawns. There were kids on bicycles playing in the roads, and an occasional girl in shorts walking down the sidewalks. Groups of informally dressed men idled around the houses. I noticed a single black, and observed to Mulligan that there did not seem to be many blacks. He said that the oil business in America had grown up in the Southwest, around Texas, Oklahoma, and California, and hadn't had many blacks to begin with, and Aramco reflected those origins. The place seemed totally American—reminiscent of a California town in the fifties, when America was sure of itself. "It reminds me of Palo Alto before the nineteen-sixties," I said. Mulligan frowned a little but didn't say anything. About ten minutes later, we came across an oil derrick, marking Aramco's first strike. "That's something they don't have in Palo Alto," Mulligan said. "Oil wells." I stayed overnight at an Aramco guesthouse, and had drinks, dinner, and breakfast with the man who is now board chair-

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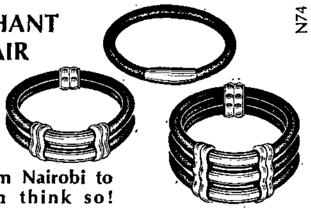

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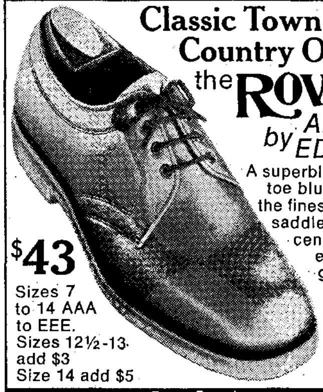

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man of the company, Frank Jungers. What struck me most was a total absence of the smell and feel of opulence that I had come to associate with oil companies over the years. The Aramco guesthouse is as spare as a New England inn. Dinner, at the home of the Jungerses, was a buffet for about twenty people. There was no seating arrangement, and I noticed that neither Jungers nor his wife sat at the head of a table.

Aramco seemed further set apart from the ordinary oil company by fierce loyalties. Oil executives generally move from one international subsidiary of their company to another and from one continent to another. By the time they reach the top, they will have worked in production and sales in Latin America and the Middle East, in Houston, on the West Coast, and in New York. Aramco officers, however, work only for Aramco. Though the company maintains offices in many cities around the world, including New York and Washington, the heavy concentration is on production in Saudi Arabia. Most of the sales are handled by the American firms that created Aramco. Since Aramco provides about ninety per cent of the national income of Saudi Arabia, since it has been in the country for forty years, the Aramco officers—or Aramcons, as they call themselves—develop a strong sense of mission and identity. Not long ago, a British sociologist brought together a representative group of Saudis and Americans living in Arabia. He asked the Saudis to write down accounts of what the Americans said about Saudi Arabia as distinct from what they thought Americans really believed. The Americans were supposed to make a similar analysis of what the Saudis said and really believed. One of the Aramco men protested. He said there had to be, besides the Saudis and the Americans, a third category—the Aramcons.

Frank Jungers is right out of that story. He is a square-jawed engineer who has been with Aramco since he graduated from the University of Washington, in 1947. In his talk with me, he was all business, and his business was all Aramco. At his office, he produced a small map of the world which gave countries a size commensurate with their oil wealth. Saudi Arabia, with one-quarter of the world's proved reserves, dwarfed Russia, China, and the United States. Jungers then sketched out the tremendous possibilities of Saudi-American coöperation. The United States could have an assured

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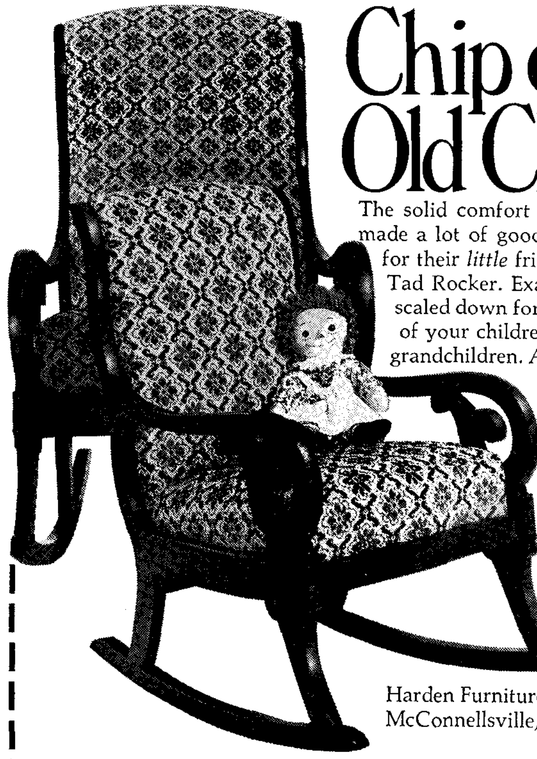

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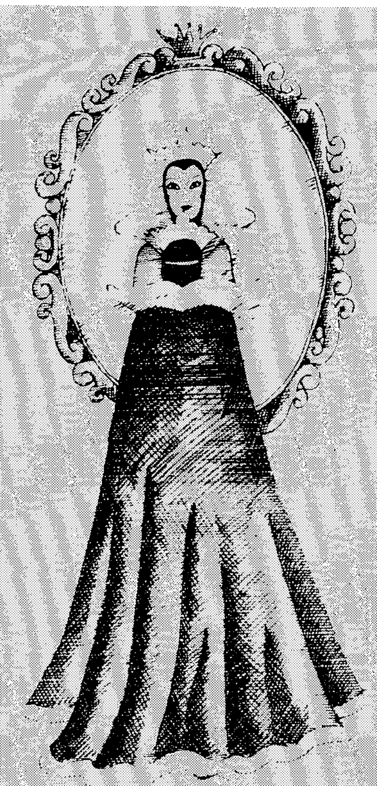

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supply of oil at steady prices for years to come. American companies were the obvious vehicles for developing Saudi Arabia. A special relationship between the two countries was natural—even inevitable. "We're both anti-Communist," Jungers said, "and we both believe in free enterprise."

I cited the negotiations whereby Saudi Arabia had already acquired sixty per cent of Aramco and was moving to get the rest. I remarked that at least some of the American Aramco owners were wary about investing more money. Jungers said that the formal acquisition by the Saudis meant "everything and nothing." The Saudis did control the company and did receive profits, but operations were left entirely to the management. For example, below a ceiling fixed by the Saudis, the Americans decided the level of production, depending on the international market. He had persuaded the four parent companies to undertake on behalf of the Saudis the program for utilizing natural gas in the eastern province.

I mentioned difficulties that other companies had in doing business in Saudi Arabia. Jungers asked for examples. I cited General Motors and its problems in moving cars through customs at Jidda. "G.M. is just piddling around," Jungers said. "They don't have good people, used to living here and working here. G.M. is chicken." I raised the question whether the United States should become dependent on Saudi Arabia for a commodity as vital to national security and economic welfare as oil. Jungers said, "The fact is that the United States will be dependent on foreign oil for the rest of this century. There is no other way. Dependency on foreign energy sources is a fact of life. Once you recognize that, the rest will come automatically."

One justification cited by Jungers for confidence in Saudi Arabia as a reliable oil supplier is a rising level of productive capacity. It was two million barrels a day ten years ago, stood at eight and a half million barrels a day last year, will reach eleven and a half million barrels a day by the end of this year, and is due to rise by a million barrels a day each year between now and 1980. A reason for this vast expansion lies in a willingness—indeed, a positive desire—to meet the demands of the American companies serving international needs. King Faisal repeatedly indicated his interest in working out a long-term supply contract with the United States, and his successors echo his views. King Khalid, in response to

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one of my written questions, said that Saudi Arabia would meet "world demand for oil supplies," because "we are part of the international community." The Petroleum Minister, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, told me, "You have to have economic growth in the West, and we have a sense of obligation to you." Prince Fahd tells visitors, "When you're the biggest baker in town, you have to keep turning out bread."

But there are many Saudis, both in and out of government, to whom that logic does not appeal. Indeed, if there is a single dominant question in the kingdom—a single subject open to hot debate, involving consequences for all other aspects of life—it is the level of oil production. The argument against high production is made most cogently by the young economists around Hisham Nazer, in the Central Planning Organization. They claim that high production brings surplus revenues that cannot be invested effectively either abroad or in Saudi Arabia. "Labor is short," one of them told me. "So is housing. Add inflation, and you have to ask what's the use of generating so much cash—particularly when we can't even invest it profitably abroad. A barrel of oil in the ground is actually worth more than eleven dollars in the bank. Why should we give up good oil for bad paper?" To underline the point, the Central Planning Organization recently commissioned staff members of the Stanford Research Institute to do a study of the level of oil production that would be required to continue the present rate of economic growth while maintaining national security and present living standards. The Stanford study proved the young economists' case with a vengeance. It showed that the Saudis could get by very nicely by selling only three million barrels of oil per day—about a quarter of capacity.

The local arguments against pitching oil-production levels to suit Aramco's needs are reinforced by the demands of other Arab states that Saudi Arabia use its oil power to influence American foreign policy. The Saudis, to protect themselves against these internal and external pressures, have been increasingly obliged to align oil policy with the view of the other major exporters grouped in the OPEC cartel. Back in 1973, at the time of the Arab-Israeli war, King Faisal instituted an oil embargo for foreign-policy reasons. "The embargo," King Khalid said in response to another of my written questions, "was meant to attract world attention to the injustice which the

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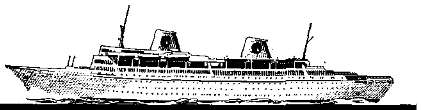

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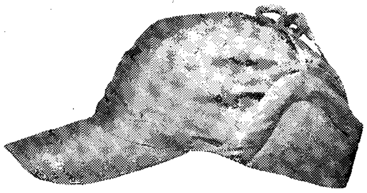

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Arab people have suffered." Other oil producers, led by Iran, saw in the shortage a chance to raise oil prices. At an OPEC meeting in December, 1973, in Teheran, they pushed through a resolution calling for what amounted to a fourfold increase in prices since October. King Faisal opposed the resolution, and Petroleum Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani told me that he was reprimanded by the King for allowing it to pass. But the Saudis went along with the price increase. They also endorsed another increase, enacted in the spring of 1974 at an OPEC meeting in Quito, Ecuador, though once again Yamani, by his own account, was reprimanded by King Faisal.

In July, 1974, Faisal and Yamani accepted a proposal by Secretary of the Treasury William Simon that they hold an open auction of oil to break prices, but the auction never came off. Yamani gives visitors this explanation of why the Saudis went back on their word: "Mr. Simon wasn't satisfied with the King's word that there would be an auction. He bragged about it as though he had an agreement to force prices down. His statements drew a very strong reaction from other OPEC members, including President Boumedienne of Algeria and the Shah of Iran. We had an exchange of messages. They agreed to stop pushing for further increases in prices if we agreed to drop the auction. But if Simon hadn't blabbed so much, we would have done the auction quietly. The King had a strong feeling the price was too high."

Before 1974 was out, the Saudis went along with still another OPEC price rise—an action that elicited semi-veiled threats of American retaliation. During the past year, the Saudis also played the good OPEC partner, as distinct from the American dream of the ideal supplier. Demand for oil was low because of the recession, and there were some price decreases in quality oil products sold by Libya, Algeria, and Abu Dhabi. The Saudis, had they wanted to, could easily have broken the price by maintaining full production. Instead, they held the price of Arabian crude firm at ten dollars and forty-six cents a barrel, and made cuts in production necessary to sustain that price. At the low point of the recession, in March, oil shipments from Saudi Arabia were down to five million barrels a day—about half of capacity. The main reason that the OPEC cartel was able to traverse the danger zone of the recession, with its downward pressure on prices, was that the Saudis were

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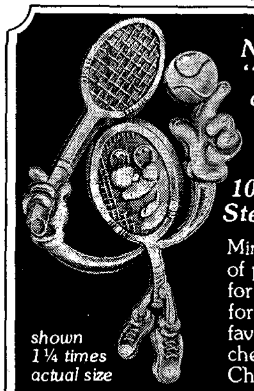

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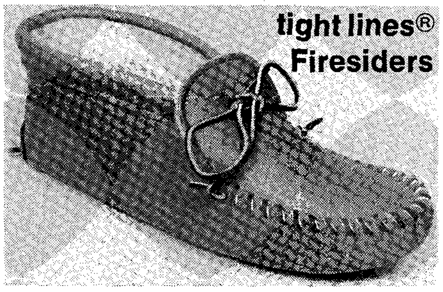

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prepared to absorb whatever production cuts the market dictated.

The first signs of recovery from the recession subjected the Saudis to another tug-of-war between loyalty to the consumers and affinity with the OPEC nations. Iran and several other OPEC members began pushing for a new round of price rises to take effect this October. The Algerians justified further increases on the ground that the oil producers must act as a battering ram for the less developed countries in forcing the industrialized countries to agree to "a new world economic order." The Saudis, in the person of Yamani, suggested a meeting of the three groups of nations concerned—the leading oil producers, the leading oil consumers, and the less developed countries. Yamani intimated that at such a meeting oil prices could be negotiated in a comfortable atmosphere, and the steam could be taken out of the Algerian demand. But at a summit meeting of OPEC countries in Algiers last March the Saudis agreed to a declaration that bound them very closely to the Algerians. It stipulated that the tripartite conference would "in no case be confined to an examination of the question of energy" and "should pay equal attention to the problems facing both the developed and the developing countries." A meeting to prepare the tripartite conference was held in Paris, in April, but fell apart when the consumer countries, led by the United States, refused to accept the Algerian demand that other commodities besides oil should be discussed. The Saudis stood firm with the Algerians.

Even though the United States then went through a frenzy of actions that should have pleased the Saudis—agreement to a new tripartite conference in Paris; agreement, at a special session of the United Nations, to a dialogue between rich and poor countries; and, finally, sponsorship of the Egyptian-Israeli disengagement accord—the Saudis stood with their OPEC partners on the price of oil. On September 27th, in Vienna, the OPEC Petroleum Ministers decreed a ten-per-cent increase in the oil price, to last for the next nine months. The Saudis claimed that they had opposed the increase, and at one point Yamani left the meeting apparently in a huff and flew to London, where he said there were more secure communications with his home government. This flamboyant act was widely regarded as what one American diplomat called a *coup de théâtre*, designed to show that the Saudis had done their best for the Americans. But few

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knowledgeable Americans took it very seriously. The basic fact, the true significance of the price increase, is that Saudi oil policy has now been meshed with Saudi foreign policy.

SAUDI ARABIA was in a poor international position back in 1964, when Faisal became King. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and Arab Socialism were on the warpath against conservative, dynastic regimes friendly to the United States. Nasser found support among radical Arabs in Syria, Iraq, Yemen, Algeria, and the Palestine Liberation Organization. At one point, the Saudis, virtually isolated, were almost at war with Egypt. The spectre of revolt was raised by alien workers in the oil fields when the Saudis did not go to the aid of the Egyptians in the Six-Day War of 1967 against Israel. After 1967, as Nasser's influence waned, and particularly following his death, in 1970, Faisal began trying to build a consensus policy with Egypt and other Arab states. He fostered a rapprochement between Syria and Egypt, which was the main factor behind the impressive Arab performance in the October War of 1973. He cemented the consensus policy with the oil embargo and the entente among petroleum producers.

Still, the purpose of the policy was largely negative—to get the Egyptians off his back. And Faisal treated foreign policy as a private preserve, imposing many idiosyncratic personal conditions. He was fanatically anti-Communist. Not only did he bar relations with any Communist country, including Yugoslavia, but he was also extremely suspicious of Arab regimes that had anything to do with the Soviet Union. His price for all-out support of Cairo against Israel was President Anwar al-Sadat's repudiation of the Soviet connection. He had no truck with the regime in Iraq, which depended upon Soviet economic and military support. He was intensely suspicious of the Palestinians because of their radical leanings and the support they got from Russia. Yasir Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, once told me that whenever he saw Faisal he was given a lecture on the evils of doing business with Moscow. Faisal also had an antipathy to Jews that went far beyond what Arabs like to call "opposition to Zionism." He entertained the notion that the Jews were the perfidious agents of a Zionist-Communist plot. He denied that Israel had any right to Jerusalem. He once told a Western diplomat that all the archi-

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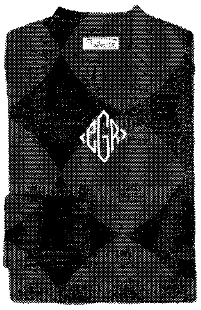

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tecture of Jerusalem—including even the stones of the Wailing Wall, which virtually everybody else traces to the time of Herod—was the work of Arabs or Crusaders.

The new Saudi regime has moved quickly to depersonalize and modernize foreign policy. Although King Khalid is technically the Foreign Minister and is frequently present on ceremonial occasions, he apparently has only slight personal interest in foreign policy. A Western diplomat who has heart trouble remarked wryly to me that the ailment gave him *something* to discuss with Khalid, who has undergone open-heart surgery. Besides Khalid, at least five other Saudis play a shaping role in foreign policy. The list includes Fahd, Abdullah, Sultan, and Yamani. But the Saudis' chief spokesman in foreign policy—their man at the big international conferences—is Prince Saud, a son of King Faisal who is a Princeton graduate and now Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

I called on Prince Saud at a modest building he uses for an office in Riyadh. He is a tall, thin man in his early thirties, very elegant in appearance, with a soft, deep voice and smooth manners—"a true aristo," as an American diplomat put it. Saud started by saying that negotiations for a settlement between Israel and the Arabs might have to be moved to Geneva. "We have now to deal with the central issues," he said. I reminded him that Geneva meant a full-dress conference, with the Russians as well as the Americans in attendance. "We have no objections to that," he said, as if the matter of contamination by the Communists couldn't be a more ridiculous notion. Earlier, Prince Saud had modified Faisal's objections to Jewish worship in Jerusalem. On March 31st, only six days after the assassination, he told a group of British, French, and American journalists who had asked him about the rights of Jews in Jerusalem, "We do not object to the right of worship by any religion, but the right of worship should not be based on or justified by occupation." When I saw Prince Saud, he acknowledged that the new formula gave Jews the right to worship in Jerusalem, but he waved away the suggestion that there was any change. "I don't think there are any religious proscriptions in the Koran," he said blandly. "We Arabs recognize all the monotheistic religions."

With those anachronisms disposed of, the new Saudi regime has reinforced Faisal's basic policy in bold

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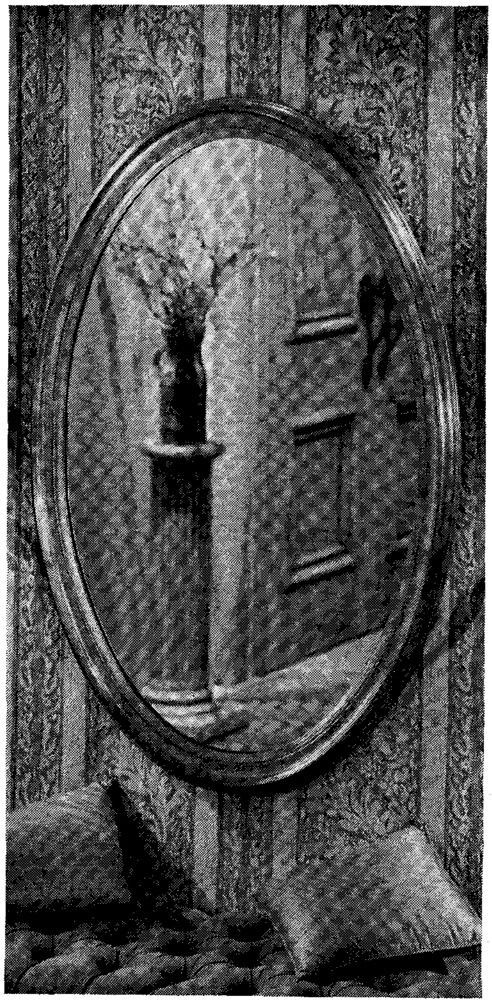

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fashion. Prince Saud told me, "Saudi Arabia is a country that tends to like consensus in the Arab world. King Faisal promoted that policy in his lifetime. But it has nothing to do with personality. Events are pivotal." When the new regime took over, events were moving to shatter Arab unity. The breakdown of the Kissinger shuttle diplomacy on March 22nd and the death of Faisal on March 25th touched off a period of chaotic conflict within the Arab world. Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi's regime in Libya stigmatized Egypt's President Sadat as a traitor to the Arab cause for trying to make a separate peace with Israel. Syria seemed to line up with Libya. Outright fighting between Palestinians and non-Muslims broke out in Lebanon. Relations between Iraq and Syria, never good, suddenly turned very sour, because of fights over the waters of the Euphrates River and over the role of the Ba'ath Socialist Party, different wings of which rule both countries. At that point, the Saudis moved to calm the uproar.

On April 21st and 22nd, they convened, in Riyadh, a mini-summit meeting with Sadat and President Hafez al-Assad of Syria. The Egyptian and Syrian Presidents, together with their Saudi hosts, who had previously received Yasir Arafat and King Hussein of Jordan, worked out a basic strategy for the return to bargaining with Israel under American auspices. As they left Riyadh, Sadat paid elaborate tribute to the Saudi role in fostering accord. "Saudi Arabia is the home of the Arabs, where they go to unite their ranks," he said. To make the next steps easier for the Egyptians and the Syrians, the Saudis took a plunge that Faisal had never taken. In an interview with the Washington *Post*, King Khalid conceded Israel's right to exist. He said that, provided arrangements for a Palestinian state could be made, and provided Israel agreed to withdraw from all "occupied territories, including Jerusalem, she can live within her 1967 borders."

The knitting back together of Egypt and Syria was followed by a similar effort with all the other states of Araby—and, indeed, Islam. Petroleum Minister Yamani embarked on a flying shuttle to initiate a rapprochement between Syria and Iraq. Prince Fahd went to Baghdad on a state visit—the first by a Saudi leader since 1958. The leaders of the other Gulf states—including the Shah of Iran, the Sultan of Oman, and the Sheikhs of Kuwait

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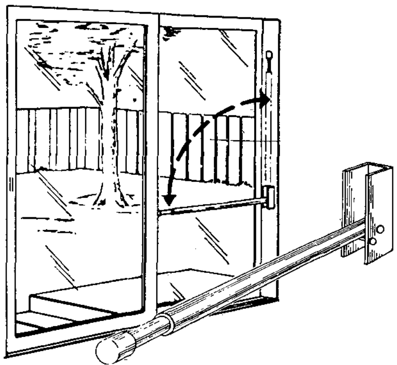

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and the Emirates—were received in Riyadh. In mid-July, Jidda was the scene of the first large-scale international conference to meet in Arabia—a conference of forty Islamic Foreign Ministers. Yasir Arafat had pride of place, next to King Khalid, at the formal reception. The final declaration featured the views of radical ministers from Libya, Iraq, and Algeria. In it the members resolved to "expel Israel from the United Nations."

That harsh threat demonstrates, as nothing else can, how far the new Saudi drive for Arab unity goes beyond King Faisal's efforts. The Saudis are no longer trying only to defend themselves against Pan-Arab radicalism. They are not trying merely to avoid unpleasant choices. They want to do more than just live with their problems. They seek conclusions. They are moving once and for all to solve the problem that lays upon them a continual choice between the United States and the Arab world. They want to force, on favorable terms, an end to the Arab-Israeli conflict. Prince Fahd declared in an interview with the Saudi newspaper *Al-Yamamah* that his government had "presented the world in general, and Israel in particular, with two alternatives: either to take advantage of the opportunity for a just and lasting peace—an opportunity which does not always crop up—or to take the other option, whose consequences only God can know."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

"Certainly I couldn't have a finer marriage, although we have had a minimum of differences," he said.—*President Ford, quoted in the Washington Post.*

Kind of fellow who *enjoys* a good fight.

•

An alphabetic roster of all students enrolled in the Philadelphia public schools in April 1968 was examined for children with the same last name, the same birth dates, and the same home address. Children who met the three criteria were identified as twins.—*Science.*

Gee! That's pretty good.

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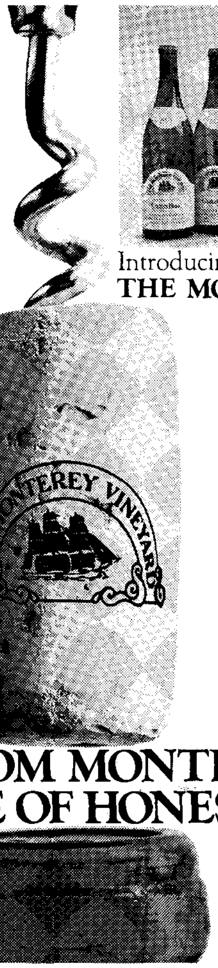

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FOOTBALL

Riders in the Sky

ADMIRERS of the tenet that God intended the football to be propelled by the foot of man, not by the hand, had their day again over the past weekend. The aerial display in Michigan, where matters are managed—down to the last band uniform, the last flash card, the last girl cheerleader—with professional élan, was at its pinnacle. The match between Michigan (16) and Michigan State (6) brought about no fewer than five field goals, mostly of long range. Michigan, which has not had the easiest of going this fall, could not pull far enough ahead of Michigan State—entirely because of its inability to rack up a decisive touchdown—until well along *in the final quarter of the engagement,* and the meagre ripples of excitement up to then were occasioned by the footwork of two superb kickers.

In the East, where the Ivy League pursues its annual course in a far more modest fashion, it was Morrison, of Princeton, who put on the best show—three field goals, of, respectively, thirty-three, twenty-eight, and forty-two yards. This was quite sufficient, it turned out, to top the eight points that Princeton's host, Cornell, was able to collect, the Princeton defenders—stubborn indeed this season (twenty-two points, no more, to their discredit in three matches)—being at their best. It was just as well that Morrison's toes were in order, for the Princeton ground forces were moving in a dilatory manner, for once. But Beible, who did the throwing for Princeton, took to the air in splendid form, and Cornell came in a slow second, 16–8. Violante, Brown's opposite number to Morrison, turned in two field goals—at forty-four and twenty-four yards—as his contribution to an unexpectedly vigorous overturning of Yale, by a count of 27–12; his coffin-corner punts were equally useful. An inconvenient Yale fumble did not assist Yale in its pursuit of Brown, which brusquely and skillfully pulled ahead by 17–0 halfway through the second quarter, and though the traditional Yale overawing long-distance touchdown pass

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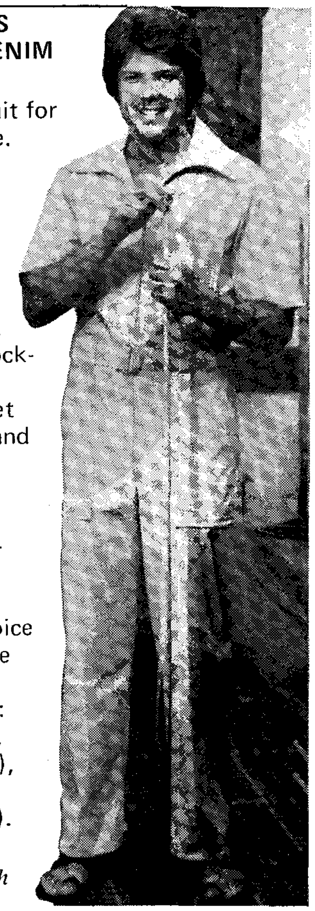

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(this time a magnificent flight of the ball from Phillips to Fencik) came off in full view of the Brown defensemen, it was a performance that Phillips was unable to repeat. Everyone by now knows of the prowess of Brown's newest first-string quarterback, Bateman, and his gilding-of-the-lily performance against Yale need not be dwelt upon. Dartmouth, which has kept largely out of urban view in its New Hampshire forest fastness, entertained Pennsylvania up there in not especially convincing style—Dartmouth 19, Pennsylvania 14—and in this instance it was the footwork of Bjelland (a field goal at eighteen yards) and Lowery (a field goal at forty-three yards) that made the difference.

Harvard got around to overturning Columbia by no better a count than 35–30, and Harvard, with a potentially fine quarterback trying his greenhand best, and with a defense in which there may be too many trainees, appears to be no closer than 1976 to the sort of teamwork that is to be expected of a squad under the guidance of Joe Restic. As it happened, Harvard piled up a decent enough lead over Columbia in the first half (35–17) and then was unable to do anything but head for cover in the second half. Indeed, a minute or two before time ran out, Columbia was down on the Harvard eleven, at fourth down and one to go. Only an adroit shove by the Harvard line at precisely the right instant—this sent Hickey, Columbia's demonic runner, careering into Delaney, his quarterback, instead of through the Harvard line—brought Harvard out ahead. Note: Delaney, laboring under the burden of being considered only a second-string replacement for the damaged Burns, grows smarter, smoother, wittier (or, rather, outwittier) week by week.

Up at West Point, Army went down—sometimes head over heels on the sloppy, slithery playing field—before Duke, 21–10. Duke's report card this year suggests a D-minus rating until one studies its schedule. Army's Hall, admirable quarterback, proved again, and more decisively, that he sorely misses his two out-of-action receivers. His afternoon began like this: his first pass went into Duke hands, his second misfired, his third was run back by Duke for sixty-eight yards and a touchdown. On Saturday, there appeared to be far too many B- and C-squad men, not to speak of freshmen, in the Army layout. Once again, it seems that the thin gray line is being attenuated nearly to the point of invisibility.

—J. W. L.

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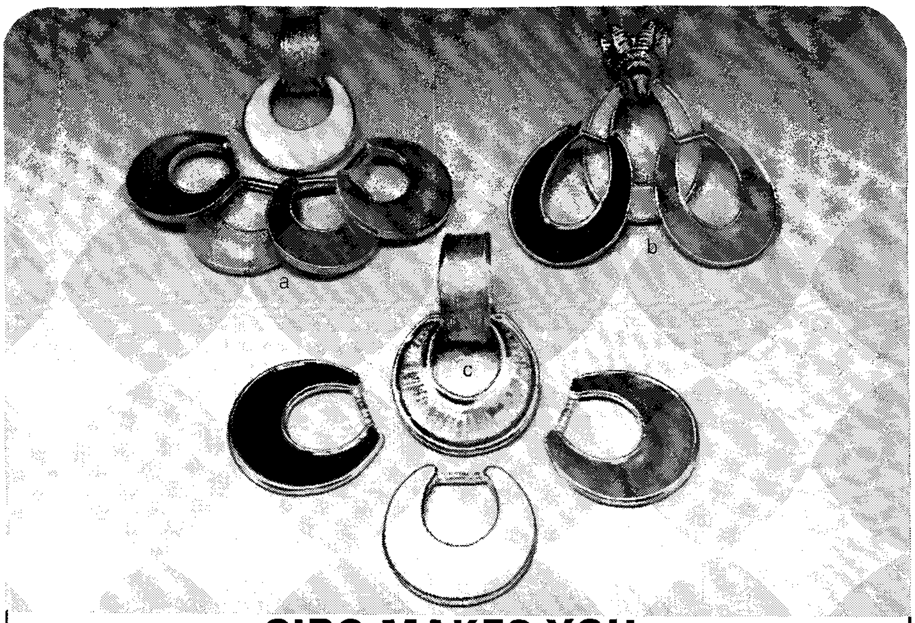

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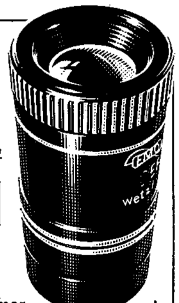

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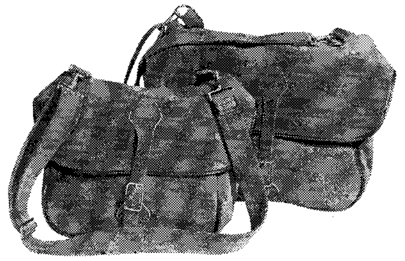

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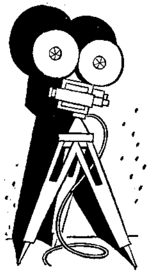

THE words "Can't you hear that terrible screaming that men call silence?" appear at the beginning of the Werner Herzog film that showed at the New York Film Festival under the title "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" and opens this week as "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser." Yes, I've heard/not heard that sound. It's the scream of one hand clapping. I heard/didn't hear it last at Antonioni's "The Passenger." It's the sound of garbled, pop-abstract enigmas.

The story of Kaspar Hauser, who appeared in a German town in the eighteen-twenties, is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar wasn't raised among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In Werner Herzog's nightmare version, Kaspar is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and, saying "Wait for me," leaves him there—a catatonic statue, with a letter in his hand. The puzzled townspeople stare at him blankly, then do their best to help him. He is a grown man who has just been born; they consider him mentally defective, but they train him in human habits and try to educate him. As he begins to learn, however, he balks at what he is taught, and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable—intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe.

Werner Herzog has achieved a visionary, overcast style. The higgledy-piggledy pink and blue roofs of the town of Dinkelsbühl, where "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" was shot, suggest the world of a German primitive painter, or of an awkward, self-taught puppeteer who has gone a little haywire. The gentle farmlands have something ominous hovering in the atmosphere, and even normal domestic

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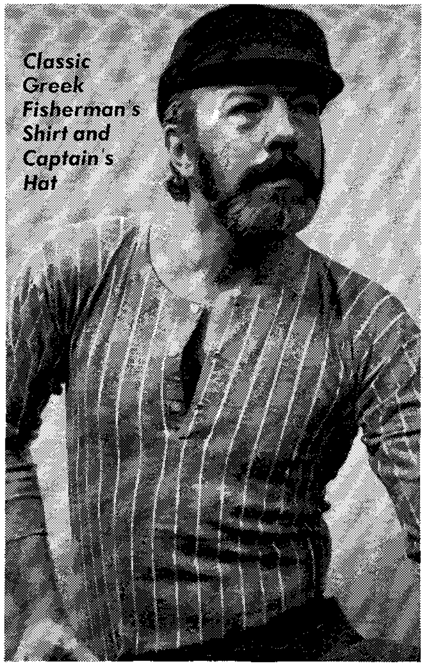

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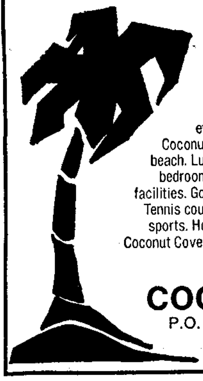

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scenes are airless and oppressive. The estrangement is poignant. Herzog's images look off-balance, crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing; there are distances, large vistas, but the perspectives aren't inviting. The universe is enclosed in an invisible hand. Caught in that grip, nobody seems warm-blooded; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff. Herzog holds shots for a second or two longer than one is used to, so that a character is left with a reaction on his face when what he's reacting to is gone. You're aware of every shot, because each one suggests a visual or emotional displacement. Even the children, who are Kaspar's first teachers, are unnaturally lacklustre. You're looking at a drained, dissociated world—a godforsaken world. The hand that holds it belongs to that black figure with the truncheon.

In Hollywood's versions of the Tarzan story, the point was always that the noble savage was superior to civilized man, and Tarzan was played by a handsome, athletic superman. Bruno S., who plays Kaspar, is not a professional actor; he was once believed to be a mental defective himself, and he was the subject of a documentary, "Bruno der Schwarze," by Lutz Eisholz, in which he talked of his youth as an orphan in reform schools and homes for the retarded. Kaspar, here, is smudgy and top-heavy; he looks physically stunted by his chained-down years. But Werner Herzog is far more of a romantic than Edgar Rice Burroughs ever dared to be. Kaspar seems conceived sculpturally—man being formed out of clay. Rooting in the muck in his dungeon, he shows no fear of his guardian, and he doesn't suffer any visible pain when he's beaten: he doesn't cower, he doesn't cry out. It's not until he walks upright and has experienced the freedom of mingling with flowers and birds that he learns to suffer. At first, Kaspar's responses seem arbitrary and unconvincing, but Bruno S. is never ordinary; as an actor he's as awkward, hallucinatory, and stylized as Herzog is as a filmmaker, and he begins to take hold of the part. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, like Michael Pollard in "Bonnie and Clyde," and a short, piggy nose, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. Kaspar is the only one who hasn't lost his innocent responses to the world about him, who hasn't

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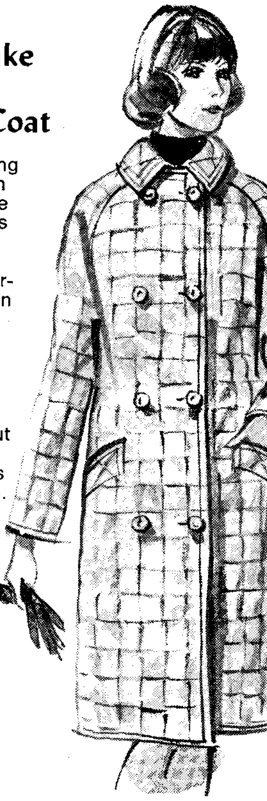

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been blighted by society. He's still got his soul. The film becomes "The Passion of Kaspar Hauser."

When you recall the movies of the past, or when you watch them on television, they're like samples—swatches of cloth—of the era in which they were made: "In the Heat of the Night" belongs to the Lyndon Johnson era as clearly as "Dirty Harry" and "Walking Tall" belong to the Nixon era. A picture that deals with universals may be just as much of the moment; "Blow-Up" was, and so is "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser." Herzog is a film poet, but he's a didactic poet, and what he has to say is extremely fashionable right now. The film says that society stultifies you under the guise of civilizing you, and that education destroys your innocent, true perceptions. In Truffaut's account of a lost boy, "The Wild Child," he regarded the boy's pain as necessary if the howling, frightened animal-child was to come into his human heritage; Truffaut cast himself in the role of the doctor who became the boy's teacher and guide. Herzog says that society puts you through the pain in order to deform you, and he makes it absolutely impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar.

Incidents are devised to show how society attempts to degrade him. He is exhibited as a sideshow attraction, along with other sad, dignified figures (they are characters from earlier Herzog pictures), and he and the rest of the freaks run into the countryside to escape and are chased like runaway animals. An effete English lord makes a protégé of Kaspar in order to exhibit him, like a trained ape, to aristocratic society. The representatives of education and church and government are shown to be trapped in their systems of thought and too obtuse to respond to anything spontaneous. A logician poses a conundrum to test Kaspar's mental processes, and rejects Kaspar's perfectly logical answer, because it wasn't the textbook answer. Kaspar is a holy innocent whose wisdom stumps those dummies. (Throughout, Herzog's assumption is that philosophers don't raise the questions that Kaspar does, though they are precisely the questions that philosophers have worried over endlessly.) Typically, Herzog sets up what might be a dramatic situation and then just lets it sit there, flat on; and it can be effective in its formality. He's worst when his purposes are clearly decipherable (as with the logician, or in an even more specious scene involving Kaspar's belief that apples have feelings), because then he's pointing up the

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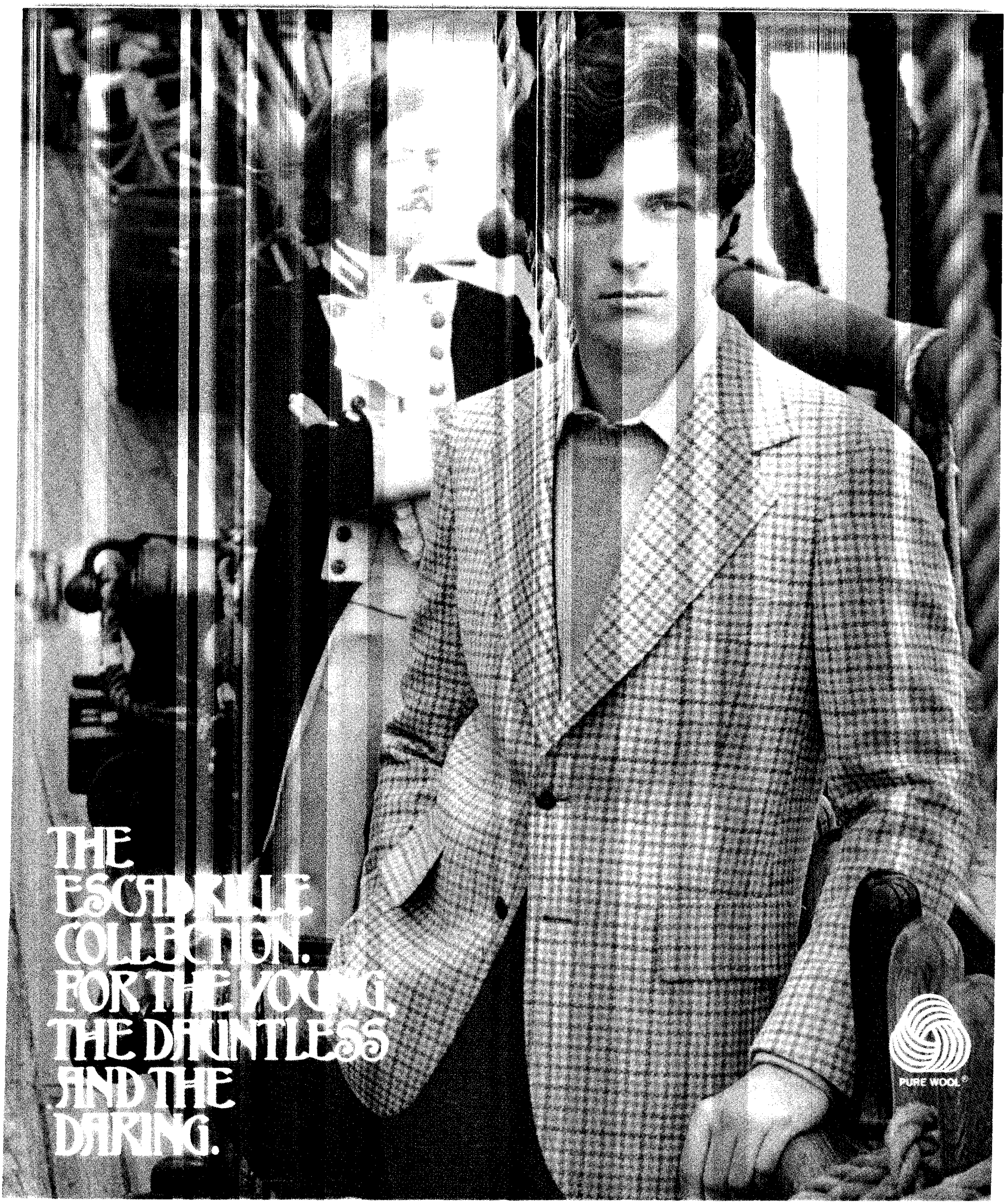
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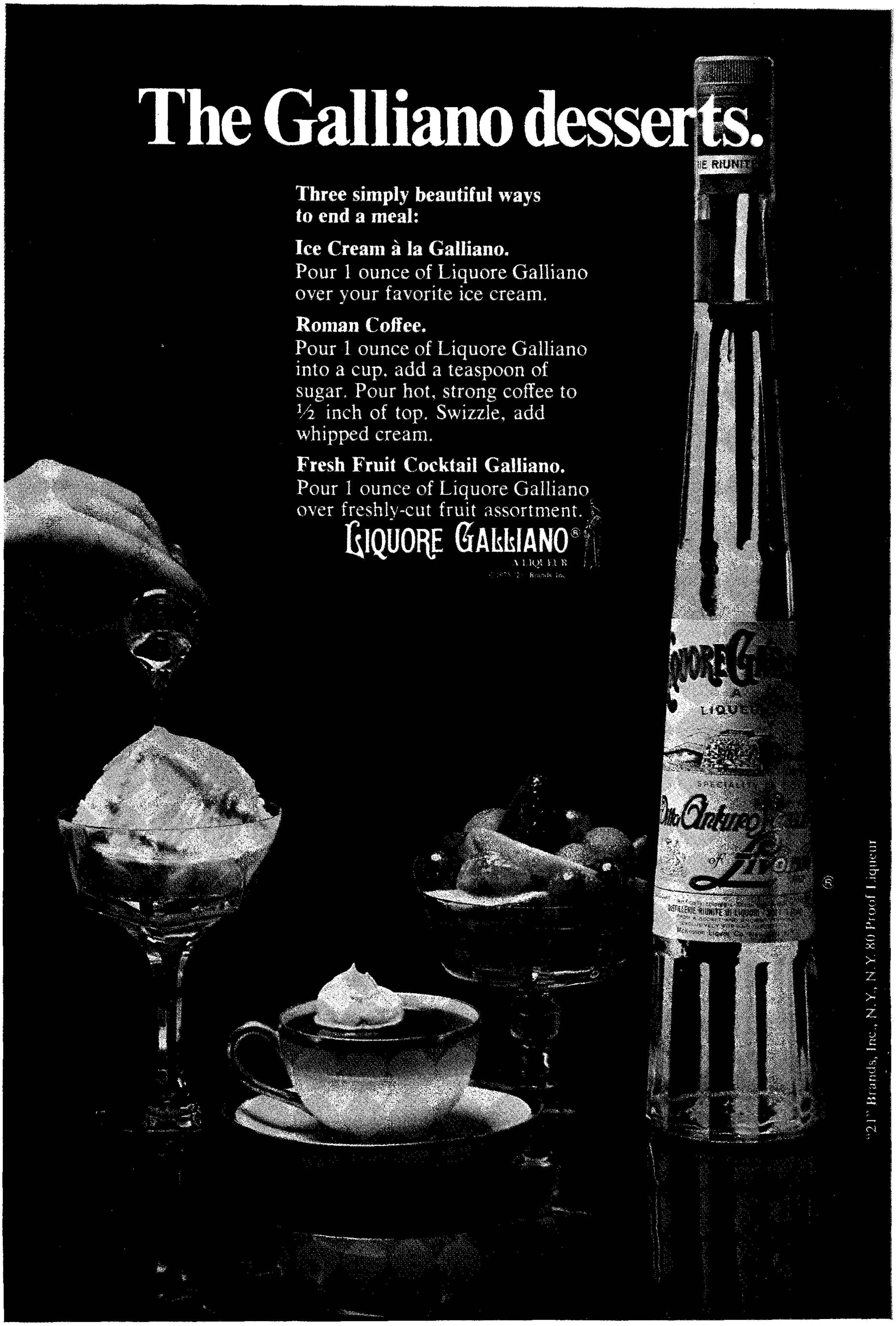

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idiocy of those who can't understand Kaspar. The local churchmen urge Kaspar to acknowledge that he felt the presence of God when he was still attached to the dungeon floor, and are baffled by his refusal. The town officials make careful records of all the externals of his life but perceive nothing of how he feels. In West Germany, Herzog's folk-art jokes about bourgeois institutions must have special satiric force, but here they seem merely reflections of a popular mood.

The larger ideas come from all over. They're lying around in the pop storehouse of people's heads: ragtags of German Expressionist movies and half a hundred mystical works—the same paraphernalia of the deep which American film students draw on when they ponder the question What is man's destiny on earth? Kaspar, dying, describes the vision he has had; it's ye olde seer's chestnut about the caravan lost in the desert and the blind Berber who tastes a grain of sand and says "Go north." You may wonder if there were stacks of the *Reader's Digest* in that dungeon. And at the close Kaspar, the outsider who could never be one of the crowd, is a cadaver in the autopsy room; his brain is poked about and dissected, and is certified abnormal. The pedantic little town clerk is overjoyed that at last the mystery of Kaspar Hauser has been solved, and the camera stays on the clerk's figure as he recedes, a limping, dwarflike creature himself, down the zigzag road out of the frame. It's ten-ton irony—Buñuel with lead feet.

Personalizing the unknown in the form of that black-caped murderer, Herzog creates a fable of a demonic universe—"Every Man for Himself and God Against All"—which is just the reverse of the faith that the churchmen want Kaspar to accept. It's Christianity turned upside down, and given a bitter, malignant tinge, but Herzog has found in Kaspar Hauser a new, uncorrupted Christ figure. And then had him martyred all over again. This film was considered by some to be the peak of the Festival, and Herzog is being compared to Buñuel and Bergman, but if it succeeds at all with audiences the reason will be, I think, that it presents a sentimental view of man's natural state. One of the oldest audience-pleasing gimmicks in mass culture is to show the simpleton outwitting the learned. Herzog has given this gimmick a metaphysical framework that could make it appeal to present-day moviegoers who want to believe that the spacy innocents have the answers.

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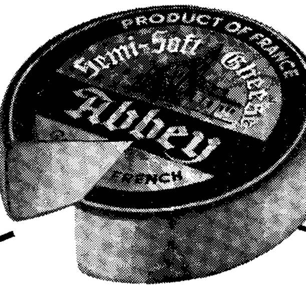
tion involved in using modern film technology to argue against learning in favor of an innocent response to nature; a filmmaker is not exactly a hewer of wood. Werner Herzog comes as close as he can, though. Like Bergman, he compares himself to the anonymous artisans of Chartres, and he even speaks of his *physical relationship* to cans of film. A writer-director, he has worked as an individual artist, answerable to himself only, right from the start—with shorts and then with his first feature, "Signs of Life," in 1967. (Still in his early thirties, he raises the money he needs through scrounging, foreign sales, TV sales, and cash awards from the Bonn government.) His technique owes little to previous commercial films; it doesn't owe very much to previous films of any sort. And there are penalties for working as a self-conscious artist in movies, as there are in the theatre (where it's even less common). A movie or a play has a duration, and a director who has never served a commercial apprenticeship may rhythm his work in ways that seem punishing to an audience. Herzog's pacing may be masterly in terms of his cool, objective, controlled style, but the hour and fifty minutes of this film is a trial for anyone of a restless disposition or an agnostic temperament. You fight to keep your eyes open. Buñuel's best work draws upon irrational sources of humor; Herzog is anti-rational, in an almost self-satisfied way. In Buñuel's world, everyone is alive; there's a raucous, lewd energy in the characters. Herzog's people are unanimated; life is dormant in them. And though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing to an audience.

A pretty fair case can be made for the idea that a little corruption is good for the soul: it humanizes you. Werner Herzog is an artist before he's a human being, and we may experience his dedication to art as a form of priggishness. Bergman may be obsessive, he may be frightfully high-toned, but he's a man of the theatre. In a corner of his mind, Bergman knows there's an audience out there. Herzog has just about everything to be a great film artist but this alchemical element: there's no theatre in his soul. As with Robert Bresson, we can admire Herzog's work abstractly, intellectually, but we may find it perversely academic. A film artist such as the ascetic mystic Bresson expresses his vision through an austere repression of the personalities of the actors, and it can make his films a freezing experience. "Kaspar Hauser"



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allows Bruno S. to participate creatively, and that gives the film some tension and life, but in Herzog's dedication to film art he denies us the simple pleasures of story involvement, of suspense, of interest in the people on the screen, of sexuality. His goodness saps our strength. —PAULINE KAEL

◆

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3. If you become lost, stay where you are. Zion is crisscrossed with steep canyons and cliffs, and wandering will endanger your life and make finding you extremely difficult.
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6. Speed kills. The speed limit is 35 MPH and must be observed. The roads in the park are designed for sightseeing speeds—not freeway speeds. Stay on your side of the center line and pull off the road to sightsee.
7. Poisonous snakes (rattlesnakes) and scorpions are residents of the park—watch out for them.
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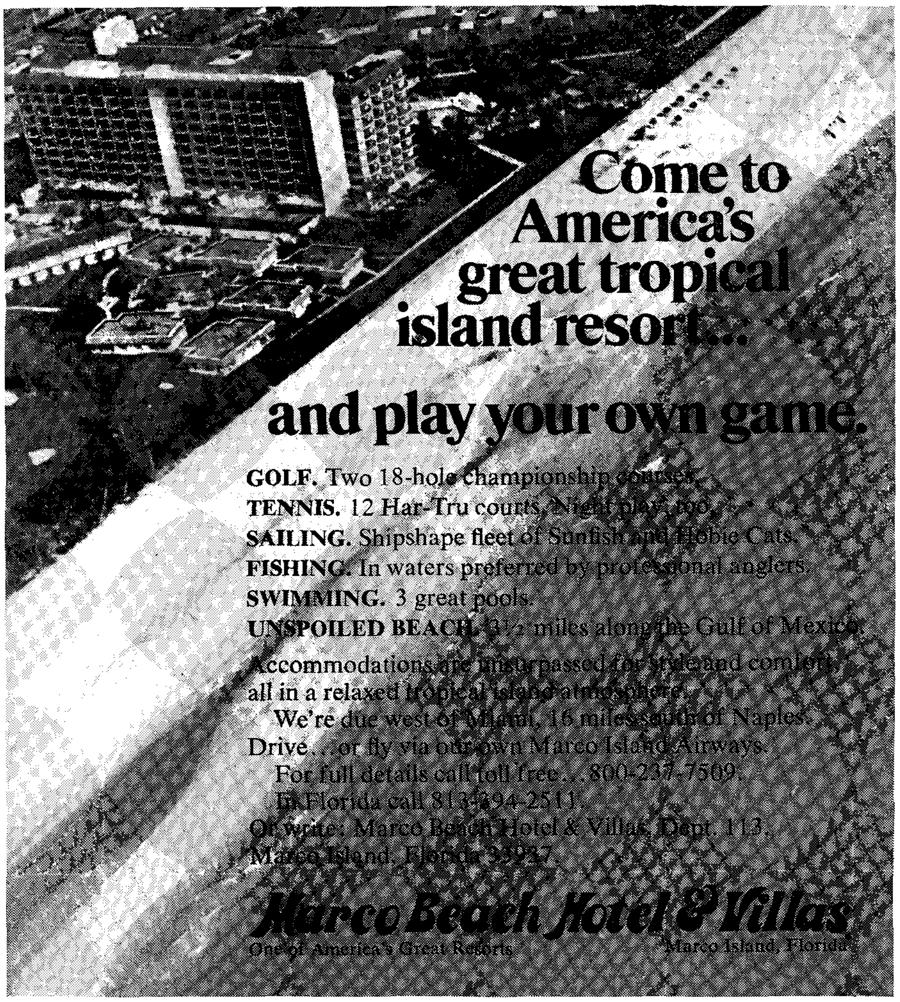

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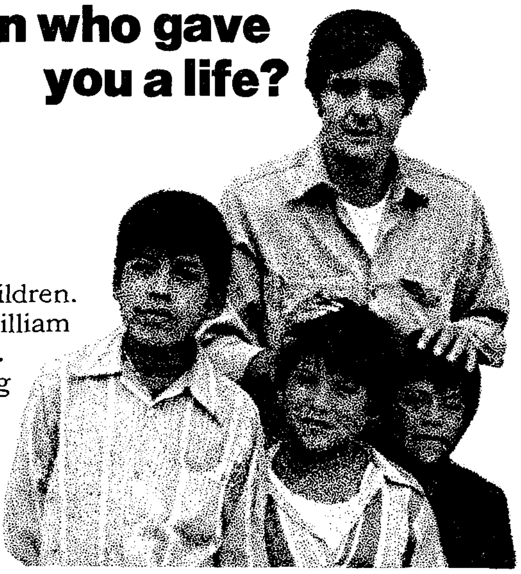

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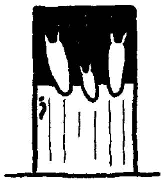

AS everyone knows, luck is an inconsistent thing. ("Chicken today, feathers tomorrow," they say on the backstretch.) This has not been one of the Rokeby Stable's good years, and last Saturday, to top it off, One on the Aisle finished first in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park only to have his number taken down for repeatedly bumping Snow Knight in the run through the stretch. After their inquiry, the stewards ordered Snow Knight placed first and One on the Aisle second. (There was also a claim of foul against One on the Aisle by Venezia, who finished third on Drollery, but it was disallowed.) Eight started in the mile-and-a-half, weight-for-age gallop, and Bobby Murcer, the long shot of the lot, led to the turn for home, where One on the Aisle took command and Snow Knight, who had been running fifth, began moving up. It was Snow Knight's fourth consecutive stakes victory, and the 1974 English Derby winner will run for the Canadian International Championship Stakes, at Woodbine on October 26th, before he represents the Dominion in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 8th. Incidentally, Snow Knight is something of an internationalist himself: bred in England; owned by a Canadian, E. P. Taylor; trained by an American, Mack Miller; and ridden by a Panamanian, Jorge Velasquez. The two runners from France—Daniel Wildenstein's Antipode and Mme. Henri Pfaff's Aurinette—were never in the picture, finishing sixth and last, respectively.

SOY NUMERO UNO wasn't even No. 2 in the Cowdin Stakes, for which he was the favorite at Belmont Park the other afternoon. He finished fourth. Honest Pleasure led all the way—winning by eight lengths from Whatsyourpleasure, with Uncle Gene third, in the lively time of 1:22⅗ for the seven furlongs. Honest Pleasure had already beaten a big field in the Arlington-Washington Futurity, and if he keeps up that pace in the $125,000 Champagne Stakes, at Belmont on the eighteenth, and in the Laurel Futurity, on November 1st, he will be the top of

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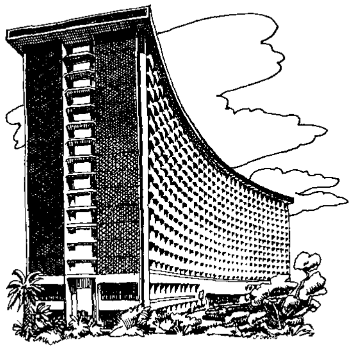

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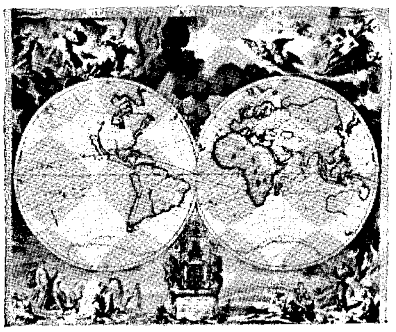

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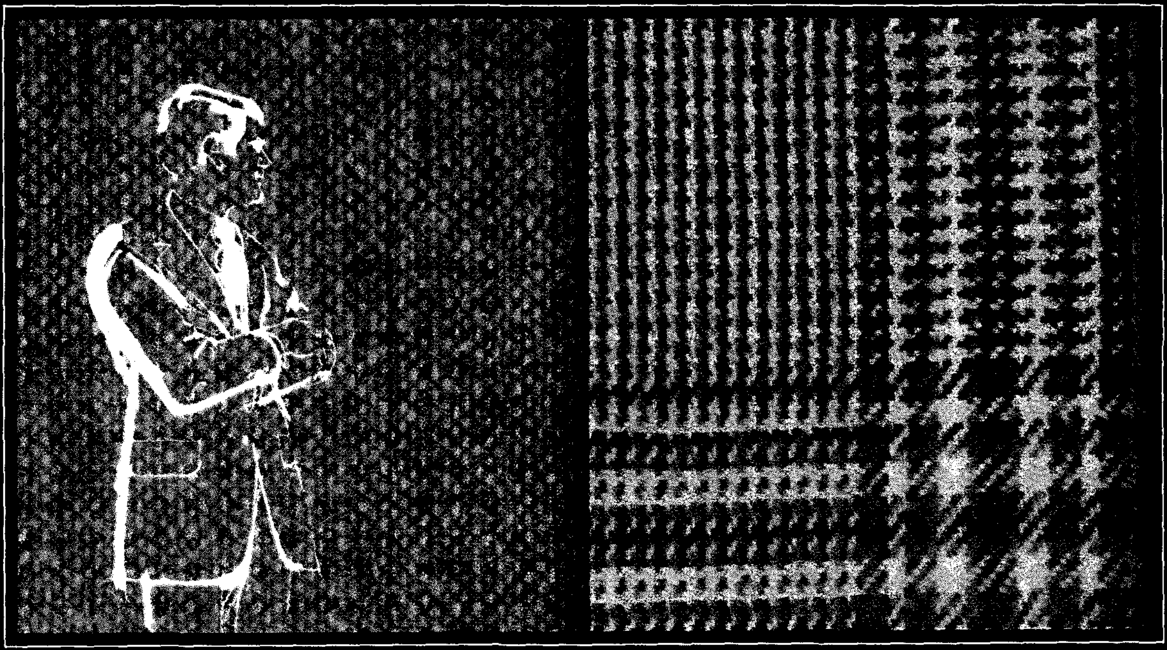

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this season's two-year-old colts. Up to now, he has earned $188,990 for Bertram Firestone, who gave $45,000 for him at the Florida yearling sales. They say Soy Numero Uno did a bit of coughing after he won the Belmont Futurity last month, but I am sure that Homer Pardue, who trains him, would not have entered him if he weren't all right. He may run in the Champagne, too.

ONE of these days, I'm going to try to tab all the horses with "pleasure" in their names. Besides the two I've already mentioned, I could list Pleasure Diver, Pleasure Ridge, Second Pleasure, Tis a Pleasure, Pleasure Chest, and Pleasure Lass. (Too bad owners haven't more imagination.) Then, there is Foolish Pleasure, who was beaten by Stonewalk last Friday in his first start since he finished down the course in the Marlboro Cup last month. He had been expected to run in the mile-and-a-furlong, $50,000-added Explorer Handicap at Bowie last Saturday, but there was an overnight race at Belmont in which the distance would be shorter and the weight carried less, so Foolish Pleasure's stable picked it as just the ticket for him to begin his prep for the $350,000 National Thoroughbred Championship at Santa Anita next month. Just for that, Stonewalk, always a tough competitor, outgamed him in the stretch to win by a nose. However, second money of $4,400 was enough to make him the eighteenth thoroughbred to have earned a million. His total is $1,000,873.

A bigger surprise popped up the next day when Festive Mood, a 16–1 shot, beat Royal Glint, the 7–10 favorite, by a nose in the Explorer Handicap. The two led the field almost from the start, and the thirteen-pound advantage Festive Mood had in the weights told in the last fifty yards.

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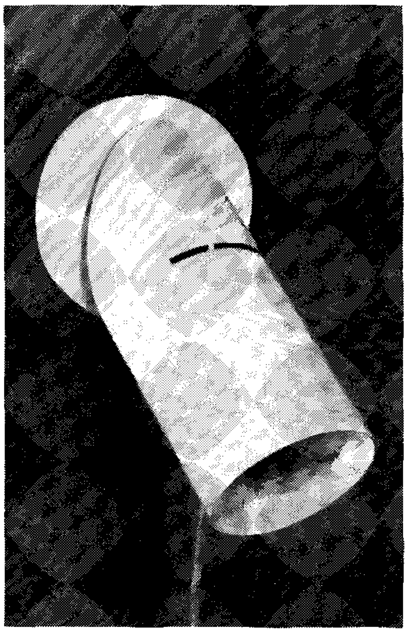

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BOOKS

An Aristocrat of Life and Culture

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN'S "Elie Nadelman" (Eakins Press; fifty dollars) is a cranky, demonic, magisterial book—not exactly art history, biography, or art criticism but closer to a preachy monologue on style, sensibility, aesthetic choices, the way an artist "conducts" himself. Kirstein wants us to believe that the Polish-American sculptor Elie Nadelman (1882-1946) is one of the most brilliant artists who ever lived, and he has two styles for expressing this—the rhapsodic (when he writes as if he were in a trance, in love with his own eloquence) and the combative (when he throws around his immense learning, like a bully). This is an exasperating book; it's loaded down with enough references to different cultures, artists, and aesthetic theories to sink a ship and, annoyingly, the references are flat, the air is vacuumy, all the conclusions are foregone. And it has far too many rhinestones: "It was perhaps the last period of a genre of private patronage in this country which, while still imitating European precedent, proposed an exuberance in luxurious collaboration freed from precise pastiche or the prestige of specific precedent."

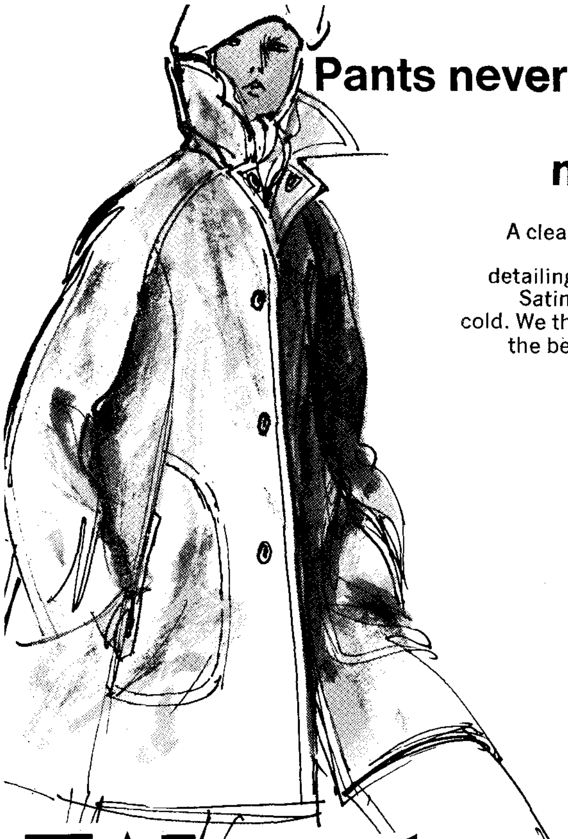
Yet the book is not a forgettable reverie about artistic greatness—one of those productions, like Aragon's two volumes on Matisse, in which the reading experience is like eating air. Kirstein is more than beside himself with adoration; he sees Nadelman as a heroic figure: the heir to Phidias and Praxiteles, the last artist who consciously carried on the tradition of classical art. Many of the claims are impossible to swallow, but the portrait Kirstein draws is coherent in a lordly way, and he gives works of art a special dimension. It's hard to say what this dimension is, perhaps because the descriptive tone is what is remarkable, not the individual points, which blend into one another. Kirstein elaborates on the metaphoric meanings of art styles the way people fondle things they love, picking them up again and again, admiring them from different angles. He creates a heady atmosphere, in which culture is more precious and powerful than it is normally thought to be, and in which Nadelman has the power and attraction of a seer or a prince. "Elie Nadelman" should be the great work on an American artist's career (there still isn't one commanding biography on any of our artists—at least, none with the scope of Fry on Cézanne, or Sidney Geist on Brancusi); Kirstein is after a grand, irrefutable appraisal, and his essay has an outsize epic scale that is missing from most art writing. He is a dictatorial writer: he reminds one of Ruskin, or Henry Adams on French architecture. The pressure he puts on the reader to believe, to be swept along in the tide of his prose, is infuriating, but it is awesome, too, and here it is appropriate for his larger-than-life conviction about this sculptor's achievement. The problem is that the conviction is not enough: the all-or-nothing manner takes over, the dogmatic spirit becomes stifling. The reader is left wondering—not whether the arguments make sense about Nadelman but why they matter so much to Kirstein.

While Lincoln Kirstein, now sixty-eight, is best known as the general director of the New York City Ballet (his account of the company's history, "The New York City Ballet," was published concurrently with the Nadelman biography), and as a critic of ballet—his "Nijinsky Dancing" is about to be published—he has been writing on American art, mostly sculpture and photography, for forty years. He wrote the catalogue for the Museum of Modern Art's Gaston Lachaise retrospective in 1935, and contributed an essay to the Modern's 1938 book, "Walker Evans—American Photographs," which is still the strongest writing on Evans. He began writing about Nadelman in 1948; his catalogue essay for the Modern's memorial show, "The Sculpture of Elie Nadelman," was the first detailed critical account of the artist; in 1949, he brought out "Elie Nadelman Drawings," a book of plates that contained a more personal and idiosyncratic essay on Nadelman than the one in the Modern catalogue. The two slim volumes, warmups for the present book, have stood on the library shelf as the only substantial references on the sculptor, who often seems to be the creation of Kirstein. Certainly, if it weren't for Kirstein's suggestive essays, Nadelman might not have held even his shadowy position in twentieth-century art history. While, as a

"Edgar sends his love."

young man, he was living in Paris, he was momentarily considered part of the "modernist" movement when his analytic drawings and sculptures attracted the attention of Picasso, the Steins, André Gide. But by the time he moved to New York, in 1914, it became clear to his contemporaries that his abstract interests were outside the sphere of the School of Paris—he was working toward a new formal purism, not Cubism. Nadelman took on New York society, married well, dropped out of the modernist movement for good. After 1929, when his wife's fortune was lost, he dropped out of the New York art and social scenes, too; if he was known in the last sixteen years of his life, it was because, in the twenties, he and his wife had assembled one of the earliest and greatest folk-art collections in America—a collection they were afterward forced to give up.

Nadelman is now the subject of a large and beautiful retrospective at the Whitney, complemented by a smaller show, primarily of the late work, at the Zabriskie Gallery, and it's likely that these shows, along with this book, will make him a permanent star. But most of the attention he has had is of the perfunctory, historical-note kind. Certain critics—Henry McBride, Meyer Schapiro, Hilton Kramer—are admirers, but many people who know modern sculpture are puzzled, even annoyed, by this dainty, elegant, superstylized art. Sam Hunter, in his recent "American Art of the 20th Century," does not find the slightest thing relevant or satisfying about Nadelman (given Hunter's petulant tone, which seems mostly directed against Kirstein's praise, though he is not mentioned by name, it's weird that the frontispiece is Nadelman's most famous bronze, "Man in the Open Air"). The complaints against Nadelman are that he is derivative, mannered, and bloodless. Kirstein turns the complaints inside out: he shows that Nadelman is mannered and bloodless because he has to be. Kirstein totally embraces the aesthetic of classic, ideal art; he believes some aspect of it is necessary for any serious creativity. So for him Nadelman's untouched-by-human-hands manner, his suave surfaces, the subtle, controlled bodily movements depicted, and the bland expressions on the faces of his figures are a glory. He lovingly describes Nadelman's feeling for mathematical perfectibility and predictableness; he says with admiration that, for Nadelman (whom Apollinaire had already, early in the century, nick-



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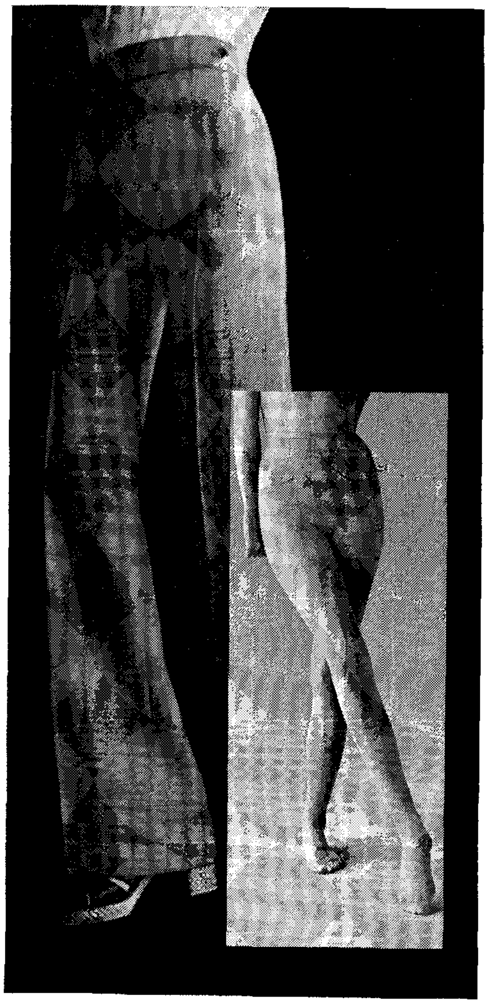

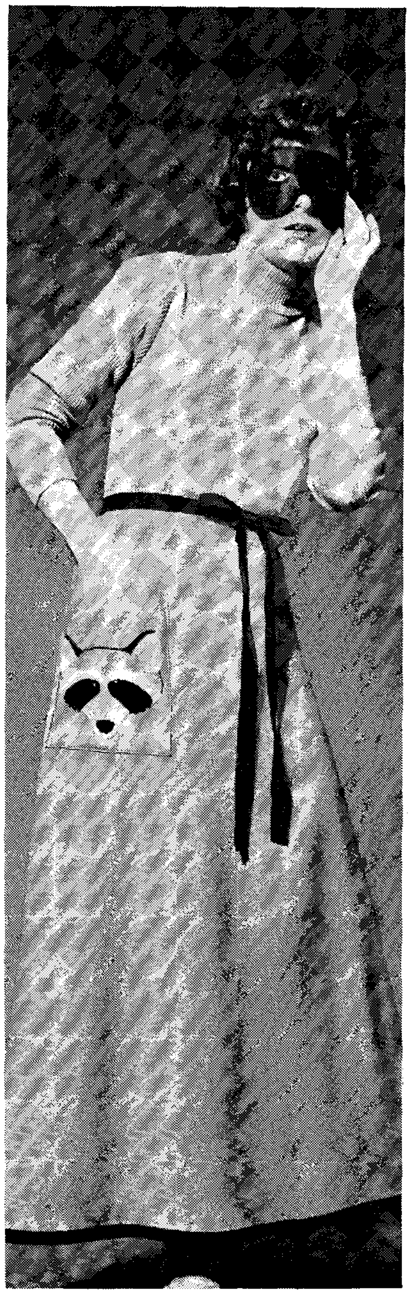

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named Pheidiasohn and Praxitelmann), "procedure held sober order in detached control, cool as the stones he buffed."

Kirstein's Nadelman, master of unchanging rules and overriding discipline, is not everybody's Nadelman; one can admire the artist and see qualities in him that Kirstein does not see. There is an expressive side to Nadelman that Kirstein touches on much too briefly; he doesn't want there to be anything unconscious or unintended about Nadelman's creativity, because that would make him a "romantic," and for Kirstein that is like being ill. Yet while Nadelman's classicism can be greatly satisfying, like Piero della Francesca's or Seurat's, because it communicates a timeless poise, there is a bizarre, uncomfortable aspect in his version of it. Nadelman's art has echoes of bodily gestures from many cultures and periods—the antique Mediterranean world, folk art, dolls, toys, Indian cult figures, burlesque queens—but all the echoes are indistinct; looking at his work, one gets a physical suggestion of features and gestures rubbed away—not just softened—almost to the vanishing point of distinguishability. Something of this flattening can be seen in his most widely known works—the two monumental double figures at the New York State Theatre (though these nineteen-foot-high pieces, which were made after the artist's death, are not quite what he intended; the originals, one of which is in the Zabriskie exhibition, about five feet high and executed in a delicately faded paper-and-plaster, are mysteriously bloated, hazy, and withdrawn, while the State Theatre versions, too big and milky, are just placid and friendly). Brancusi, who also deals with pure sculptural forms, makes everything clear-cut and sparkling; Nadelman is the negative of this—he muffles it all. When Brancusi smooths form to a state of "perfection," we're dazzled by the clarity, we're given the feeling that forms can't be made clearer than this; when Nadelman is "perfect," ambiguity and nostalgia creep in, because he makes the viewer aware that it is the perfection of a certain time, and that that time is eroded. Brancusi is the sculptor of immediacy and newness; Nadelman, his dark opposite, is the sculptor of slow changes and history. This "pastness" in Nadelman can be wonderful, as in the big "galvano-plastique" circus figures, or the wood carvings, with their slight gesso rubbings for faces, which represent clothed contemporary figures (among the best are "Host," "Seated Woman," "Dancer," "Chanteuse," the couple in "Tango," and the "Woman at the Piano," all of which are in the Whitney show). The woods are from the teens and the twenties, and they have the jazzy, streamlined profiles of that time. They recall, too, the doll-like, sprightly brainlessness of Seurat's afternoon strollers, and their weathered look makes them similar to the nineteenth-century American folk-art carvings Nadelman loved and collected. Hovering over all these resemblances is Nadelman's peculiar faded, dim sweetness of mood. The figures are represented as if they were relics or mementos: they always appear to have just been found in the attic; there is a feeling that dust is clinging to their rounded surfaces. This quality is lovely and appropriate in the big circus ladies and the representations of people "in society": it gives them their marvellous, spooky wit. But in other places it is unsettling.

There is a tenseness in Nadelman: when an artist leaves, as a finished work, something that has clear marks of having been rubbed too smooth, or rubbed out, one feels that a sort of destructiveness is part of the experience—his experience, and ours. Nadelman might be described as a connoisseur of past styles who erases all the distinguishing characteristics from the things in his collection, so that the past loses its many distinct flavors, becoming instead a series of bemused, maybe too private memories. Was he aware that, in his world of reduced tiny gestures and slight expressions, what is charming can turn into something revolting? There is a little of James's character Gilbert Osmond, of "The Portrait of a Lady," in Nadelman: like Osmond's, his feelings are so refined, measured, and secretive that they seem inhuman, even frightening. Kirstein sees this disquieting element in Nadelman, but because he believes that it comes only at the end of the sculptor's career, and as a reaction, not convincingly explained, to "modern morality," it is made incidental. Yet one can also see Nadelman's strangely intimate relation with the past as a quality that is in his work all along—a basic part of his success and his failure.

When Lincoln Kirstein writes about artists, he makes them seem to be the last word in civilized learning. Sometimes he overdoes it; few artists are capable of knowing as much about as many different styles and cultures as he likes to think, and artists are rarely so

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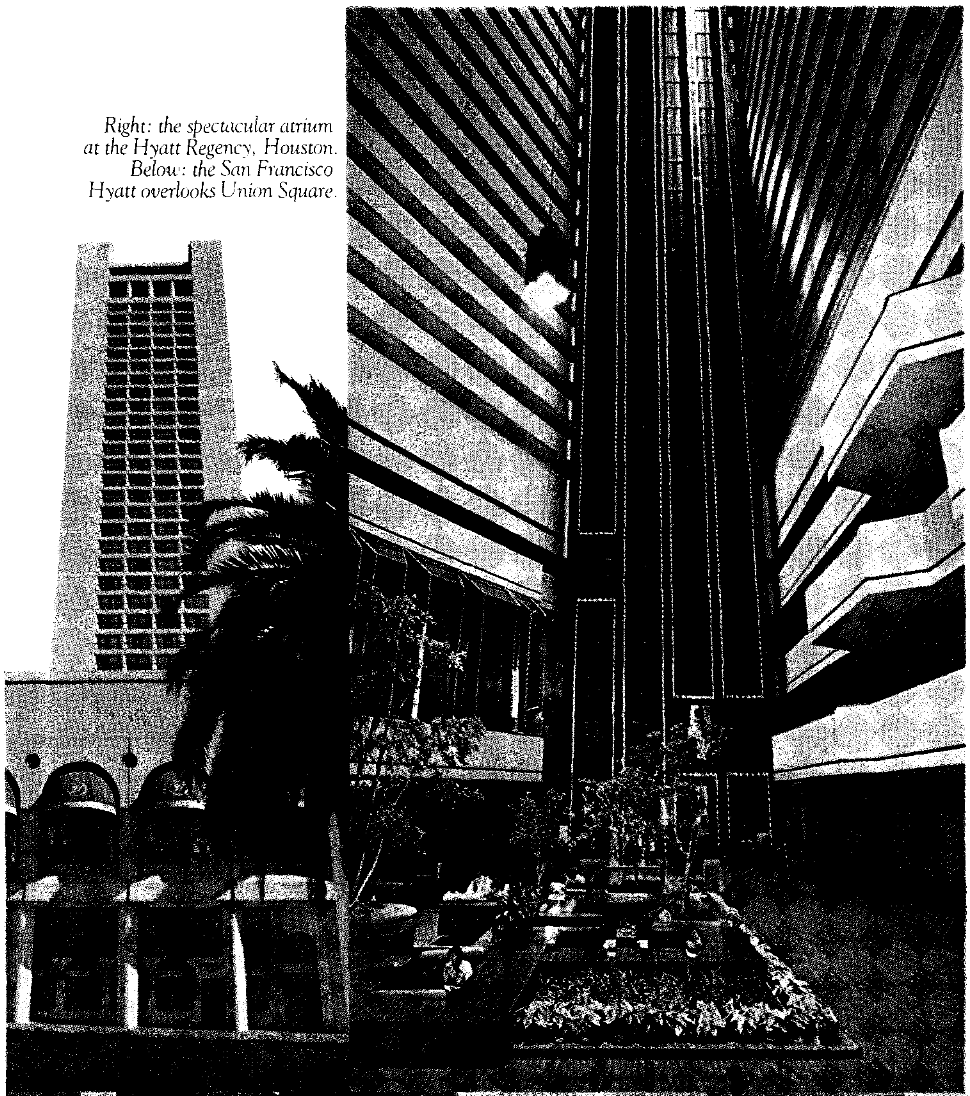

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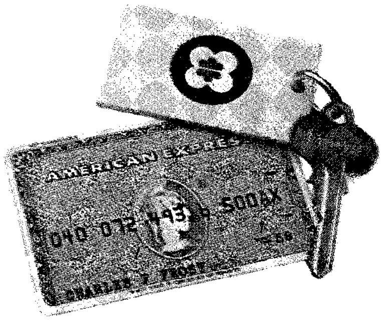

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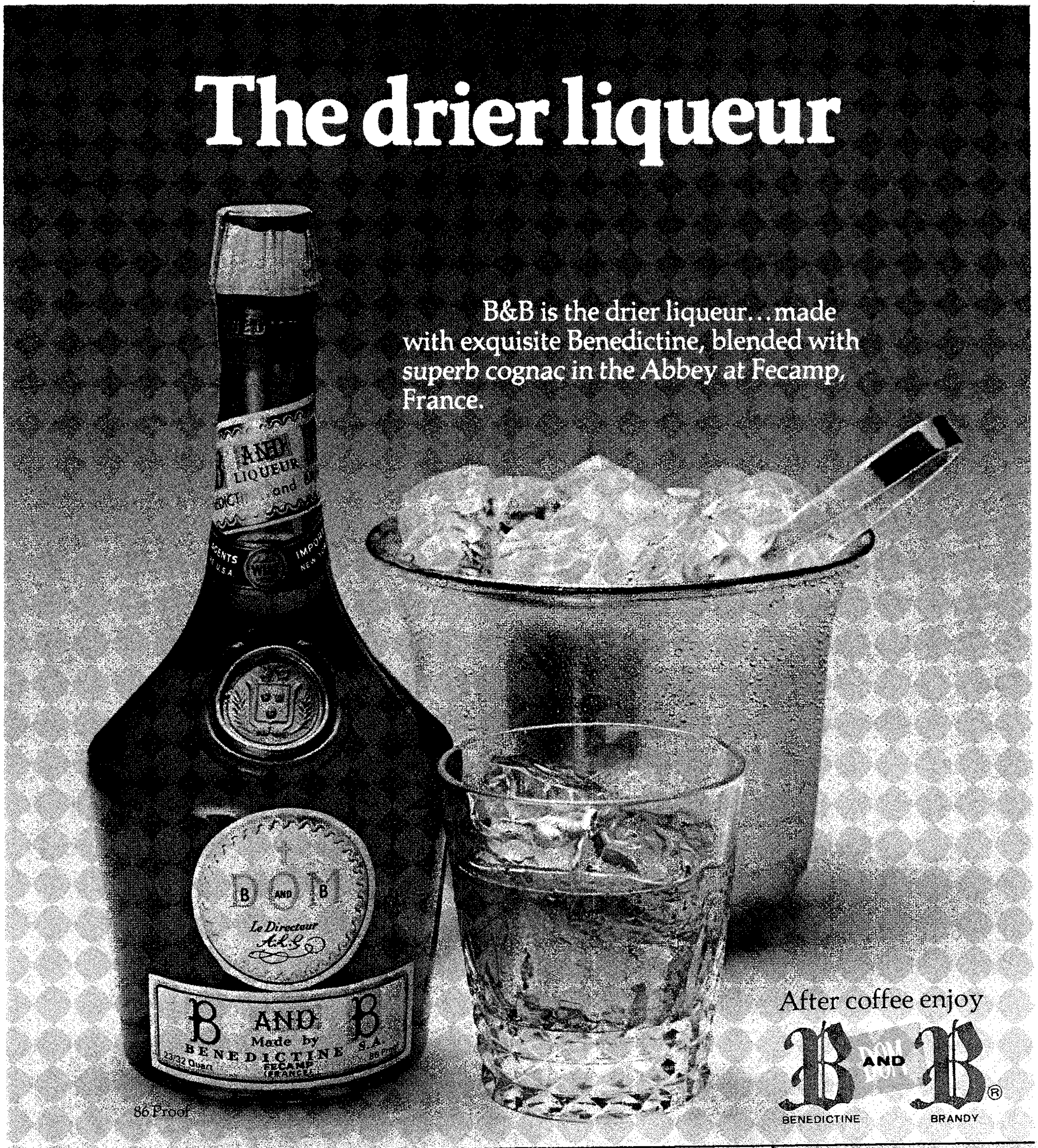
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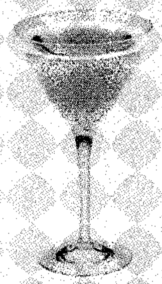

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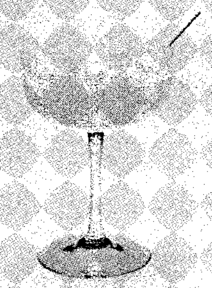

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conscious of the sources they use. In his essays on the nineteenth-century sculptor William Rimmer, or on the twentieth-century painter Pavel Tchelitchew, he fallaciously equates the artist's personal knowledge of things with talent and vision. This doesn't happen with Nadelman: his work radiates the dazzling intelligence and taste Kirstein ascribes to it. Nadelman might not be, as Kirstein implies, the fulfillment of classical Greek and Hellenistic art, but he is certainly the greatest modern neoclassical figure after Seurat, and his art mirrors the complexity and richness of the many traditions Kirstein shows were in his blood: Nadelman, he says, "was heir to all the cultures, religions, and imagery of old Poland —'True Slav,' Jewish, Roman, Germanic—but a conformist to none. Born into a climate of intellectual liberalism, he became a citizen of the world. . . . To comprehend Nadelman as a creature in tradition one must link West European cave murals with Alexandrian carving, Byzantine painting with medieval handicraft." Kirstein is right when he says that Nadelman presented "theatre ritual more originally than anyone had since Toulouse-Lautrec and Seurat." One can believe, too, that Nadelman's rethinking of "historic styles from pre-history to Staffordshire" made him "the single sculptor of his time who convincingly essentialized contemporary man clad in the dress of his day." Like Ruskin, Kirstein is at his best when he's describing work he loves. (When he puts something down, he resorts to sarcasm, and his sarcasm is plodding and schoolmasterish.) Kirstein makes great leaps in his writing; from what he assumes the sculptures meant to Nadelman he switches to his own interpretations of these forms in folklore and mythology, vaudeville and classical art. He mixes up the associations so much that it's difficult to know when he imagines he is in Nadelman's mind and when he is speaking for himself. Talking about the sculptor's reasons for depicting certain "types," he says that Nadelman had a feeling for "dignity incarnate in actor, dancer, acrobat." Then he takes off: "Professional skills are protection, even salvation. Mask or mirthless grin is armor. . . . The security of balance in profile, form, and volume, the modest elegance of rubbed and painted wood make their small scale majestically noble." These thoughts on "professional skills" are Kirstein's, not Nadelman's; the sculpture doesn't immediately make one think "mask . . . is armor"—that is Kirstein's aesthetic at-

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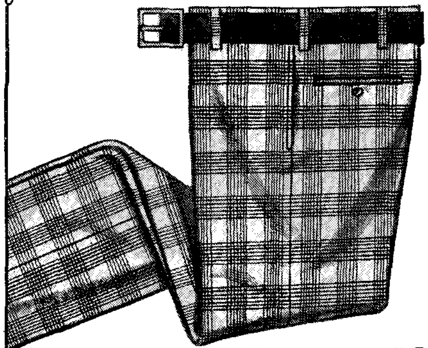

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titude. Nadelman never said that the professional skills of actors, dancers, and acrobats represent "salvation." Still, Kirstein's responses coincide with the *spirit* of Nadelman; Kirstein's ideas are refreshed when he looks at the art, and that makes it seem as if he were bringing out its possibilities. It's like Ruskin's trying to account for everything in Turner and being carried away by his description, so much so that he winds up saying that the paintings force us into new conceptions of "realism" and "nature." Ruskin makes Turner into a vision, but it is a believable vision because you can see what it is in Turner that drives Ruskin to his conclusions. Kirstein on Nadelman is the same kind of collaboration.

How good is Nadelman? When is he at his best? Where does he stand in relation to the sculpture of his time? Kirstein doesn't tell. He's not interested. He is one of those art writers for whom quality is irrelevant. He doesn't base his interpretations on what is visually there. For him the value of art is the artist's idea; he assumes that the artist has the whole vision in his head before a work is created. He doesn't appear to understand that the art work is devalued when it is turned into an illustration of a larger concept. When he refers to one of the plates in his book, he rarely means "My point is made by this specific piece;" he means "My point is made by this kind of thing." Nadelman certainly had lows, but you would never gather this from Kirstein's approach. You would also never know that Nadelman was a contemporary of Brancusi, Arp, Miró, and Matisse. Although there are passing references to twentieth-century artists who resemble Nadelman, Kirstein never follows through on the connections. "If Nadelman can be placed beside a poet," he writes, "it is not by Racine, Pushkin, Lermontov, or Baudelaire, whom he loved above others, but near Ezra Pound, whose versions of Propertius, troubadours, Chinese, Théophile Gautier echo ideas of dandyism which Nadelman fixed for an identical era through the lens of Tanagra, the Dordogne caves, Bavarian folk toys, Guys, Seurat, Pascin." That sentence is all that Pound, the one contemporary writer Kirstein thinks compatible with Nadelman, gets. Not much is learned on how and why "Guys, Seurat, Pascin" appear; at another point, Kirstein says that Pascin was the contemporary artist Nadelman admired most, but he does not bother to explain why.

Kirstein is obsessed with Nadelman's

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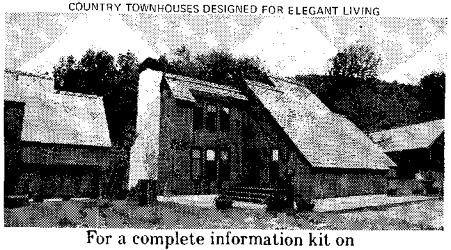

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work at the time when the sculptor was most involved with Greek and Hellenistic form. Classical art, its history and aesthetic, is a very live, immediate issue for Kirstein, and his most extraordinary writing always deals with how Nadelman works as a classical artist. When he can describe the meanings behind different bodily gestures and postures in the sculpture, Kirstein carries the reader along into new, expansive feelings about art; Nadelman's final pieces, strange small terra-cotta figurines, are "indecisively aged, they seem rooted in fixed immaturity, however ripe their forms." The galvanos are "people of pneumatic plumpness. . . . They are deftly posed, benign, even cheerful, fulsomely content, alert in amplitude, waiting poised or momentarily seated before launching into their act. Columnar rigidity appropriate to the wooden figures is now succeeded by a fluency, as if the volumes were poured into articulate sacks of molten metal. They seem taut with air." Kirstein's feeling for the moods, rhythms, and outlines of the body is like Ruskin's for rocks or the weather: he can evoke it and draw meanings from it long after we think that there is anything left to say.

But because Kirstein keeps returning to Nadelman's classically derived sculpture, the reader loses a sense of how important the less classical works, principally the wood carvings, are, and how they distinguish the artist. The woods show his greatest sustained interest in contemporary life and folk art, but folk art doesn't do much for Kirstein. It is never made clear that the carved woods and the galvano-plastique circus women, and not the too-Grecian marbles, are the pieces that put Nadelman in the class of the greatest sculptors in modern art. Kirstein is so absorbed in describing Nadelman as a "modern" who turned down "modernism" to rethink classicism that he totally overlooks art judgments. He even has good words for the sculptor's commissioned salon portraits, and their aesthetic quality is near zero. It is unfortunate that Kirstein draws back from modern art history, because that is where Nadelman, if he is going to count for us on less mythic terms, will have to be situated.

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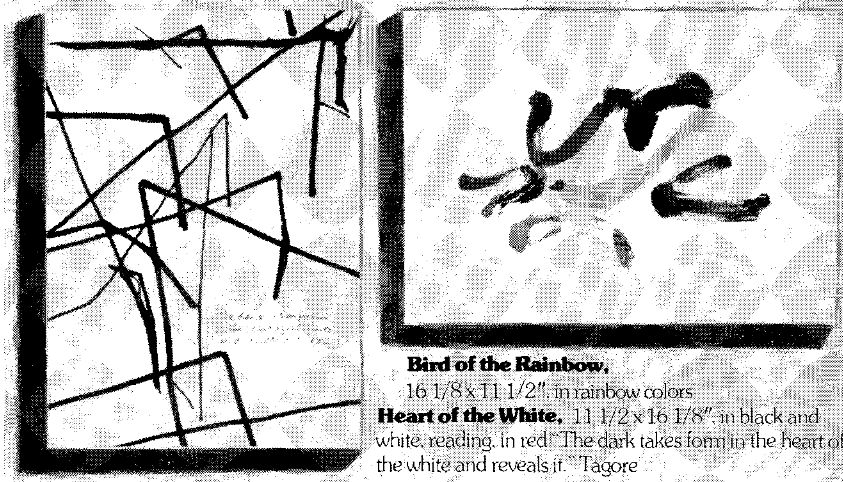

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Beach hotels of the publishing industry, this one looks chaste.) It is to be hoped that the definitive aura of the volume will not scare off others from writing about the sculptor; there is more, and less, of Nadelman than this grandiose portrait suggests (also, the *catalogue raisonné*, admittedly a "draft," is confusing and haphazard). Anyway, the essay belongs to Kirstein's biography as much as it does to Nadelman's. It pulls together and elaborates on the themes Kirstein has presented many times before (besides Nadelman, Rimmer, Evans, Tchelitchew, and Lachaise, he's written on Henri Cartier-Bresson, W. Eugene Smith, Eakins, Whitman, and Frances B. Johnston, the photographer of "The Hampton Album," a record of the Institute, and, most recently, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, in "Lay This Laurel," an account of the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, in Boston. "Lay This Laurel," as physically beautiful a book as "Elie Nadelman," is a curtain-raiser for a proposed monumental biography of Saint-Gaudens). The way Kirstein presents an artist, he is more talented and visionary than most of his contemporaries; he also suffers more, usually because of public neglect and his own great pride, though the suffering, we are repeatedly told, is never made part of the art. He is a worldly figure, but he eventually becomes weary of and depressed by society, and removes himself, to work (as Kirstein says of Eakins) in "secrecy and silence." He is never troubled by the conflicts many modern artists face—problems of self-doubt and identity. He looks at his role ironically, maintains a stoical "good humor" about himself. He is often debonair, he is urbane and widely cultured; in his art he prefers to deal with ideal form or everyday realism, anatomy or perspective—anything, in fact, but his own personal life. There is a bit of Baudelaire's Dandy in this concept, especially in the idea that the artist is a man-about-town, an observer of society who glides in and out without people's being aware that he is an artist, or that he is even "there." Kirstein is describing an ideal practice when he says of Cartier-Bresson that "sometimes and somehow, almost out of a superior craftsman's good manners, he seems able to leave his lens out of the picture. His portrait subjects are not shot; they get themselves taken at tactful intervals, by eavesdropping or absorption."

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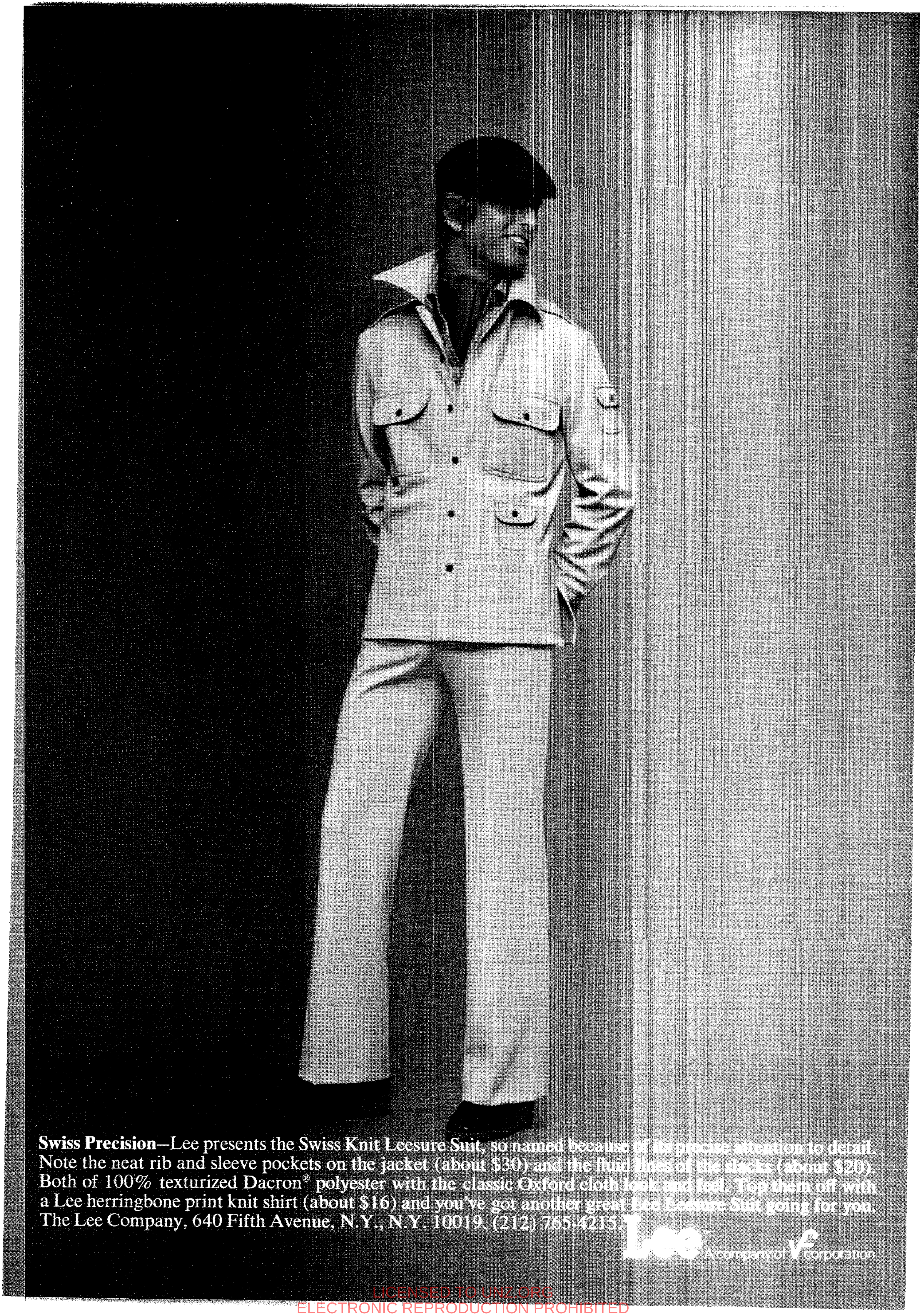

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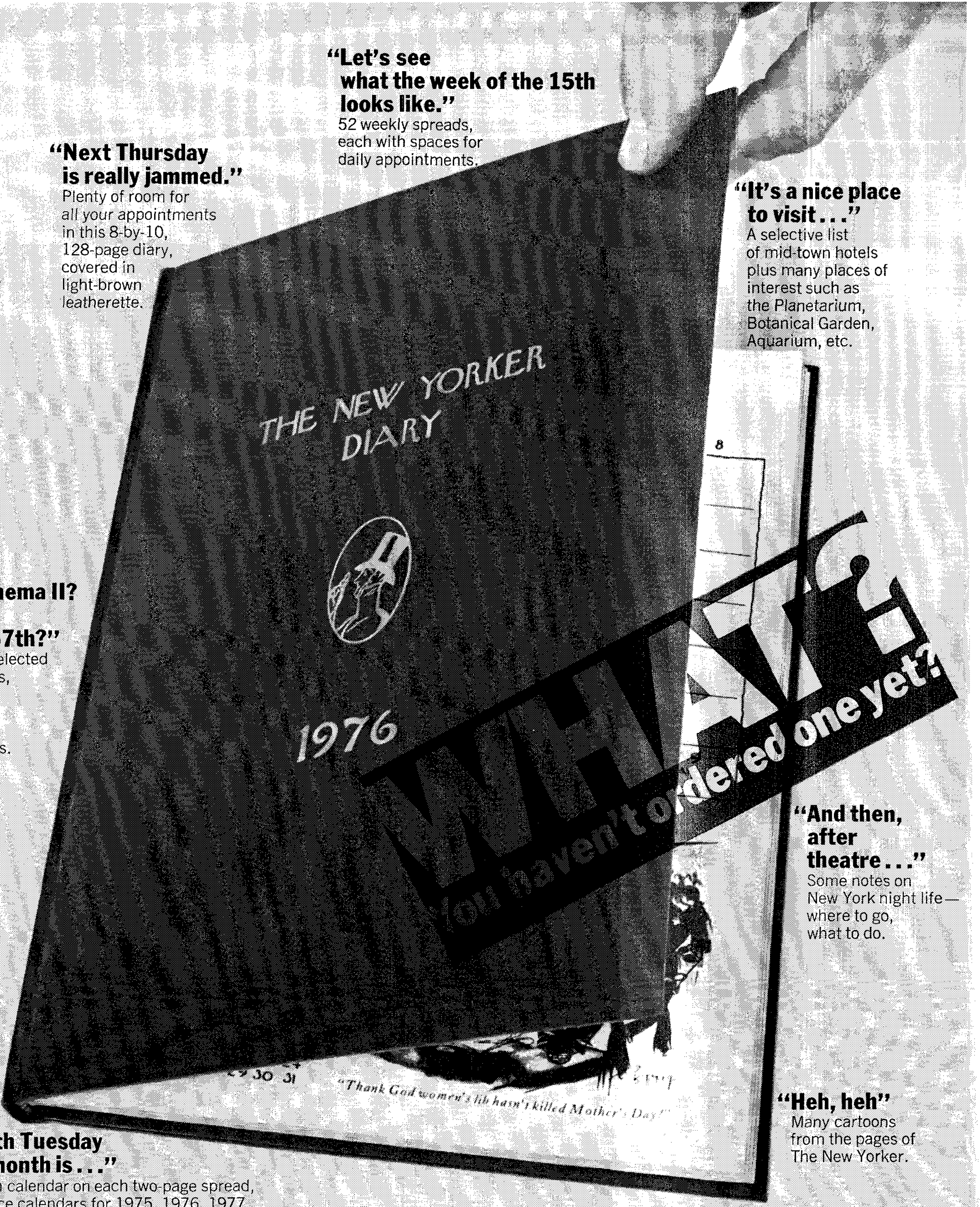
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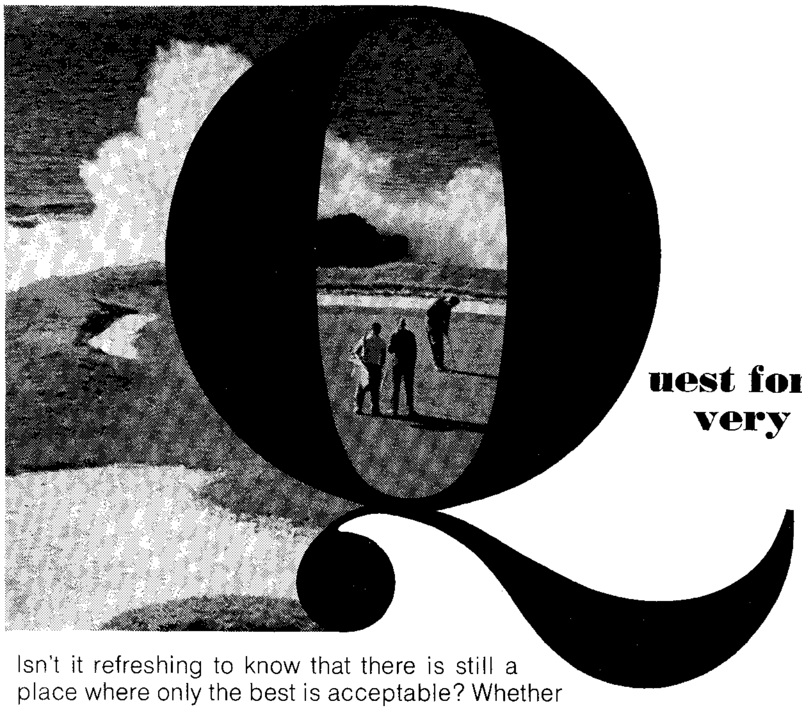
agent for art. Kirstein picks up this theme and interprets it with a moralistic flavor. He is defensive about an artist's being an artist; he writes as if the artist's career, unlike the lawyer's, industrialist's, or scientist's, *needs* to be undercover. He implies that simply making art works isn't serious enough (and there's the connotation that, as for characters in Thomas Mann's stories, life for an artist is wasteful and decadent). Kirstein gives Nadelman higher-than-art stature by showing that he is part of a great *professional* tradition stretching back to the Renaissance and antiquity, that he thinks of himself as a craftsman-artisan, that he is a willing servant to important social figures, and thus serves a public function. (About some of the garden-sculptures Kirstein wistfully writes that they "were done for merchant princes by a princely artist. It was the last sigh of that aristocratic patronage which had been born in Tuscany four centuries before.") It is for these reasons that Kirstein cannot separate Nadelman's hackwork—the stiff, neoclassical portraits of the wealthy—from his real achievements; without irony, Kirstein says that Nadelman's "position in New York was exceptional; few men since Saint-Gaudens or Sargent occupied a place which was at once that of pre-eminent professional, taste-maker, patron." In Kirstein's view, the artist's "position" is far more than a sidelight: it is an important part of why Elie Nadelman means so much to him. Kirstein juggles between thinking of the art work as a holy object, a piece of salvation, and thinking of a career in art as an ironic proposition. When he says that Nadelman was, like the Byzantine artist, "an actor-maker seriously playing at work," there are so many roles and masks flying forward and backward that they almost cancel one another out. Kirstein prefers his artists to be, as he says of Cartier-Bresson, eavesdroppers on their work; the couldn't-care-less attitude is a way of saying "As artists we're amateurs, we're only playing at it." Yet he wants us to know that the result of this casual performance is deadly serious, partly because it is built on professional know-how, skill, hard work. Kirstein trusts only art that is ritualized; all other art is egocentric, a matter of individual whim and inspiration.

Kirstein's artists are above art, and they are outside the "art world." They don't care whether their art is ever exhibited, or recognized by fellow-artists; they move in history, not art history. They are removed from "art" because



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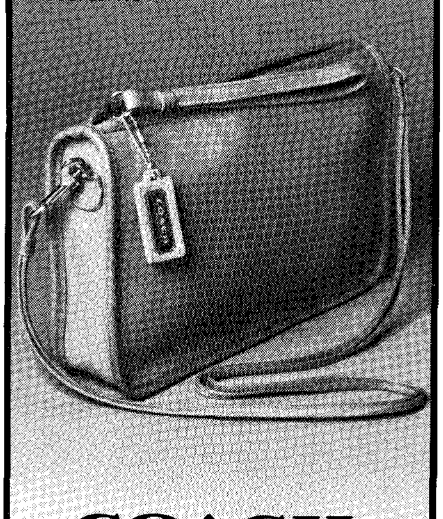

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they are labelled craftsmen, artisans, photojournalists, historians, scientists, "actor-makers." And what they make or do is removed from "art" because of its impersonality, anonymity, "unoriginality," conformity to a higher and older set of rules. Nadelman is shown to believe completely in the Greek standard: that artists are "neither innovators, reformers, nor revolutionaries." The codes of symmetry and proportion Nadelman follows are presented as if they were a form of protection—he can't be accused of anything that is in his work, because he isn't "responsible" for it. Kirstein is satisfied only when he can show that artists are proud of their bondage, like members of an élite medieval craft guild.

OVER the years, Kirstein's Platonism has come to sound like a glib policy. He falls back on it to attack art he doesn't like, and he carts it out to defend art he admires, even when the scheme hardly applies—as in his introduction to the Museum of Modern Art's 1943 exhibition "American Realists and Magic Realists," in which he inflates academic realism-meets-Surrealism painters such as Paul Cadmus, Peter Blume, and Jared French. For him, the case is black-and-white: the opposite of impersonal, ideal art is "expressionism" or "self-pity;" this spirit, he says in the Nadelman essay, "magnetizes and titillates mindless compassion, a comfortable sympathy with personal tragedy, at safe remove." Self-pity, like originality for its own sake, is "alien" to Nadelman because he is "an imagemaker attached to received or preconceived criteria of perfection." Kirstein never explains what makes these "preconceived criteria" intrinsically valuable; he assumes that if there aren't any rules the only alternative is chaos. He says that artists who train themselves to see in a disciplined, impersonal way gain a moral toughness. They don't fall for anxiety, which is cheap; if they despair, at least they are quiet about it. He is smugly inflexible about artists who don't operate within ideal systems; he suggests that in their romantic, self-absorbed way they are morally spineless. Nadelman, the ironist and dandy, "did not aspire to Van Gogh's saintliness, nor did he communicate fever charts of his own anguish. He was no genial monster, like Lautrec, nor destroyed by sensual obsession, like Pascin, to whom he felt closer than other contemporaries. His own fate was that of a patrician under Nero or Elagabalus." Kirstein becomes

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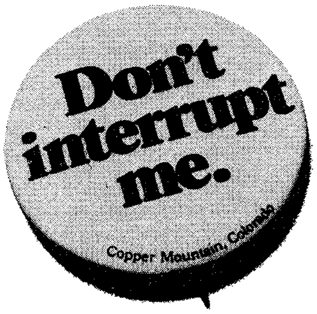

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nearly hysterical when he deals with modern non-classic art; he might have in mind all abstract art, but it's hard to tell exactly what he is talking about when he says, in the "Postscript" to the Nadelman book, "Rationales of fragmentation attached to timely romantic notions of chaos or apocalypse led to productions that battened on abrupt turns, shifts, and reversals. In all this, neurasthenia was accredited as a compassionate aesthetic norm, and self-pity, under several signatures of vested interest, replaced metaphysic." Kirstein here speaks as the Mary Baker Eddy of Platonic aesthetics. He makes the case simplistic: significant art has a metaphysic (ideal, perfect form); insignificant art, romantic trash, has only its self-pity. True artists rise above their psychic selves and are at one with the Absolute. Second-rates flaunt their sick "originality." It is understandable that in Kirstein's moral universe artists don't simply make distinguished art, they go all the way to personal salvation. (Do we as viewers experience the artist's salvation when we look at his work? Are we supposed to be edified when we look at Nadelman, depressed when we look at Pascin? Kirstein doesn't say, but it is likely that he would accept this, since his view of art is moral, not aesthetic.) Nadelman resists the "anarchic power" of "metaphysical suffering" with his "immoderate passion for formal purity. Acceptance of the inchoate was sin. Salvation lay in wholeness alone." Eakins lived through the Gilded Age, which "deepened the sombre density of an imagination which made of his unnatural isolation and natural resentment images superior to rage or indignation." Whitman, not generally thought of as a selfless personality, is acceptable to Kirstein because in "Specimen Days" he, like Eakins, developed an "objectified, exteriorized, 'realistic' " view of the world. Kirstein tries to show that Whitman the poet learned from the impersonality of the camera; in the photoportraits for which Whitman posed late in life he is "at first debonair, always self-assured; finally Jovian or Homeric, never self-pitying, self-indulgent nor sad."

No matter whom Kirstein deals with, he always wants to tell the same story: The scene is invariably some version of the Gilded Age, when all values are shot to hell, and his protagonist, an aristocrat of life and culture, stoically endures it all, and, in his work, triumphs over it. In "The New York City Ballet" Kirstein describes an experience that sounds as if it might have

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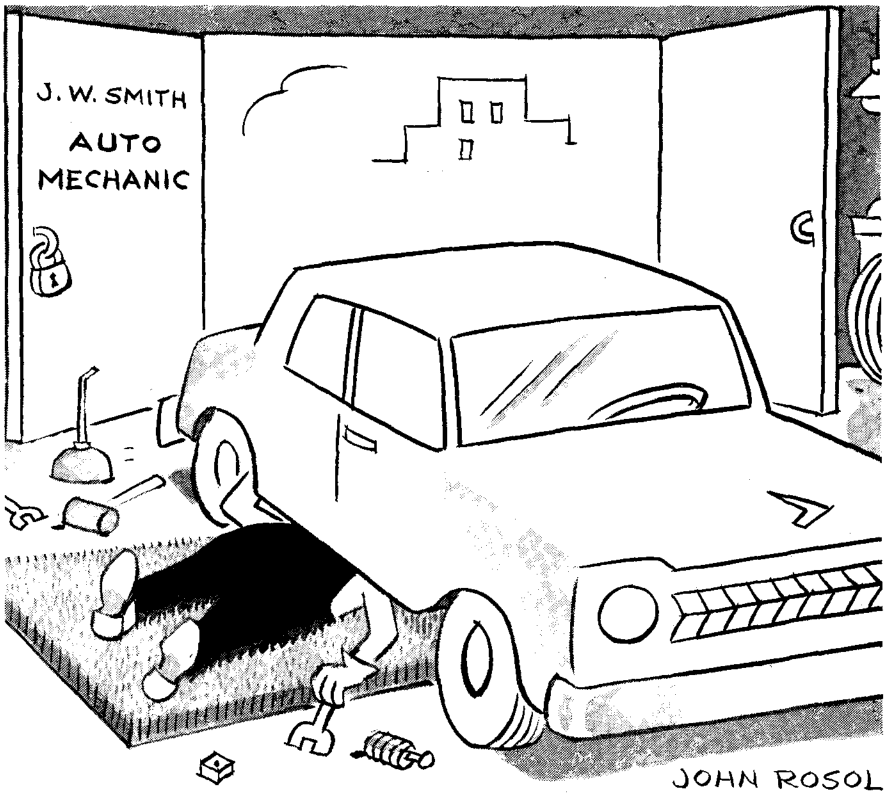

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been his conversion to this courtly, ceremonial view. In 1919, at Lake Sebago, in Maine, there was a girl at his summer camp who "taught rhythmic exercises disguised to look as little as possible like dancing. Marking my interest, she confessed that actually a few steps further on would almost amount to 'real dancing,' and that if I truly wished, I could be a dancer. This seemed like admittance to a secret society. She also prepared me as hierophant in a ceremony, around a campfire, in which younger boys were admitted to a higher order. From this I recognized something of the ritual essence of bodily movement—designed for repetition, hence: repetory." Everything Kirstein has learned since then has confirmed that early realization: the meaning of experience can be found only in the "essence" of things, and the essence is ritual. Understanding it is like "admittance to a secret society." Kirstein's writing about art seems to derive from the desire to keep illustrating this lesson. (He gives the same course in the essays on ballet, too.) He is receptive to artists only when he sees his themes buried within their careers; he is always on the lookout for *his* figure in the carpet.

Reading Kirstein's descriptions of art, one has to continually check the perceptions against the work he is talking about. Half the time, his feeling for an aloof, aristocratic sensibility does connect with something in his subject's sensibility; in spite of the many overstatements, who else will ever write with such grandeur and sympathy about Elie Nadelman? The rest of the time, Kirstein simply re-creates that Lake Sebago campfire, when "younger boys were admitted to a higher order;" he is only retelling, on the framework of a given artist's career, the legend that has given his own life—as director, guiding spirit, and patron of American ballet, as essayist, and as poet—its "higher" meaning. This is the way Nadelman is presented in his last years: "distinguished, impersonal, courtly, he appeared as a pleasant gentleman in retirement. If he hid his *métier*, at least he made a nice neighbor." It is a sweet picture of the sculptor; one wants to believe it, but the loaded terminology—impersonal, courtly, *métier*—makes one uneasy. Is this history and biography, or is it another little memo Kirstein has sent himself? Too much of the time he seems to write only to hear his own views come back.

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sonalism" in art, it is paradoxical that Kirstein is most valuable as a critic when he describes art as a reflection of an individual's life and temperament—unlike Baudelaire, whose ideas about dandyism are remembered but whose actual "painter of modern life," Constantine Guys, is forgotten. What we carry away from Kirstein's most extraordinary portraits—Walker Evans, Nadelman, Cartier-Bresson—is a distinct feeling not for the art but for the men who were able, as Kirstein would put it, to do important work in a bad time. In these men, he shows anonymity and classical discipline growing out of the particular situations, and these qualities not only are vivid but make us see more in the art. Walker Evans has a "purely protestant attitude: meagre, stripped, cold;" he is a "visual doctor . . . also the family physician, quiet and dispassionate, before whom even very old or very sick people are no longer ashamed to reveal themselves." Cartier-Bresson, with his "cheeriness, his dispassionate curiosity, his stubborn attention and self-effacement," is "sympathetic toward his sitters or assignments in the way of a good nurse with a fractious patient." The photographs of Evans and Cartier-Bresson tell how we can understand brutal everyday life; their work is exemplary because they are exemplary men. And then Nadelman, thought of in the spirit in which Kirstein has always thought of the ballet, is an "orchestrator of gestures, a symphonic conductor of plastic silhouettes. His statues propose standards useful in measuring the still limitless dynamics of humane virtuosity."

Kirstein is lost when he tries to prove a case. With his crusader's zeal, he overlooks what is limiting in Nadelman's classicism and Evans' detachment. With his suspicions about art, and his lofty, supercilious feeling that criticism is a form of dilettantism, he bulldozes his way so far past necessary critical judgments that he is stranded all by himself, alone with his rhetoric. His power lies in his ability to relate art to what he feels are wise, virtuous, humane intentions. When he stays away from aesthetics and sticks to character, he has an urgent, unexpectedly moving way of telling how artists can be heroes.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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FICTION

NIGHTWORK, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte). A neatly constructed package about a nice fellow from Scran-

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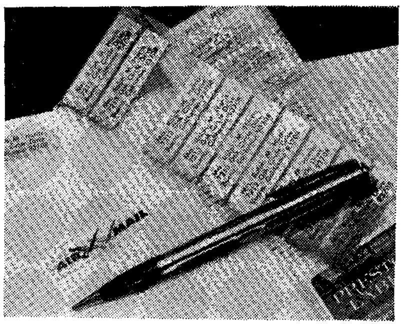

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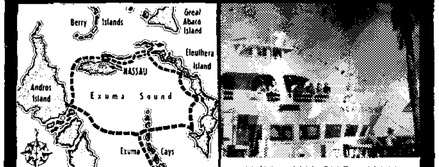

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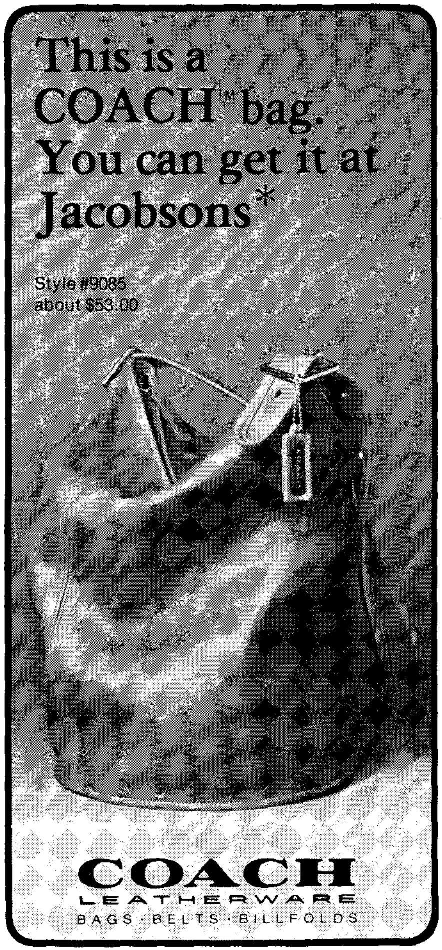

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GENERAL

THE O'HARA CONCERN: A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN O'HARA, by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Random House). Although the novels of John O'Hara in his lifetime (1905-70) were considered naughty—they were actually banned in some jurisdictions—his own life is a highly edifying story: that of a bad boy who reformed and made good. Professor Bruccoli—he teaches English at the University of South Carolina and specializes in American literature—shows us the young O'Hara as a hell-raising, alcoholic literary wunderkind who sobered up, settled down, and became a steady, successful writer. O'Hara changed his life's pattern from self-destruction to self-preservation (as his friends Fitzgerald and Hemingway did not) by sheer strength of purpose, and his purpose was to be—and to be recognized as—a great writer. Professor Bruccoli is an absorbing narrator and a serious critic, who believes, with his subject, that O'Hara's long novels were artistic (as well as financial) successes. Until now, this has been a minority point of view: most

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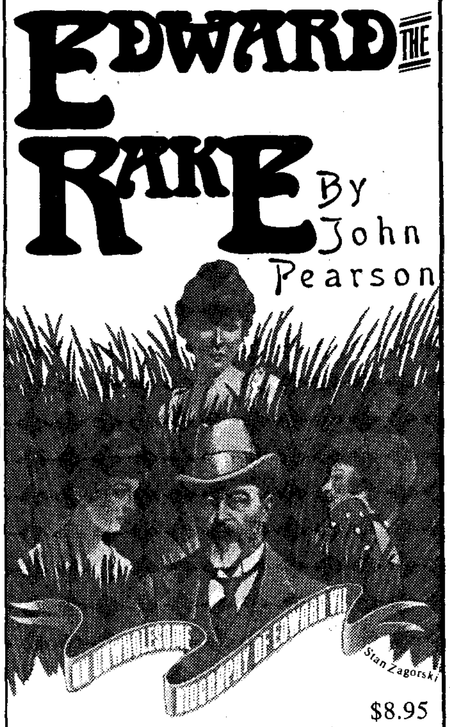

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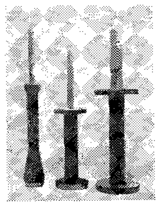
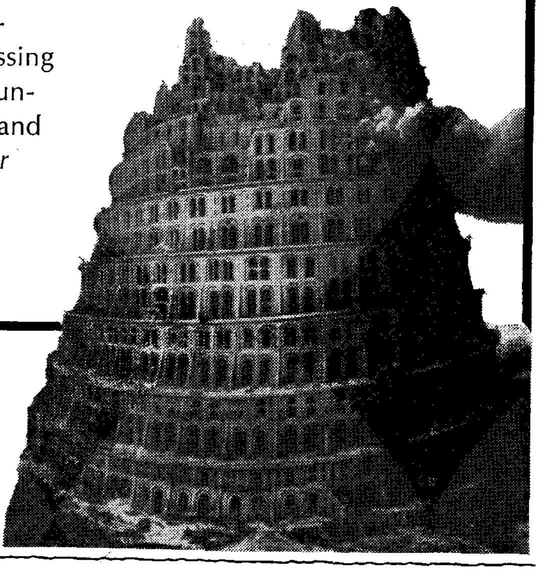


critics have regarded O'Hara as a master of the American short story but have missed structure or purpose in his extended works. Bruccoli is not an infatuated judge, and on his main point he is undoubtedly justified: considering the magnitude of O'Hara's agreed-upon achievements, his entire opus merits reëvaluation.

The Great War and Modern Memory, by Paul Fussell (Oxford). A learned and well-balanced book that is also bright and sensitive. Professor Fussell (English, Rutgers) believes that the British experience of trench warfare on the Western Front has shaped the literary approach to war—for both Englishmen and Americans, in both prose and verse—from that time down to the present. He finds that this approach has been primarily ironic. Trench war was terrible beyond conceiving (except by those who lived through it), and those who were involved in it could not bring themselves to speak of it exactly, in part because they wanted to spare their families and friends at home. Newspapers and propaganda agencies lied or used vague, inflated language, and that also led the men at the front to develop their own counter-language of understatement and irony. The Englishmen who fought between 1914 and 1918 were, as Fussell points out, unique in their literacy and their familiarity with English literature—privates carried the "Oxford Book of English Verse"—and what they found was a hideous parody of their literary heritage; heroism and heroic gestures, familiar from Shakespeare's history plays, led more often than not to humiliating deaths. Professor Fussell's contrast with the German literary response to identical phenomena is eye-opening; so is his demonstration that poems not ostensibly about the war—"The Waste Land," for example—use images that have their source in the trenches. A last irony leaps from these pages: the men of the First World War were heroes as great as the cast of the "Iliad," yet their words destroyed the concept of themselves, of all warriors, and of war itself as heroic.

River Road to China: The Mekong River Expedition, 1866-1873, by Milton Osborne (Liveright). The expedition, which took off from Saigon on June 5, 1866, in the high noon of the European empire-builders, consisted of six



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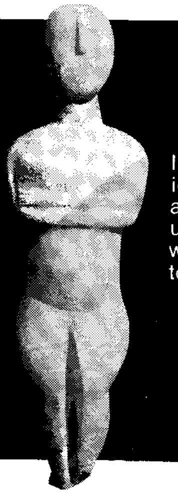

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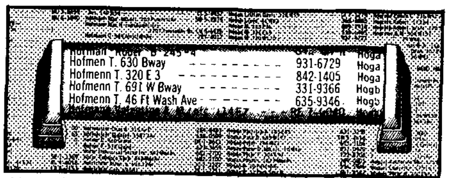
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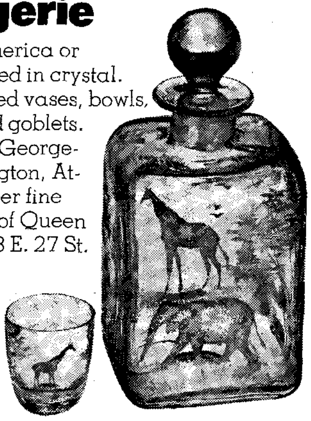

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French naval officers and men, with a retinue of guides and porters. Their goal was the perennially beckoning Northwest Passage—a shortcut to the fabled riches of China. Their expedition was, of course, a failure, but only in a commercial sense: its surviving second-in-command, Francis Garnier, shared with David Livingstone an award by a geographical congress in Antwerp in 1871. Mr. Osborne clearly sees that the motivations of the nineteenth-century explorers were highly complex, and he sees Garnier as typical of the breed—a man who wanted personal fame, high adventure ("A day without a new emotional experience is a disappointment," he noted in his diary), and glory for France. Garnier was also, typically, a man of almost unbelievable courage and stoicism. His party's advance up the Mekong is the highest of high adventure and a triumph over every discomfort, every privation, and the whole lexicon of tropical disease. Mr. Osborne is a good writer, his documentation is flawless, and his account is rendered all the more absorbing by the inclusion of many drawings by the expedition's artist, Louis Delaporte.

MONEY: WHENCE IT CAME, WHERE IT WENT, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin). As a writer on economics, Mr. Galbraith has little competition—one has to go back to Voltaire's now obscure pamphlet on the physiocrats, "L'Homme aux Quarante Écus," to think of another writer with the nerve or the brains to deal so wittily with the dismal science. In this primer on the subject, he derides the solemnity that customarily accompanies discussions about money, and his practice shows there is no reason, except lack of literary talent, to make economics dull or difficult. As usual, he is opinionated—what he deems the last word may not be—but he cites his intellectual opponents accurately, and a beginner could hardly do better than to start here.

NOTE: "The New Yorker Album of Drawings, 1925-1975" has been published by Viking.

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Several hundred persons attended a Citizens Against Busing rally held on two acres of private land behind the Smyrna Inn . . . yesterday afternoon, and about 250 people were at a Ku Klux Klan-sponsored cross burning and fish fry last night in a field near McNeely Lake.—*Louisville Times.*

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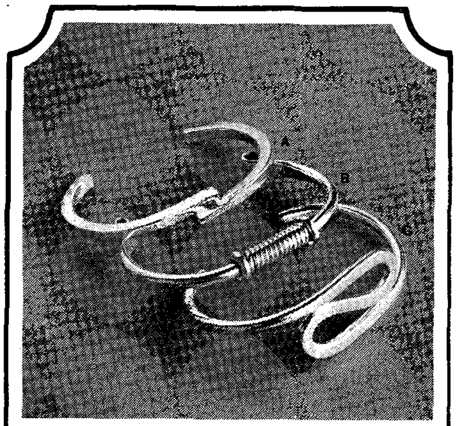

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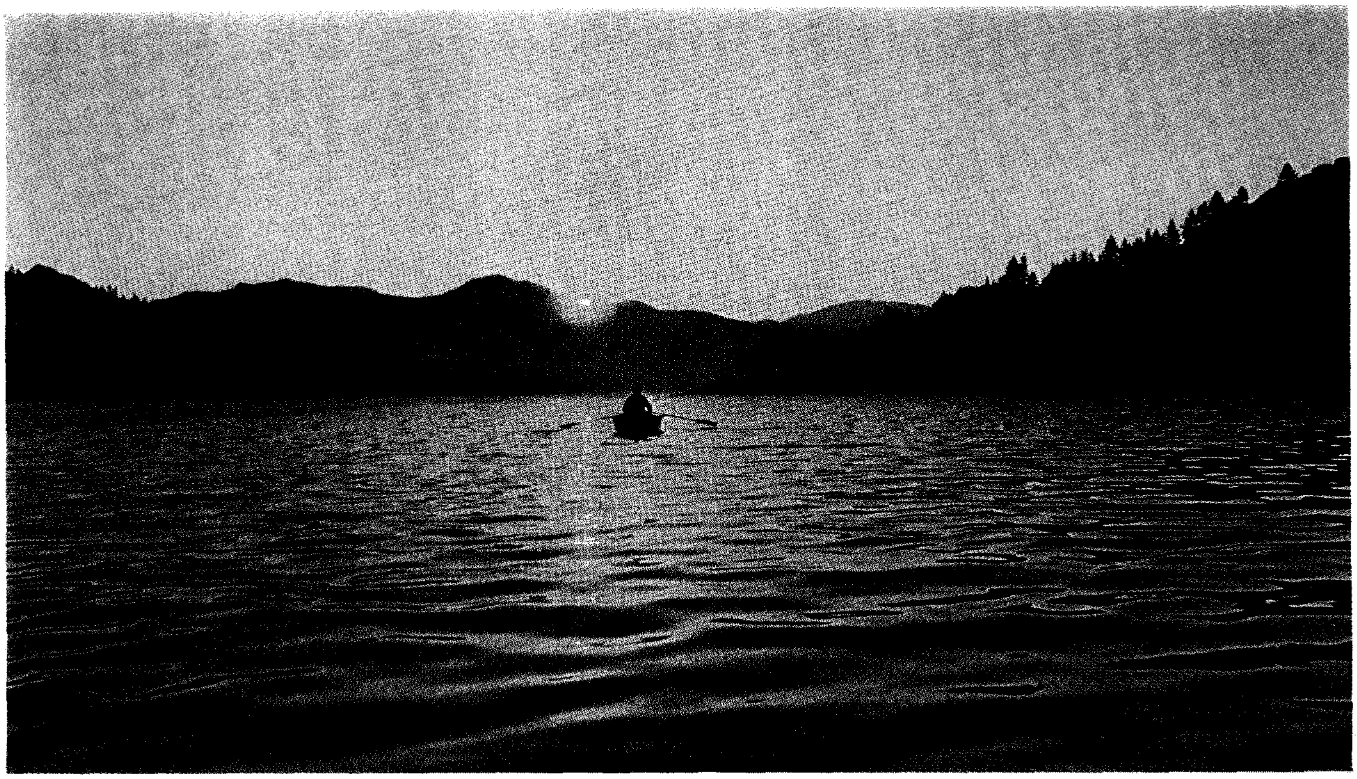

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